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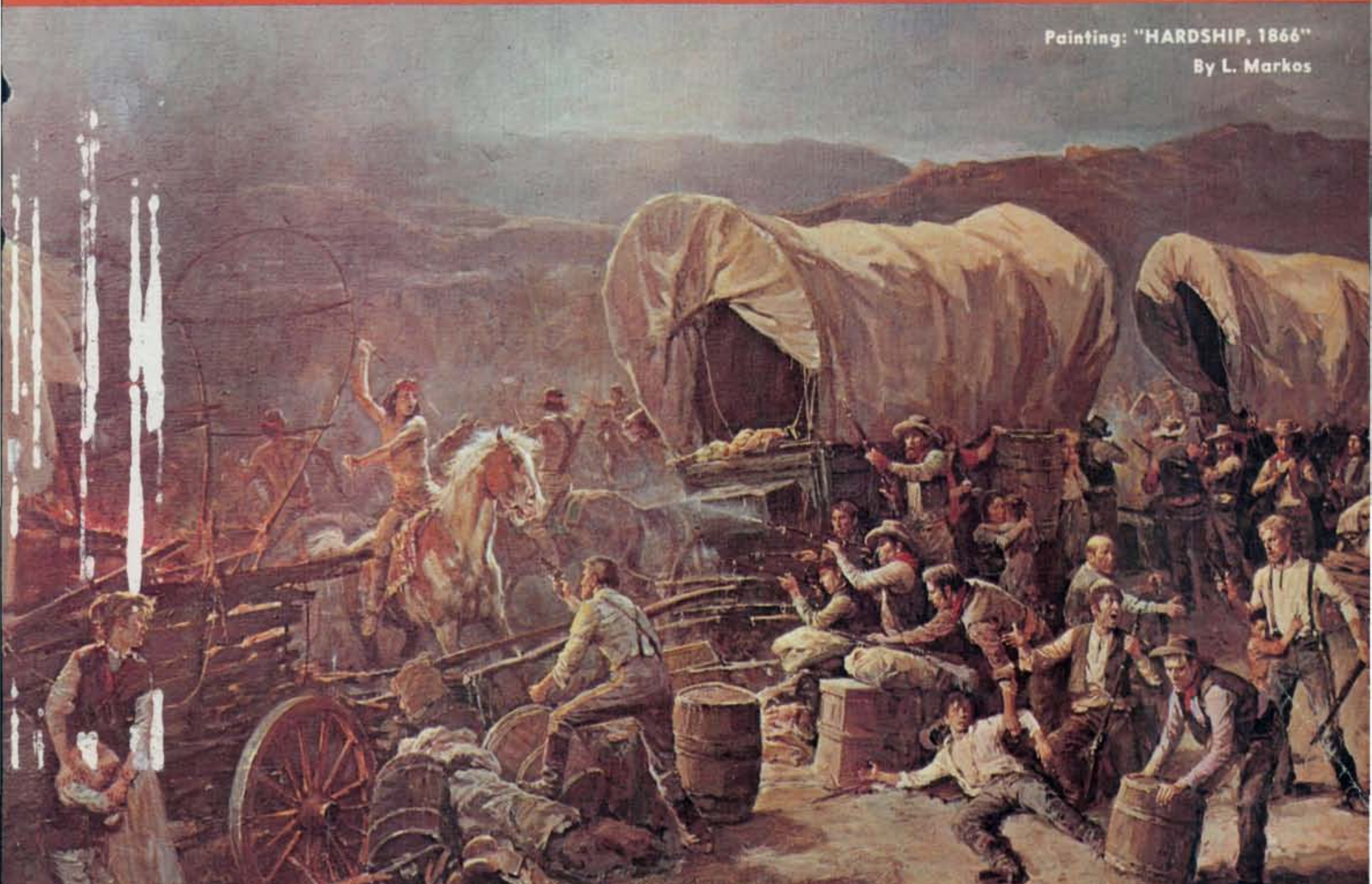

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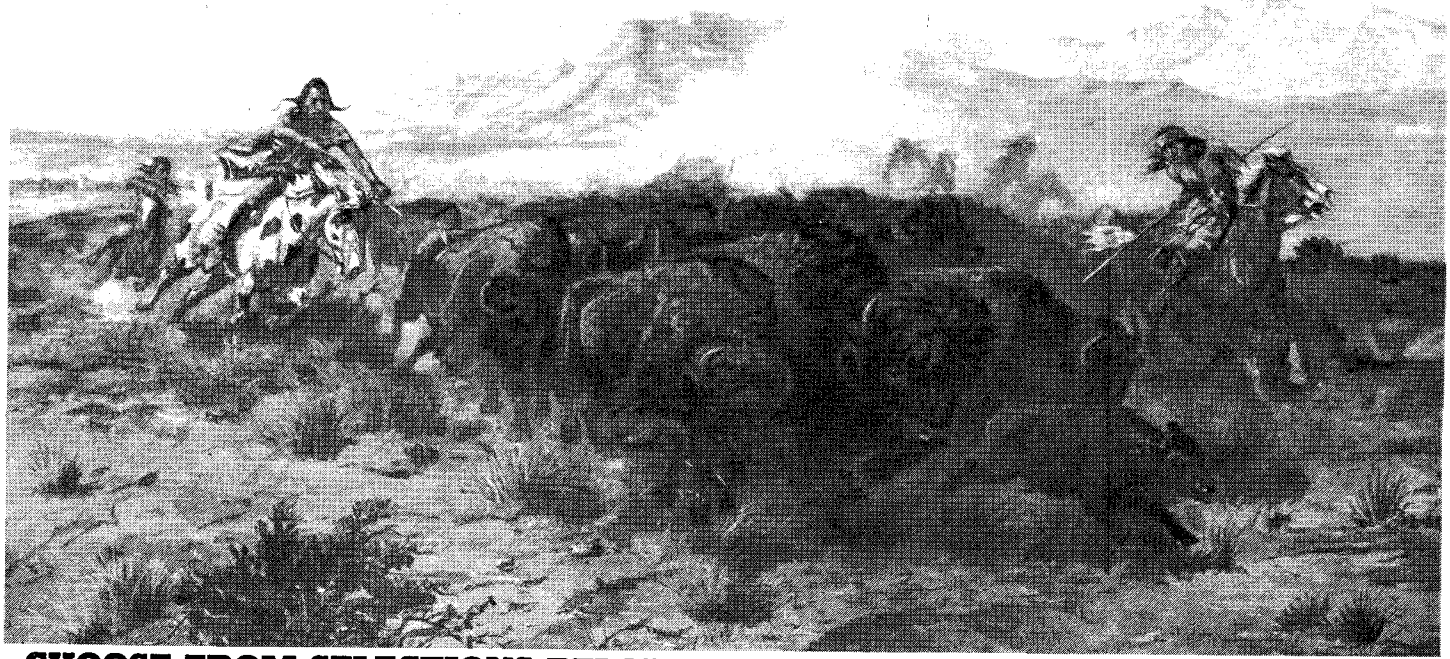
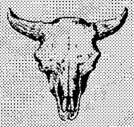


CHOOSE FROM SELECTIONS BELOW. LIST NUMBERS ON A SHEET OF PAPER.

PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH

1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 10½x8
15—At Close Quarters, 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring, 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—In The Wake of The Buffalo Runners, 10x8
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—The Cattle Drive, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Invocation To The Sun, 13½x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Wagons Westward, 13½x9½
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x10
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 14x11½
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½



77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 10½x8
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—Innocent Allies, 14x9½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6 (Cartoon)
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½
97—The Scouts (Indians) 9½x7
98—Winter Packet, 15x7
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
105—Prairie Express, 13½x9½
106—The Fire Boat, 10½x8
107—Our Warriors Return, 13½x9½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½
109—In Without Knocking, 14x10
110—Critical Moment, 8x6
111—Land of Good Hunting, 10½x8
112—Meat's Not Meat Until It's In The Pan, 13½x9½

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

RANGE LIFE

"A brief look at the Wyoming range country" is a suitable sub-title for *Spurs Were A-Jinglin'* (Northern Press, $12.50) with the text by Don Hedgpeth, Director of the Buffalo Bill Historical Center and Whitney Gallery of Western Art at Cody. The narrative is brief indeed but does provide a quickie history of the Pitchfork Ranch, west of Meeteetse, Wyoming. Hedgpeth wisely lets the photos of Charles J. Belden tell this story of life on the Pitchfork. Belden operated the ranch from 1914 until the early 1940s but was a professional quality photographer whose pictures have enhanced a number of range books during the last half century. As a cowman he knew what he wanted to record—as a photographer he had the artist's eye and the skill to do it right. Hedgpeth's captions for the photos are great. Highly recommended.

Juanita Lewis Hindman is a Pennsylvania schoolteacher but her book *Post-pioneers* (Branch-Smith, P. O. Box 1868, Ft. Worth, Texas 76101, $6.95) is about growing up on a Palo Pinto County, Texas ranch and the experiences of her husband, the Oklahoma Cowboy. Mrs. Hindman made a hand on the ranch at an early age and writes well about the post-pioneer era of Texas ranching. The stories told her about Oklahoma cowboys and range life by her husband blend in quite well. Good fun and recommended.

It is good to have *Cattle Kings of Texas* (Branch Smith, P.O. Box 1868, Ft. Worth, Texas, 76101, $5.95) back in print. Your reviewer was living on Wabash south of the T.C.U. campus when his neighbor, C. L. Douglas, a Ft. Worth newspaperman, wrote it. The book was published in Dallas in 1939 and a first edition brings a fancy figure today. Douglas was a great story-teller with a way with words and his writings were just as colorful. In *Cattle Kings* he tells the stories of Don Martin DeLeon (first Texas cowman), Bradford Grimes (who gave Shanghai his first riding job), Shanghai Pierce ("Webster on cattle, by God"), the Mavericks of Matagorda, Captains King and Kenedy, John Chisum, Charles Goodnight, Oliver Loving, Ike Pryor and a select group of other great cowmen who arrived on the Texas scene somewhat later. The book is illustrated with photos including a number by Erwin E. Smith and with brands. Still worthwhile and the price is right.

HORNLESS WHITEFACES

Birth of a Breed (Lowell Press, $12.95) is the history of Polled Herefords—America's first beef breed. It was written by Orville K. Sweet, Texas born-Oklahoma raised cowman and now executive officer of the American Polled Hereford Association. Not all registered Herefords were born with horns and it was an Iowa farmer, Warren Gammon, who decided to assemble a small herd of Polled Registered Herefords from which to develop a natural hornless strain of whiteface cattle. In 1901 he started the Polled Hereford register with eleven entries—from that start some 200,000 calves a year are now entered in the APHA books. For many years before registration by APHA, breeders had to have a certificate from the American Hereford Association to insure that the hornless whiteface nominated was a pure bred Hereford. In recent years the double registration problem between the two associations has been resolved and a single certificate endorsed by the two secretaries is issued. This book is a highly entertaining account of the pioneering breeders of Polled whitefaces and the foundation animals they utilized. There are numerous photos of the breeders and their famed foundation bulls and of Polled prize-winners plus some good drawings by D. O. Smith—it is a bench mark in American livestock history. Recommended.

RIO GRANDE

Jerry E. Mueller's *Restless River* (Texas Western Press, $8.00) is a scholarly study of the Rio Grande with emphasis on its behavior and its importance as the boundary between the United States and Mexico from El Paso, Texas to the Gulf of Mexico. The early treaties and those of 1905, 1933, 1963, and 1970 and the work of the International Boundary Commission are examined in some detail. Flood control and the effect of Elephant Butte Dam receive considerable attention. The text reads well and the appendix provides pertinent excerpts from the numerous treaties. Maps and photos help the readers understand the problems of the two countries in dealing with the *Restless River*. Very good.

NO LOST DUTCHMAN?

Tales of the Superstitions (Arizona Historical Foundation, cloth $8.95, paper $4.95) by Robert Blair should put an end to the search for the Lost Dutchman Mine. It probably will not, treasure seekers being a breed who will not willingly give up their dreams of sudden wealth. Blair explores the origins of the Lost Dutchman legend—he concludes that it is an authentic piece of American folklore with some historical bases. Was there a Dutchman Mine? Well, there have been a great number of believers who spent considerable sums, and a few actually lost their lives, searching for it. Blair examines the writings of those who mined the legend—some were also searchers. There is a brief introduction by Senator Barry Goldwater who made some of the photographs that appeared in one of the books written by John T. Clymenson using the pen-name of Barry Storm. This is an entertaining book with good maps and photos and of much historical value even if it does debunk some well loved legends. Recommended.

HISTORY AS YOU LIKE IT

The U S A, A History in Art (Thomas Y. Crowell Co., $30.00) is by Bradley Smith, master writer-photographer, best known to Western Americana buffs for his excellent *The Horse in the West.* While this book covers the whole of the country, there is so much about the West that it easily qualifies for the *Roundup.* With illustrations, mostly in color, by Catlin, Miller, McIlvaine, Nahl, Hill, Thomas Moran, Remington, Russell, Curry, Eastman, Benton, Frenzeny, Marchand et al plus an informative, entertaining text on westward expansion this art book is a must for Western collectors. It is also a must for Americana buffs, with a total of 265 illustrations covering every phase of our heritage—truly a history in art. Recommended.

MOTHER LODE DICTIONARY

California Gold Camps (University of California Press, $19.50) by Erwin G. Gudde is a geographical and historical dictionary of camps, towns, and localities where gold was found and mined, wayside stations and trading centers. A huge book, it is loaded with facts for the scientist, geographer, historian, tourist, for libraries and the general public as well as readers interested in California history. There is a summary of the gold rush to orient the reader when he starts on the list of place-names. Also helpful is a bibliography of books cited, plus maps and a glossary of mining terms. The same place-name may appear more than once. For example, Gold Hill, Dogtown and Chinatown are found in several locations. A lot of California history is jammed into this book.

TEXAS TAMERS

Women in Early Texas (Jenkins Publishing Co., $12.50) edited by Evelyn M. Carrington, is a tribute to many gallant Lone Star ladies who brought culture to a wild land and helped their families develop the vast natural resources. This book project is sponsored by the Austin chapter of the American Association of University Women in honor of International Women's Year and the American Revolution Bicentennial. Subject matter includes fifty pert biographies of pioneer women who helped Texas during the

(Continued on page 60)

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FRONTIER TIMES

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True Stories of the West!

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country." —— The late Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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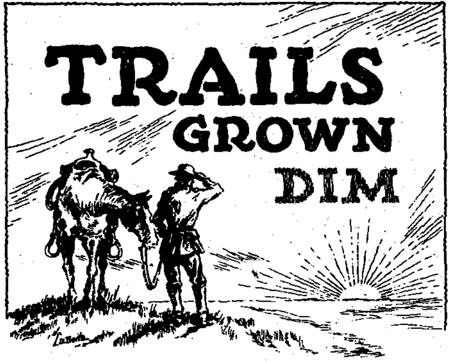
TRAILS GROWN DIM



Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Pfeiffer-Maxwell

Frank Maxwell Pfeiffer was born in St. Louis, Missouri about April 20, 1867. He left home at perhaps 12 or 14 years of age, was a baker by trade but followed farming and mining most of his life.

About the turn of the century he was in San Jose, Santa Cruz and San Francisco, California. He left San Francisco with Ed Fine and went to Nevada. Ed opened up a picture show in Carson City, Nevada, and he was also a photographer. Frank worked in a couple of mines then moved to Colorado where he also worked in mines, then bought a farm and did farming. Some years later he moved to California where he remained the rest of his life working in some of the famous mines. He died in Quincy, Plumas County, California on April 12, 1933 and was buried there. His home was in Seneca, Plumas County, California.

He was married to Mary Theodoshie (Doshie) Benson at Columbus, Cherokee County, Kansas, June 19, 1905. She had a daughter by a former marriage, Ora Malinda Eulalia Johnson, born November 16, 1893 in Columbus, Kansas. Three children were born of the Pfeiffer union: Julia Treene, April 8, 1906, Dunton, Dolores County, Colorado; Prudence Marie, April 21, 1908, Hesperus, La Platte County, Colorado; and Maxwell Samuel William Benson, May 6, 1911, Shawnee, Pottawatomie County. Oklahoma. (Yes, he had four given names!)

Frank Maxwell received a picture of his mother from Bern, Switzerland taken in 1906 and she was with her daughter, name unknown, and her two small children. Several years later my father gave me a picture he said was from his sister, Hope, taken in New York in 1898.

I was told by an elderly lady that she knew my father, and part of the family stayed in Wisconsin and the rest went to Missouri. Perhaps there is someone who can give me some information. I will appreciate it, will answer all mail and reimburse the stamps.—Mrs. Julia Pfeiffer Nisson, 3903 E. Century Blvd., Lynwood, California 90262

Charles-Hauser-Elsenraat-Hill

Joseph Charles was born about 1820 in Scotland. His wife Mary was born around 1813 in Virginia. Their children, all born in Montgomery County, Missouri were: Sarah A., 1848; California, 1850; Andrew P., 1853. Andrew P. married Mary Margaret Hauser, born 1859 in Canada. Their children were: Elizabeth Charles Berman (Bierman); Anna Caroline Charles Hill, born March 14, 1882; and Joseph, born 1884. These births were also all in Montgomery County, Missouri.

Joseph Hauser (Houser) was born in Germany in 1820 and his wife Caroline, 1837, in Canada. Their children were: Josephine, 1855; Susannah, 1857, married January 23, 1877 in Hancock, Missouri to Edward Elsenraat, born in Germany; Mary Margaret, 1859, who married Andrew P. Charles; Joseph, 1860; Magdalene, 1863. All these children were born in Canada.

Theodore Elsenraat (Elsentaat, Elsenrath) was born in Germany, in 1811; his wife, Rebecca, in Germany about 1820. Their children were Edward, October 21, 1845, Germany; Martin, 1851; Henry 1853; Dina, 1855; and Mary, 1857. The last four were born in Missouri.

Edward Elsenraat, first child of Theodore and Rebecca, married Susannah Hauser. Their children were Theodore, William, Frederick and Christopher.

Thomas Greenleaf Hill was born July 4, 1849 near Wheeling, West Virginia. He is believed to have been reared by foster parents, names unknown. Who were his parents and did he have brothers and sisters? I would like to exchange information with anyone connected with any of these people.—Wm. E. Hill, R.R. 2, Box 70, Osawatomie, Kansas 66064

Needham Lee and James Archibald Lee Families

I am interested in contacting anyone who has a Needham Lee among his ancestors or relatives. I am a descendant of one of the Needham lines dating back to at least 1740 or possibly beyond.

I received unconfirmed information that Arthur, David, Needham, Timothy and his son James Lee were all taxpayers in old Dobbs County, North Carolina in 1729. Since Dobbs County was not formed until 1758, I assume this was an error in copying and that the actual date probably was 1759.

Arthur could have been the one born in 1693 who married a Miss Sherard, or it could have been his son, Arthur Fernay, later called Ferney Lee, who married Elizabeth Harper. Arthur and Elizabeth had Arthur F., Jr., William, Timothy, Sherard, Needham, John and David Lee. Needham would have been

(Continued on page 60)

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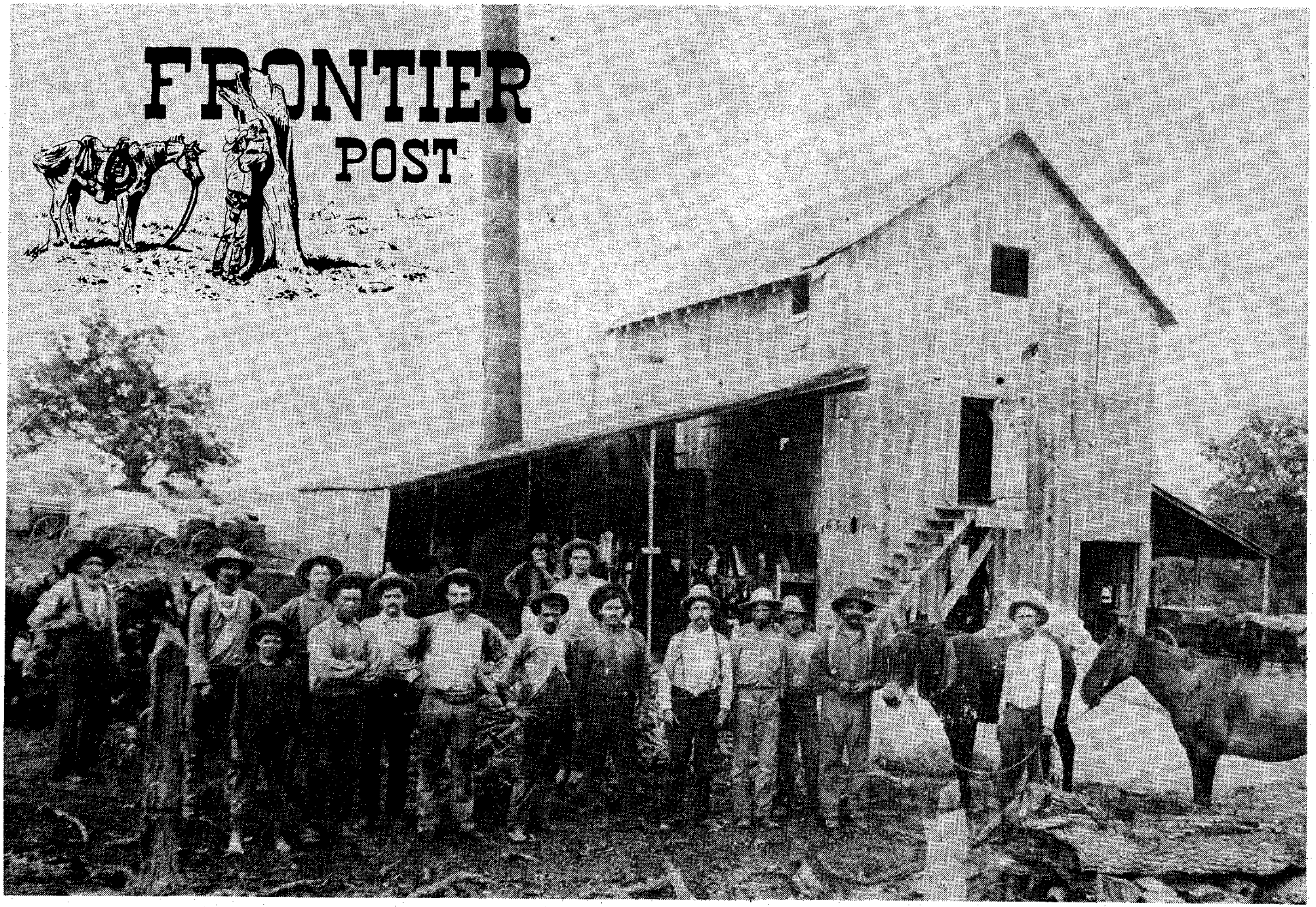


Readers to the Rescue!

This picture is of an old cotton gin that used to be in Atascosa County, Texas near Pleasanton in the old Verdi area. We haven't been able to identify any of the men in the picture for sure. Several families are anxious to find out—me included. We have no idea when the picture was taken but it could have been any time from 1880 on. Some of the families living in the area in the old days were: West, Tumlinson, Winn, Foster, Walker, and Brown.—Lucille White, Box 348, Johnson City, Texas 78636

A Man and a Bear

One Saturday morning in the fall of 1921 I drove into Concordia, Kansas and parked on the south side of Main Street in front of a hamburger joint.

Next to my old Ford was a Dodge car with the back half of the body cut off. It had a platform and cage where the back seat had been and there was some kind of large animal in the cage. What I could see of the cage looked like it was made of several thicknesses of wire. It was covered by canvas and I couldn't see very well but the animal looked dark with some frosty hair.

About this time a large heavy-set man came to the car. He had long light brown (or gray) hair, a long handle-bar mustache and appeared to be in his fifties or sixties. He wore a shirt with small dark checks, a beat-up high crowned hat and worn cowboy boots. He was about the thickest, healthiest, wildest old man I have ever seen.

I asked him what he had in the cage and he said it was grizzly. I asked him how he caught it and what he was going to do it with. He said he lassoed it over in New Mexico with the help of some cowboys and was taking him to the zoo in St. Louis, where he had taken two others in the past.

All these years I have wondered who this man was. He looked something like Pawnee Bill but was probably taller. It could have been him but I don't think so. Did Pawnee Bill ever deliver animals to the zoo in St. Louis?

If anyone knows who this man was I would appreciate hearing from them. I have a private museum in Jamestown.—Ted H. French, Box 11, Jamestown, Kansas 66948

Wolf-Killing Longhorns

Back in 1921 I was a brand inspector for the Wyoming Stock Growers Association, stationed in South Omaha. Once, as I started to ride into a pen of longhorned shaggy red cattle, my partner, Steve Franklin of Texas, stopped me and said, "We never ride into a pen of those cattle. We always inspect them from the outside." Then he elaborated, "They belong to an old Scotchman who bought a ranch up at Glasgow, Montana and the wolves ate all his cattle that winter. The old man immediately headed for Scotland. He said, 'We have wolves in Scotland but they never bother our cattle. In fact, our cattle kill wolves.' Well, he brought back a boatload of Scotch longhorns and the first winter they killed a dozen wolves and the wolves didn't kill any cattle."

I would like for some Montana person to tell me that man's name and brand and how I could get in touch with somebody who handles those cattle. That might stop rustling too.

The Montana Inspector at that time was George Carly. I don't know if he is still alive or where he came from. I would also like to know where Tommy Tate from Gillette, Wyoming is now. He was married to Two Rail Gupton's daughter. He was in the Buffalo Bill's show that went to England. They showed the buffalo in the street parades and every cowboy was ready with a big loop built in case a buffalo tried anything.

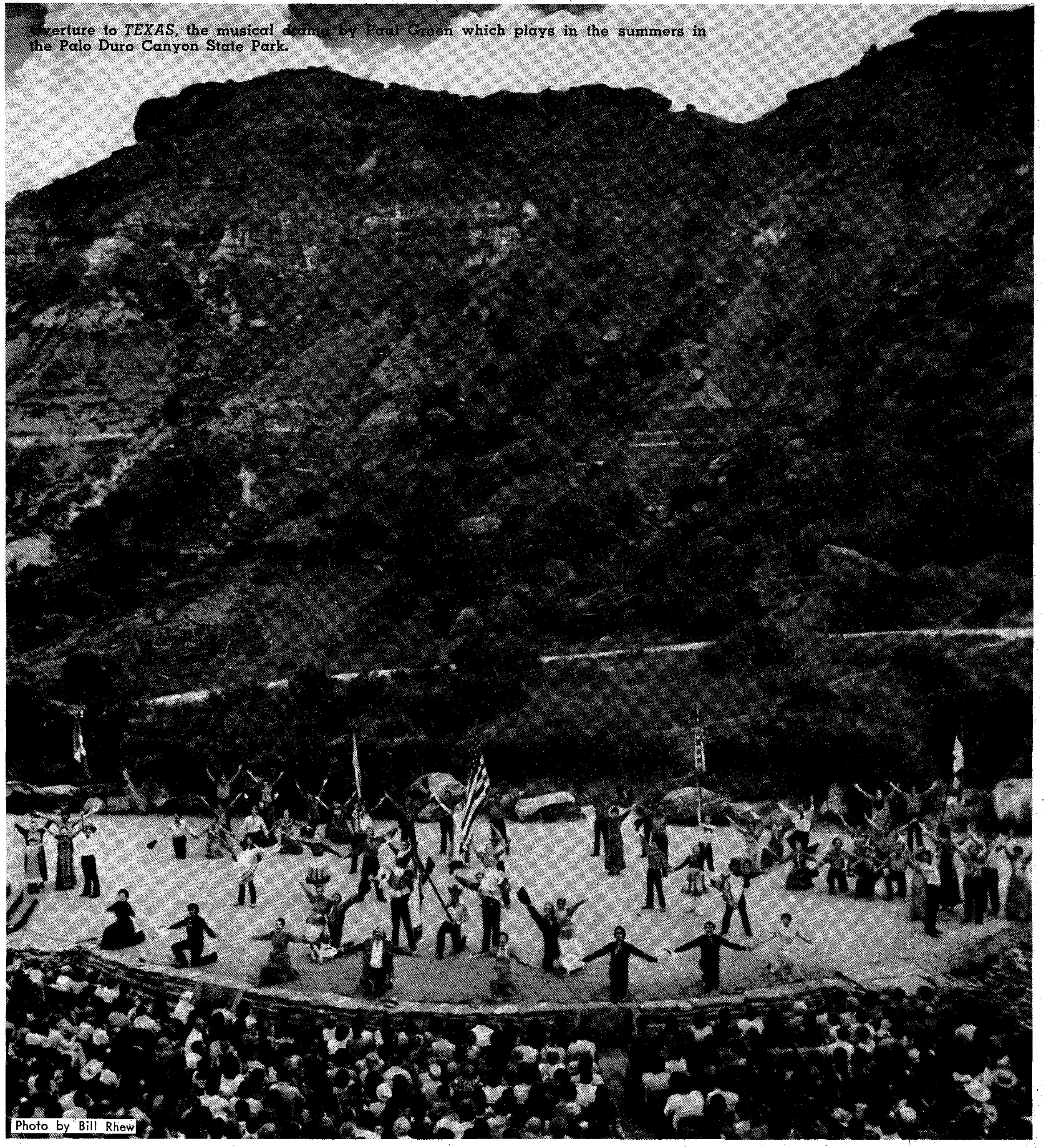
I'd like to hear from everyone I know anywhere, but especially Douglas, Wyoming.—Buck Erwin, 820 California Avenue, Reno, Nevada 89509

Palo Duro Spectacular

This is the year for memories—flags whipping in the wind, bugles, horses galloping, washboards, axes, plains, cliffs, twilight, darkness, well water, chuck wagons.

"Texas," the musical drama of Panhandle history, will sharpen these memories and help you to relive them from June 16 through August 21. This will be the eleventh season for the drama of Panhandle history. It will be the eleventh year when visitors will have a chance to know the year that the trains came here. It will be the eleventh year when lightning strikes each evening at ten o'clock and the eleventh year when prairie fires sweep across the stage in the persons of whirling, mounting, flame-robed dancers. Over three-quarters of million people have seen "Texas"; 92,000 of them came last year.

The theatre for the production lies on



Overture to *TEXAS*, the musical drama by Paul Green which plays in the summers in the Palo Duro Canyon State Park.

Photo by Bill Rhew

the floor of a thousand-foot canyon in the Palo Duro Canyon State Park. It is a forty-five minute drive from the five interstate highways which cross in Amarillo, from an airport serving five airlines and from two transcontinental bus lines.

The location is awesome, a place of great beauty. The barbecue dinner on the grounds, the welcoming Western hosts and hostesses, the movement and color and intensity of the music and dance and drama in the show will intensify old memories and add new ones. For information just drop us a line.—Mrs. Ples Harper, Box 268, Canyon, Texas 79015

Forced Entry

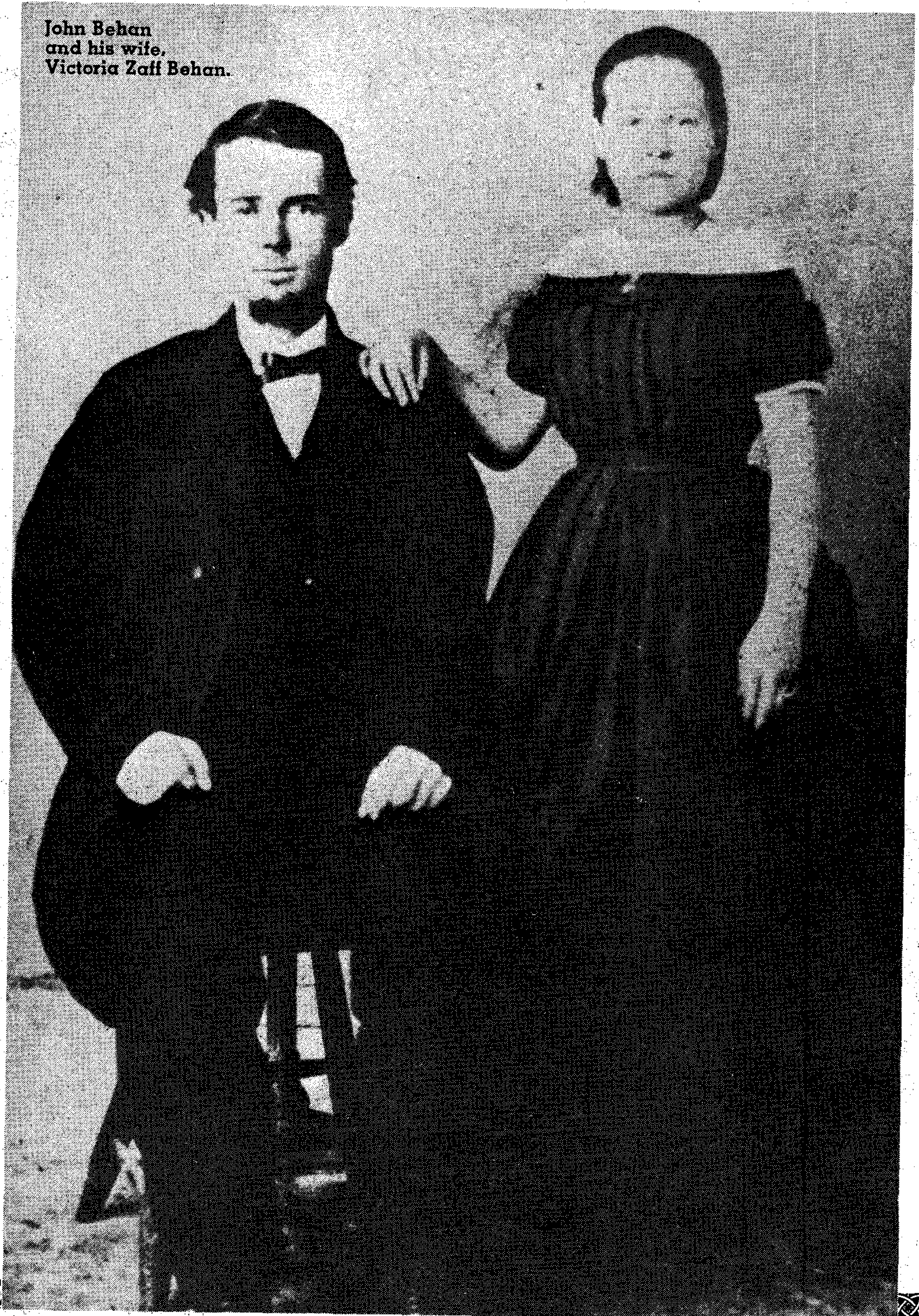
Congratulations on the story, "The Seventeen Year Onion and Potato War" in the January 1976 issue. I appreciate stories of this sort and believe your other readers do too. I also like factual stories of the supernatural. Perhaps your readers might like to hear of an experience of my own in this line. It happened about twenty-five years ago in a small Western town.

My son had just returned from Merchant Marine service and was sleeping in the sitting room on a couch. The bedroom which my wife and I occupied opened on the kitchen and also on the sitting room. There was a door leading from the kitchen into the sitting room; however, we never used this door because its lock was rusted and there was a key in it which no one could turn.

On this night my son had already retired some earlier and my wife and I had just retired and were beginning to fall asleep. Suddenly we were awakened by strange noises. Someone was trying to open the door—the one with the rusted lock—and the noise became increasingly louder. We heard a click as though the

(Continued on page 45)

Courtesy Arizona Historical Society


John Behan and his wife, Victoria Zaff Behan.

JOHNNY BEHAN OF TOMBSTONE

Tombstone's first sheriff gets a chance to come out of the shadows...

BY GLENN G. BOYER

Photos Courtesy Author

WHO was Johnny Behan? Many dismiss him as merely the venal little double-crossing first sheriff of Cochise County, Arizona Territory who tricked Wyatt Earp out of the sheriff's job. In my opinion, however, he was a gifted, fascinating and complex individual, a bush-league Don Juan and Machiavelli in one package—John Harris Behan.

The Harris House, a famous frontier hostelry in Westport, Missouri, from the 1840s was known far and wide for its excellent Southern cooking. Many travelers of note stayed there, among them Pathfinder John C. Fremont, Washington Irving, Senator Thomas Hart Benton, and Horace Greeley. Fremont is reputed to have left his wife Jessie (daughter of Senator Benton) at the Harris House for months while he was in the Far West on exploring jaunts.

The Harris House was conceived and operated by Colonel John Harris (born December 4, 1795; died August 3, 1873), an enterprising gentleman from Tennessee, and his wife Henrietta Simpson Harris (February 21, 1804; April 24, 1881). Their daughter, Sarah Ann (born March 24, 1820; died April 24, 1898) was the mother of Johnny Behan. Her husband Peter Behan (December 18, 1809; June 10, 1889) was from County Kildare, Ireland and had been educated for the priesthood at Trinity College, Dublin. However, the "calling" didn't hold him; he boarded a sailing ship for the United States in the 1830s. At Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania he joined the Army.

Discharged in Missouri he met Sarah Ann Harris and married her on the Harris farm at Westport (now in Kansas City) on March 16, 1837. They had fourteen children of whom nine reached adulthood: Katherine, 1839; Henrietta, 1841; John Harris, 1845; Laura Smith, 1847; Silas Price, 1850; Julia Mastin, 1855; Susan Ann, 1859; Hugh Gary, 1863; Peter Jr., 1866.

All of the children except Peter Jr. were born at the Harris House. Family recollections are that Julia said she listened to the sounds of the Civil War battle of Westport from the family's upstairs porch.

Peter Behan turned his hand to a number of things to make a living after abandoning the priesthood. In the 1850 census he was listed as a carpenter; in 1880, as a veterinarian. In addition, for many years in between he freighted on the plains. He died from being thrown by a horse. At the time of his death he was residing at 1101 E. 16th Street in Kansas City, Missouri.

His son, John Harris Behan, left Missouri in 1863, being due for military service on one side or the other. In addition to being reluctant to getting punctured by a minie ball for either side, as he confided to his fiancee of some years later, Josephine Marcus, he had another problem—his mother was pro-Southern and his father leaned toward the Union.

John went to San Francisco first, where relatives then lived, and soon after to Prescott, Arizona Territory. He was to reside at Prescott, except for a brief sojourn in Mojave County, from 1863 until 1879. He married Victoria Zaff of Prescott on March 23, 1869, the wedding taking place at San Francisco. Victoria was the stepdaughter of Deputy Sheriff "Shotgun" John Bourke of Yavapai County. Henrietta, their first child, died when she was five years old. A son, Albert, born July 6, 1871, was the couple's only child to reach adulthood. He died in Prescott in 1947.

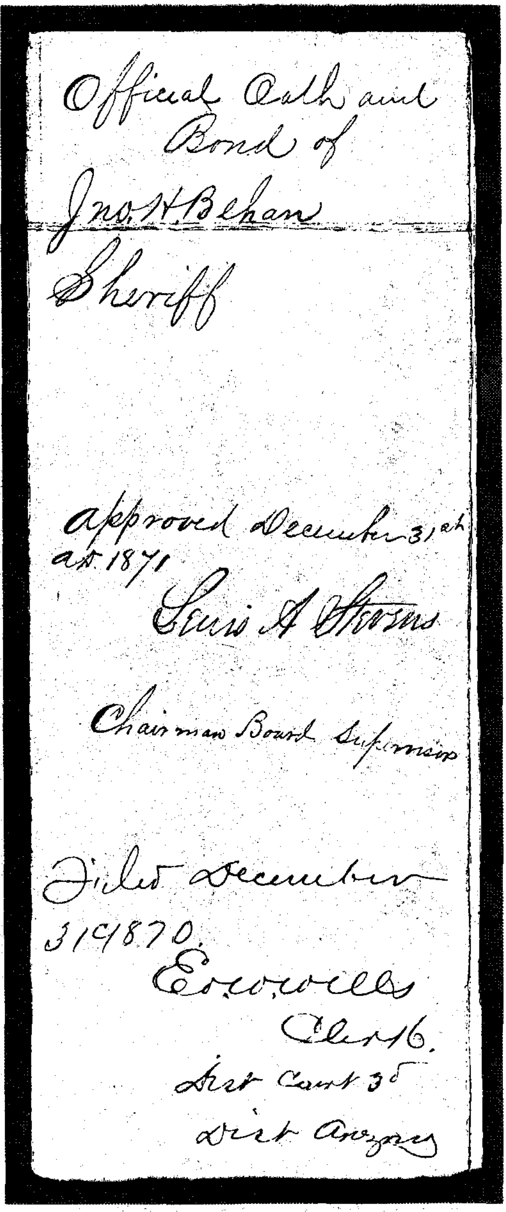
THE RECORDS of Yavapai County indicate that Johnny Behan was a typical small-time political office holder. He was at various periods deputy sheriff, sheriff, clerk of the district court, and county clerk. In addition he served in the Territorial Legislature once from Yavapai County (1873) and once from Mojave County (1879). The contacts he made in the legislature were to greatly benefit him with respect to gaining political appointments throughout his life.

Whatever one may choose to believe about Johnny, he was plagued by unfortunate occurrences that would have adversely affected the career of a less well-connected and affable individual. For example, as a Mojave County official, a shortage of $1,250 in his accounts had to be written off. In Prescott earlier (1875) he had found himself a defendant in divorce docket #275 for the District Court of Yavapai County, with Sada Mansfield, notorious woman of the town, named as corespondent. Victoria Behan was granted the munificent sum of $16.33 per month in child support.

Apparently sometime during the Prescott years Johnny induced his younger brother Silas to head West. Silas' name appeared, like Johnny's, in Arizona political records for a number of years. He was a member of the 17th Legislature in 1893.

From Prescott Johnny moved first to Signal in Mojave County, back to Prescott, then to the small community of Gillett, then to Tombstone. While a member of a posse from Gillett in December 1879, in pursuit of Mexican stage robbers, Johnny had a fateful encounter. It seems that at that very time another stagecoach full of young actresses, the Pauline Markham troupe, was making its way from the new silver boom camp of Tombstone to Prescott to put on a performance of "H. M. S. Pinafore," a Gilbert and Sullivan opera which was sweeping America. Stagecoach and posse met. The concensus was that the only gallant recourse for a frazzled-out posse was to escort this bevy of "innercents" through the bandit-infested hinterland to Prescott. This developed into a couple of days' job during which Johnny Behan made a particular point of getting acquainted with a dark-eyed young beauty in the theater troupe, Josephine Marcus. He discovered that she had deserted her wealthy family in San Francisco to go adventuring on the professional stage. Perhaps this suggested opportunity to a 34-year-old grass widower with no intention of ever remarrying.

At any rate when Josephine left the troupe at Prescott and returned to the family fold in San Francisco with a nervous affliction, Johnny very soon followed with an engagement ring. She, at the romantic age of eighteen, was captivated. What her parents thought is conjectural—probably about what parents in any age would think—but they seem to have been unusually indulgent. They allowed their daughter to follow Johnny to the new, raw boom camp of Tombstone a few months later—ostensibly for wedding bells. An older Tombstone woman, Kitty Jones, probably a Marcus family friend back home on a visit, accompanied Josephine to Tombstone.


Official Oath and
Bond of
Jno. H. Behan
Sheriff

approved December 31st
AD 1871
Louis A Stevens
Chairman Board Supervisors

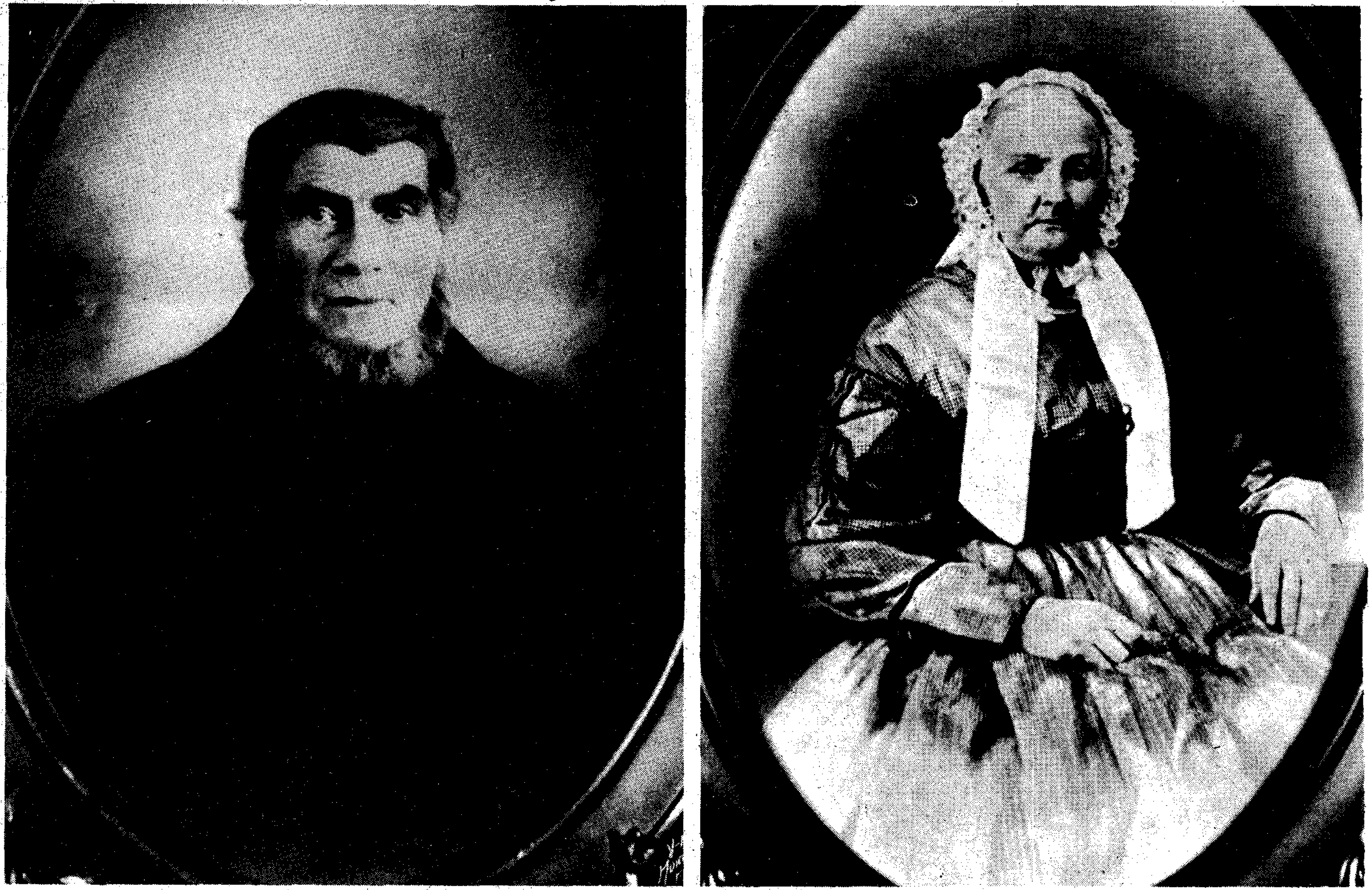
Filed December
31 1870.
E. W. Wells
Clerk.
Dist Court 3d
Dist Arizona

Record of the Official Oath and Bond of Sheriff Behan.

Johnny had a livery stable there in partnership with John Orlando Dunbar. Their enterprise was known as the Dexter Livery Stable. It burned out at its first location on Fremont Street and the partners moved to Allen Street just across from Montgomery and Benson's O.K. Corral.

Josephine Marcus claimed in her memoirs to have taken up residence with Kitty and Harry Jones at their home on 7th Street in Tombstone while awaiting her marriage. But no marriage ever took place although a postal money order of one year later, sent to Mrs. Henry Marcus in San Francisco, was purchased by someone under the name of Josephine Behan.

While living as Johnny's wife at the northeast corner of 7th and Safford Streets Josephine acted as surrogate mother for young Albert Behan for over a year. In fact she and Albert remained close all of her life and corresponded till Josephine's death in December 1944. (The first Mrs. Behan, Victoria, married Charles A. Randall on September 22, 1881 at Prescott.)



Col. and Mrs. Jack Harris, Behan's maternal grandparents.

Both photos Courtesy Kansas City Libra

TWO of Johnny Behan's friends in the 1880 Territorial Legislature were Thomas Dunbar, brother of Johnny's partner in the Dexter Livery, and Harry Martyn Woods, soon to be associated with Johnny in another business enterprise. These two were madly pushing a bill to create a separate county with Tombstone as county seat, and they were successful, perhaps due to a $10,000 bag delivered to the right places.

Meanwhile in Tombstone a power struggle was shaping up that was to become a classic in Western U.S. history, one result of which was the so-called Gunfight at the O.K. Corral. Johnny Behan came to the fray admirably equipped for the ballot battle, but not necessarily the bullet battle. The record suggests that Johnny was faster at pulling on the bottle than on his Colt's hardware. In a 1928 letter to Stuart Lake, former Tombstoner of 1880-82, Sol Israel, wrote, "Johnny Behan was scared of his shadow." Regarding the bottle, in the University of Arizona Special Collections is a letter to Johnny from a later girlfriend, Bert, which reads in part: "What I want to say is this, don't drink so. You know you cannot stand it and the first thing you know you will be sick again."

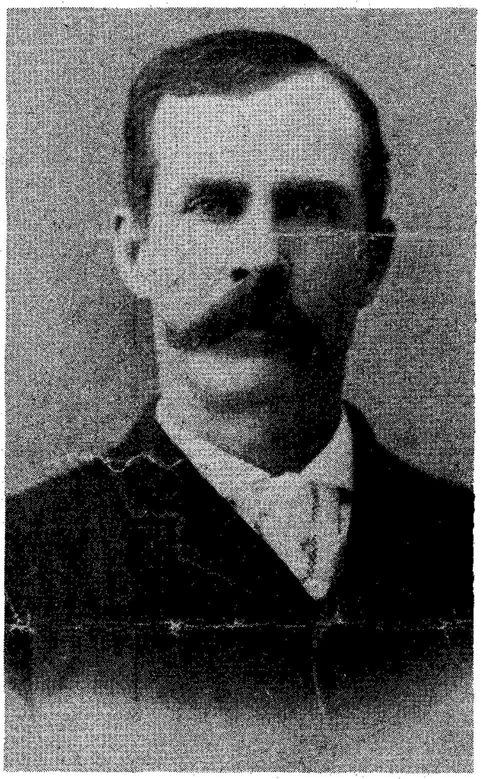
It is clear from the evidence that a group of old Arizona politicians conspired to have Cochise County created and were prepared well in advance to move in and take over the plums of office as soon as the enabling act became law. As an example of how blurred party lines became, Hugo Richards, who had a yearning to replace Territorial Governor John C. Fremont, was a faithful Democrat, expecting handouts from Republicans in Washington, D.C. In the *Epitaph's* columns John Clum averred that Richards was the money behind Art Fay, who ostensibly owned the rival Tombstone *Nugget* edited by Democrat Harry Martyn Woods. (Woods was soon to be Democratic under-sheriff to Johnny Behan.)

Along the same lines, Johnny's partner in the Dexter Livery, John Dunbar, was a rock-ribbed Republican from Bangor, Maine. He was offered the Arizona governorship through the influence of James G. Blaine, also from Maine and then Secretary of State, but declined.

Former territorial officeholders who moved into the new Cochise County government were Johnny Behan as sheriff and Harry Woods as under-sheriff. John O. Dunbar, brother of territorial representative Thomas Dunbar, who introduced the Cochise County enabling act in the Legislature, became county treasurer. Allied with these people in what editor John Clum described as the "County Ring" were the two Goodrich brothers, Ben and Briggs; County Commissioner Milt Joyce; and partners Colonel James Clark and Mike Gray, cooperators of a real estate firm called the Townlot Company.

Perhaps the key event in engendering the violence that characterized Tombstone was the illegal acquisition of the Tombstone Townsite by Clark and Gray from venal Mayor of Tombstone, Alder

Both photos Courtesy Special Collections, University of Arizona



Randall. The Earps came to power primarily as strong-arm protection of the businessmen against the Townlot Company. Significantly, as far as later violence went, Mike Gray was a neighbor and friend of Old Man Clanton, leader of the outlaw element in the area even before Tombstone was founded. Logic suggests that when Gray needed strong-arm help he could count on it from the Clantons, Curly Bill, John Ringo and their followers.

Perhaps it is equally significant that Governor Fremont planned to acquire the San Rafael del Valle grant to recoup his fortunes at about the same time Old Man Clanton located a ranch on the northern perimeter of that grant at Lewis Springs, some fifteen miles southwest of Tombstone. Fremont had probably been informed that the Clantons were "aces" at the acquisition of cheap brood stock for economically setting up ranching operations. (It was rumored that this stock all mooed with a distinct Mexican accent.)

Into this snare of conflicting ambitions and cross-purposes the Earps moved quite innocently; and Johnny Behan—by contrast—quite awarely. Careful Johnny offered Wyatt the under-sheriff's position in return for Wyatt's making it clear to Fremont that he was definitely out of the sheriff's race. This Wyatt did.

I HAVE no doubt that Johnny was sincere at the time; that he really had no objection to working in the sheriff's office with a Republican, any more than he minded being a partner to one in his livery business. But something happened between the promise and the pay-off. Johnny mentioned this fact in his testimony at the hearing following the O.K. Corral shootout. Only he concealed the true nature of what happened.

Silas Price Behan (left) and Julia Behan (below), brother and sister of John.

What happened was that Josephine Sarah Marcus, Johnny's strikingly lovely concubine, had begun to show a distinct preference for Wyatt Earp. It served Johnny right, but that made no difference to him. He'd brought Josephine to Tombstone in May 1880 with a promise of wedding bells. Instead she had to settle for rooming together in a house at 7th and Safford, purchased with Marcus money.

Her father, Hyman Marcus, was a wealthy and indulgent German-Jewish merchant of San Francisco. The Tombstone tax rolls show the lot in Johnny's name. Josephine in her memoirs declares that her father's money financed the whole layout. In addition, Josephine seems to have graciously mothered Johnny's son, Albert, then nine years old. Her objections to the arrangement became pronounced only when Johnny typically started making eyes at a married acquaintance of theirs; my bet on the candidate would be vivacious Kitty Jones. I conjecture that this was so, based on opportunity as well as on the fact that Kitty suddenly disappeared from Josephine's memoirs as her number one friend.

Aside from Johnny's personal life, powerful business forces also influenced his fortunes. The big money men had moved to thwart Johnny's political cohorts even before Cochise became a county. John Clum so vociferously opposed the Townlot Company, even obtaining a restraining injunction against them in December 1880, that the moneyed forces replaced Robert Eccleston with Clum, at the last minute, in the mayoral race that month. Clum was elected in a landslide vote with George W. Parsons managing his campaign. Parsons kept a Journal throughout his Tombstone years that provides many clues to the inner working of Cochise County's power struggle.

On Wednesday, February 2, 1881, Parsons' Journal entry read: "Well—a bill has finally passed and been signed by the Governor creating Cochise County—making us pay perhaps $10,000. [The famous political "bag" previously mentioned.—GB] Now the fight begins for offices. Some of the Tucsonites are here for offices and their names are in—sent in by Governor—much cheek."

If any more conclusive evidence is needed of prior collusion between a Republican governor and Democratic politicos it was quickly forthcoming in the result mentioned by Parsons in his entry for Thursday February 3: "Much kicking in council on account of Tucsonites appointed. Much telegraphing between Mark Hayne and me. I got some private telegrams off from leading men to Governor for his benefit." But Parsons' efforts had no effect on the outcome. The County Ring was in business.

THE DETAILS of Johnny Behan's tenure in office are too lengthy and well known from the writing on the Earps to justify recounting again. Summarized, they are to the effect that Behan was in collusion with outlaws, that his jail simply wouldn't hold members of the so-called Cow-Boy Gang (as Clum dubbed them), that Johnny's deputy Frank Stilwell was a stage robber, and that Johnny left office with his accounts seriously short.

Courtesy Special Collections,
University of Arizona

Albert Behan, son of John H. Behan.

Mrs. Earp's memoirs confirm the collusion with the Cow-Boy Gang. She met them all at the Behan household before their operations were too openly known—till then they were simply roistering ranch hands to the public, friends of smiling Johnny of the glad-hand. The indictments against Johnny after he left office are on the books at Bisbee, present-day county seat. The principal one is that he collected taxes after his term as sheriff expired. His partner John Dunbar was also indicted, but for forgery in his accounts as County Treasurer. The implication, of course, is that his forgeries were to cover Behan's shortages. Regardless of what the Grand Jury thought, Marcus A. Smith, a political crony of both Behan and Dunbar, was district attorney. He nolle prossed the charges. Smith commented on this later in a January 6, 1894 letter relative to Johnny Behan's pending appointment as customs inspector at El Paso. Smith's letter to Charles S. Hamlin, Assistant Secretary of Treasury, is now in the National Archives.

Smith wrote, in part: "At the expiration of Behan's term of office he refused

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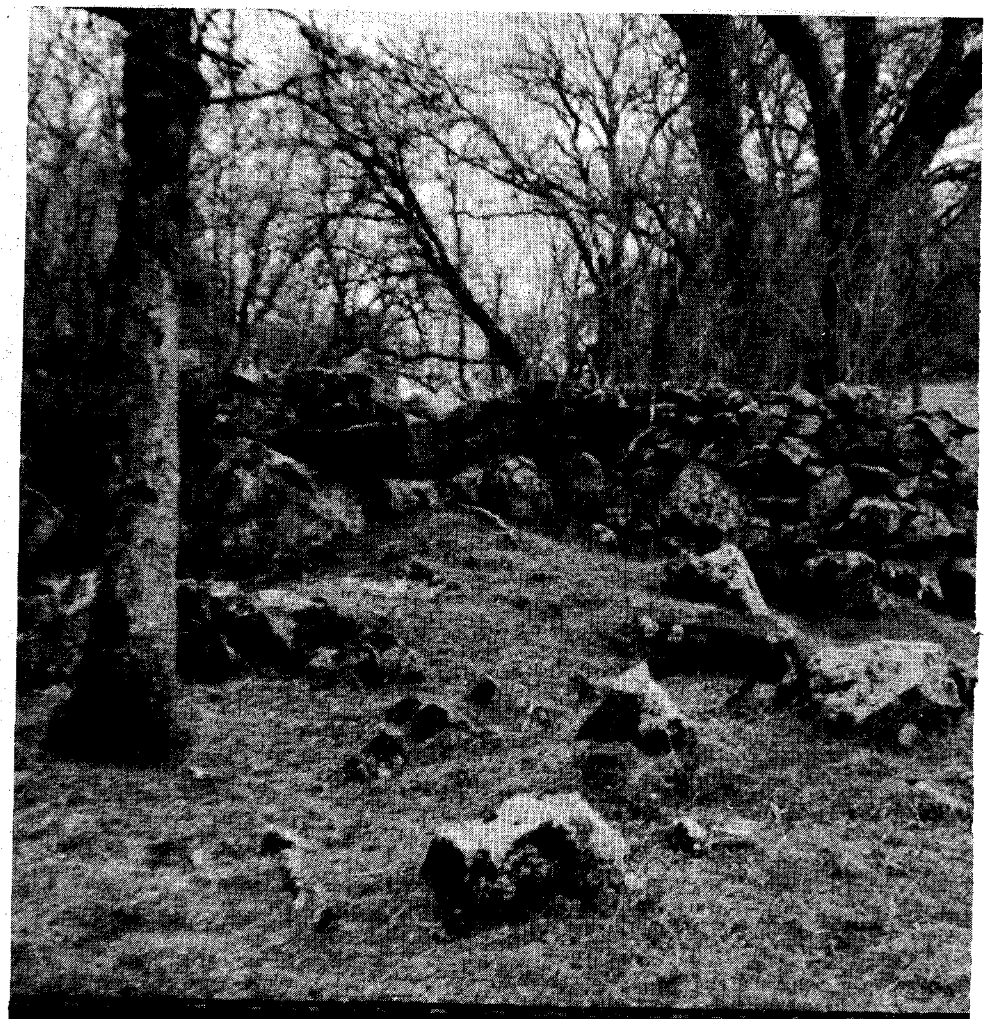
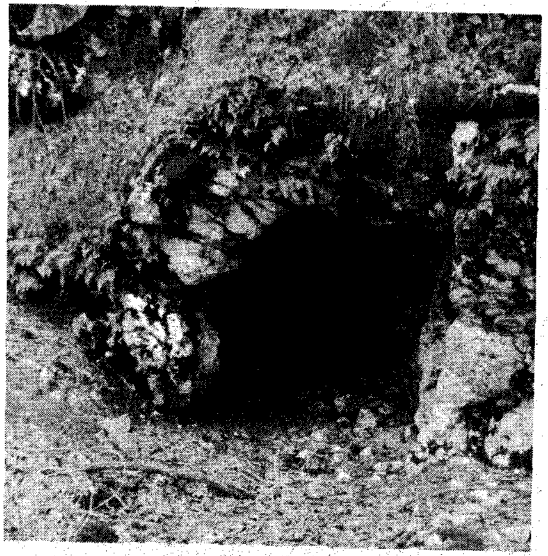


MOUNTAIN

— mysterious because in spite of its beauty and history, the area has been abandoned and gives one the feeling that none of those departing turned for one last look . . .



One of several mine tunnels at the summit of Quartz Mountain.

ADVENTURES, bonanzas, murders, robberies, and sometimes amusing instances are locked within the bosom of Quartz Mountain in California's Mother Lode.

The word "mountain" is a misnomer as she is only a hill a few hundred feet high, dwarfed by her sisters in the Sierra foothills. Her summit, however, commands a breathtaking view of Sacramento Valley, and to the extreme right, on a clear day, the whole city of Sacramento can be seen. Included in the panorama are also the cities of Galt, Ione, Lodi and Stockton, and in the extreme distance the peaks of San Francisco's Mount Tamalpias and Mount Diablo. In the peaceful solitude of Quartz Mountain, gazing at the smoke and bustle of the cities below the smog line, one can only feel a deep sense of wonder that there was a time when this mountain bustled as well. Now only the chirp of birds among the pines and white oaks, the hum of honeybees, and the occasional shuffle of a porcupine or possum scratching in the great quartz outcroppings break the stillness.

It was once thought that this area was the true Mother Lode, and some think that it still may be, as the veins that enriched the flats and gulches around the mountain run on a direct plumb line with the heart of it. Worked for many years, these veins were the richest claims in the county. Deep Gulch and Slate Gulch were worked with much success, as much as ten thousand dollars being taken from a fifteen-foot square claim to a depth of three feet.

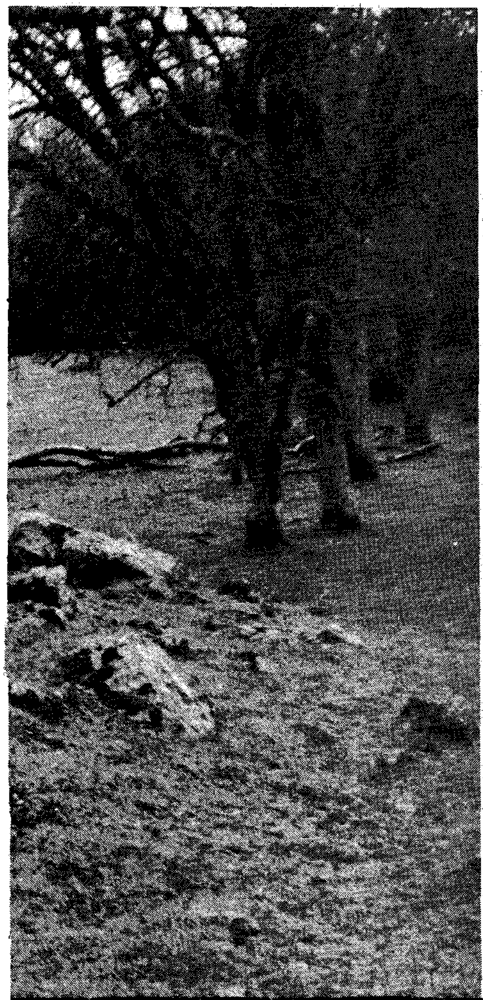
Quartz Mountain was named for the great outcroppings of quartz on her summit, which can be seen from some distance away, the result of a prehistoric upheaval of the earth's surface. Little quartz is visible at the base, but as one climbs higher up the mountain small milky white outcroppings appear. Higher the stone takes on a rosy tinge until in some places it is streaked with bright red. Near the top many large, beautiful crystals are to be found, especially where miners worked long ago.

The mountain was first mined in 1848 by a Major Redding. One of his men is recorded as "having a dozen bottles of dust." In '49 and '50 the flats around the mountain were worked extensively; lumps of gold weighing up to twelve pounds reportedly were found. At this time and in this area most mining was surface mining, and arrastres were used to extract the gold. In later years, tunnels were blasted into the face of the mountain, and these tunnels remain today.

ON the flat below Quartz Mountain, the town of Lower Rancheria took root and grew to a population of about six hundred people. There was at least one hotel, a fandango hall, and several stores and saloons. The town had a large Mexican population, mostly native Californians caught up in the gold rush. One such inhabitant discovered a nugget "the size of his finger" protruding from a bank on Rancheria Creek, worth several hundred dollars. He immediately went to town with his newfound wealth to pay off debts he had incurred while prospecting. Stopping at a saloon he proceeded to buy a round of drinks to celebrate his good fortune. The next morning found him panning the creek as before, his debts unpaid, and owing several hundred dollars more to the saloonkeeper.

Other town happenings were not as nonviolent. In September 1852, a Mexican stabbed a Dutchman and was publicly whipped for his crime. Some time later when the Dutchman died of his wounds the townspeople reconsidered and hanged the Mexican.

Some two miles away, partners Burt and Perkins had a vegetable farm which supplied the town with fresh vegetables during 1851-'52. Perkins sold his share



Above: Dense undergrowth masks the site of the once thriving town of Rancheria at the foot of the mountain. Left: The strange stone enclosure at the summit that no one has successfully explained.

# of MYSTERY

BY DAVE DEMAREST

Photos Courtesy Author

and headed for Sacramento with about $6,000. On the way he was shot and robbed, but the murderer was never apprehended even though Perkins' body was still warm when he was found.

In 1855 a band of vaqueros rode into town and slaughtered six people, wounded several more, and robbed the hotel and Eugene Francis' store. Thought to be an aftermath of the killing of Joaquin Murietta and Three-Fingered Jack by Harry Love and the California Rangers the preceding year, the tragedy culminated in the expulsion of the entire Mexican population from the county. Many of the victims were hanged or shot indiscriminately during the week following the raid, and before the year was out Lower Rancheria became a ghost town.

Now the flat and its surrounding hills lie desolate and the site of the old town has been obliterated by undergrowth. The tunnels are still there, many caved in,

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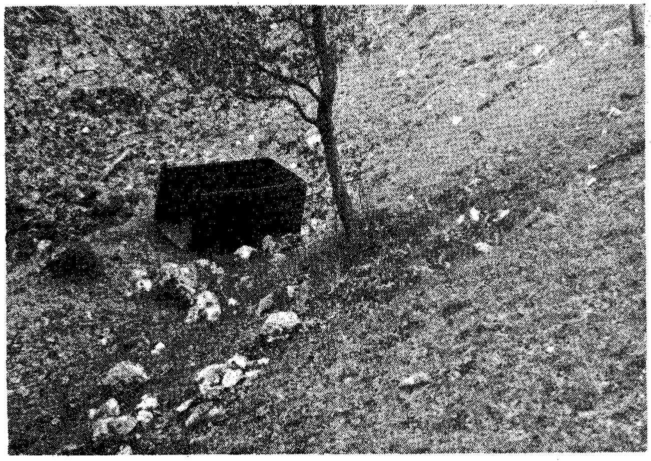
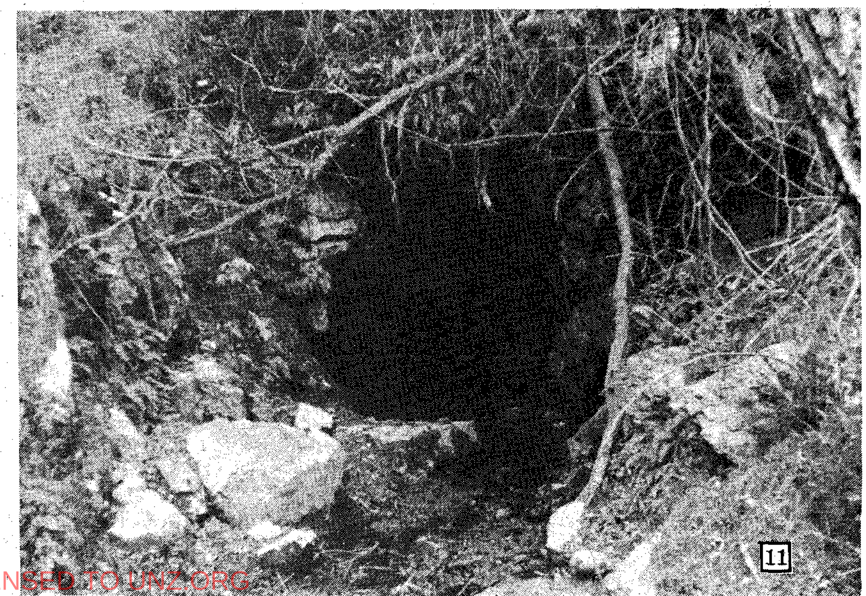
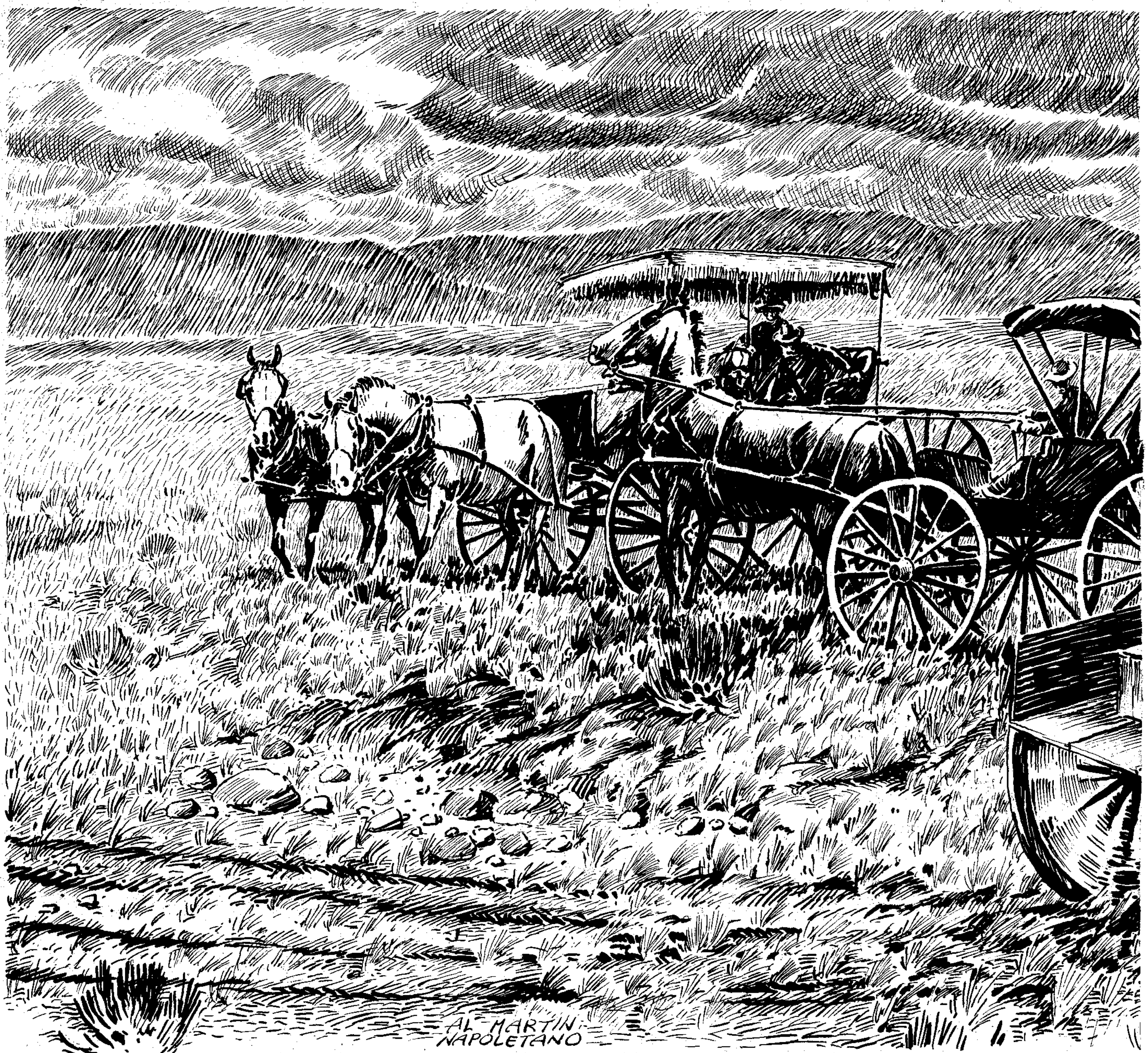
Left: Entrance to a flooded mine about halfway up the mountain. Below: An abandoned ore car.







Frontier burials were often a rushed affair of panic, despai

This is the story of such

A BURYING

BY ALBERT S. GILLES, SR.

Photos Courtesy Author

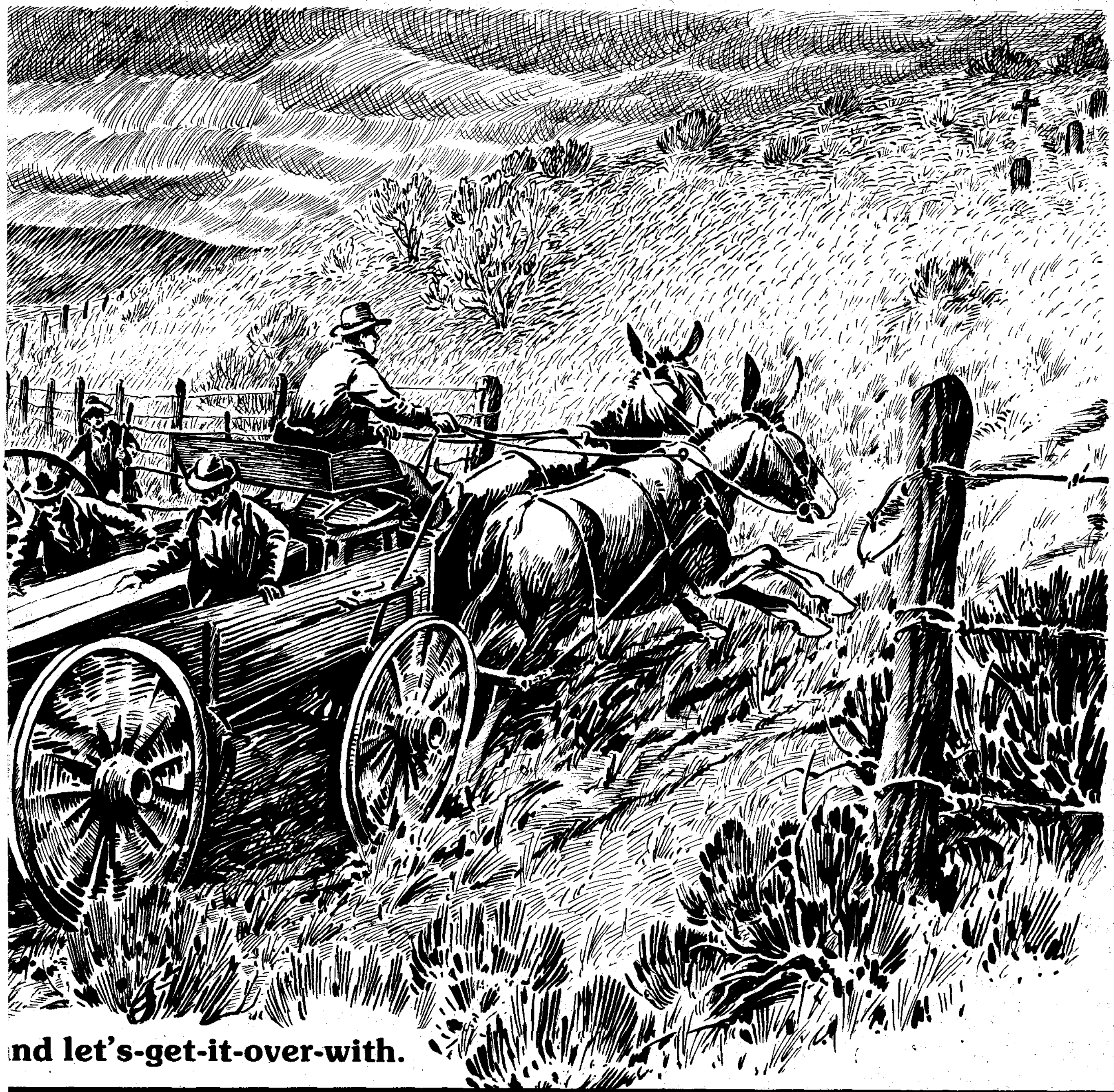
Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

PART of the growing-up process in a new country—everyone a stranger to you—is learning to observe and form impressions. I recall forming three impressions concerning the Gravitt family as soon as they stopped their caravan in front of my father's trading store in southwest Comanche County, Oklahoma Territory. It was in 1906 and winter was still hesitating about turning things over to spring.

Their good work stock, first-class leather harness, and new to near-new vehicles evidenced prosperity. The teams were not weary. New canvas stretched over the bows of the two wagons was scarcely weather-stained. The journey had been short.

The lead wagon was drawn by a team of young long-legged mules. The look of this wagon indicated it was on its first journey. As I was to learn later, the driver was the oldest son, Bill, nineteen years of age, six feet tall, straight-shouldered, an all-around good-looking young man. His two younger brothers rode on the spring seat with him.

The second wagon, while not new, was solid and in an excellent state of repair. This wagon was driven by Mr. Gravitt and was pulled by a sizable span of young mares. The man who occupied the spring seat with Mr. Gravitt was a car-



nd let's-get-it-over-with.

penter brought along to do some building. Two spare horses wearing harness were tied to the rear of this second wagon. Probably the teams were changed at midday.

The third vehicle was a near-new top buggy drawn by an excellent driving mare. Mrs. Gravitt was driving it, accompanied by their sixteen-year-old daughter.

Another impression I got was that the newcomers were from a malarial area. Each one of them showed effects of the debilitating disease. Bill showed it least, though the whites of his eyes were yellow. The mother and daughter were thin, with sallow complexions, and their eyes showed a yellow cast. Mr. Gravitt and the two younger boys displayed the fever's ravages the most. All three were stooped, sallow-complexioned, and looked as though they might start chilling any moment.

While Mr. and Mrs. Gravitt were buying groceries we learned that Mr. Gravitt had been in town and in our store previously. He had bought some lots five or six blocks from our store. They planned to camp on the lots while building a house and barn. In subsequent visits we learned he had also bid on land in the nearby Big Pasture, soon to be opened. If not lucky in the new opening, he would buy deeded land in the older area.

THE family hauled lumber to their lots the next morning, and got right to work building a good-sized box house and a barn. There was no delay since Mr. Gravitt had his own carpenter; otherwise, he would have quite a wait as our town was booming. Buildings were going up both in the residential area and the business section.

The druggist across the street from our store was adding a second story to his building. About two weeks after the Gravitts arrived, I saw their carpenter (I don't recall his name) doing some work at the drugstore. He and a carpenter named Spivey were closing in the front of the second story, which was also the north end of the building.

Shortly after noon a norther blew in, carrying piggy-back, on its way to the southlands, intermittent, spitting showers. During the bleak afternoon I looked across a number of times, wondering at the carpenters' fortitude. They were bound to be wet to the skin, but they stayed on the scaffolding until the front of the building was sealed.

(Continued on page 38)

170 DAYS

How true the old saying — "If there was an

BY MARIE SCHLOTFELDT

Photos Courtesy Author

THE YOUNG MAN was babbling excitedly as he unrolled the map. "Just wait till you see this, Mister. It's the only chart I ever saw of the country west of the Rockies. Elam Brown gave it to me. There now, just feast your eyes on that. And take a look at this long narrow lake. Know what it is? Well, Sir, I'll tell you. That's the Great Salt Lake and it is 300 miles long if it's an inch! Maybe 400! And see these two big rivers running out of it? Elam says either one of them is bigger than the Mississippi. Elam is a very intelligent man and he has given me a lot of good advice. He says we should take along tools that can be used to build canoes. Then, if the going gets too rough, we can still abandon our wagons, build canoes, and float down one of these rivers, right through the mountains clear to the Pacific!"

He stopped for a moment for lack of breath but as his gaze lifted from the map to the face of the stranger standing beside him, his eyes narrowed. The stranger was looking dubiously at the big black saddle horse that he had ridden into town just a short while before. The gelding was an exceptionally fine animal and he hated to part with him.

"Do you want to go to California or don't you?" the youth demanded.

Uncertain of his own wishes, the stranger hid his indecision behind an attack of genteel coughing.

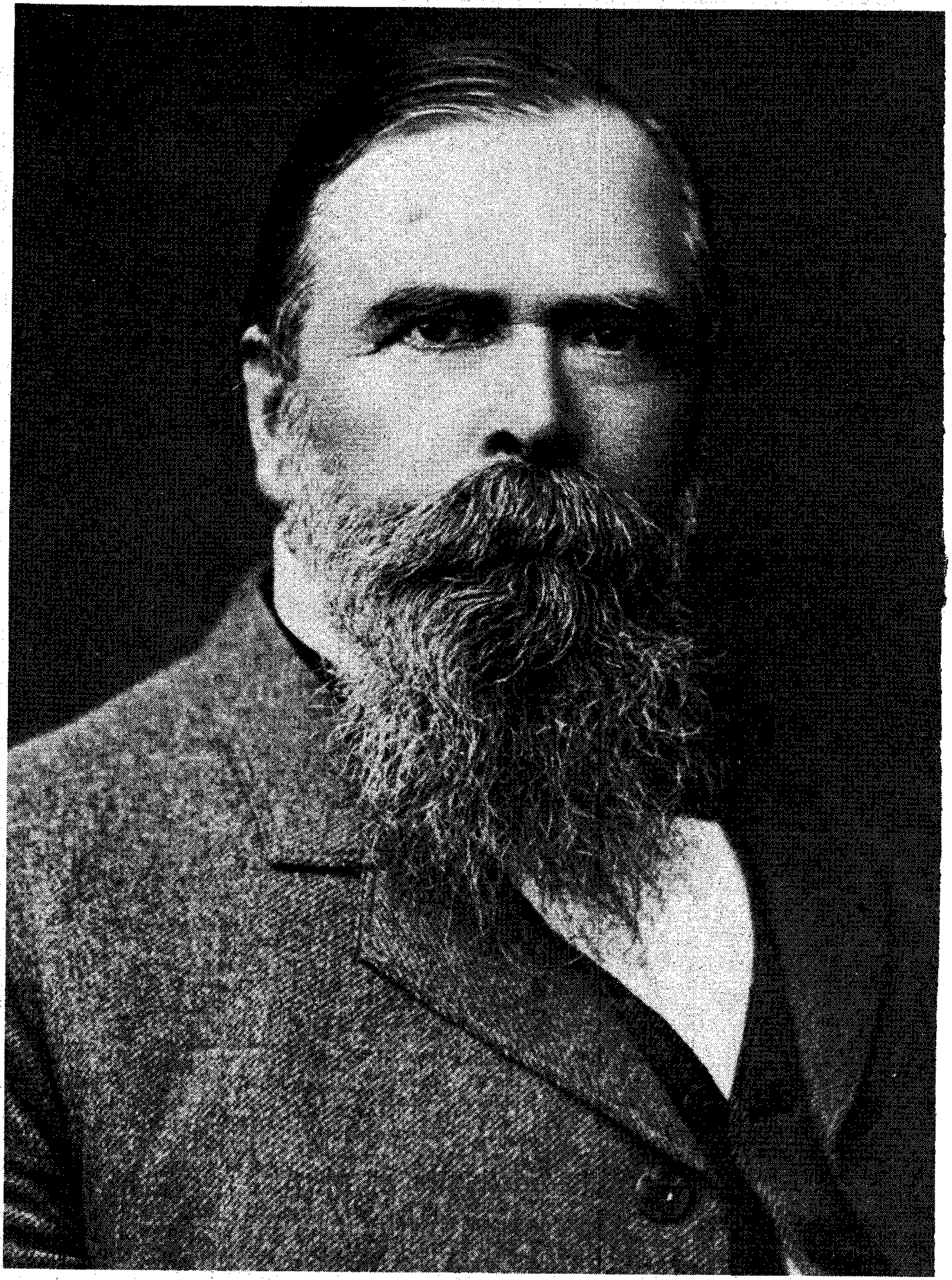
It was May 1841, Platte County, Missouri, and the young man with the map was John Bidwell. The stranger who was about to be talked out of his horse was George Henshaw, an invalid from Illinois. The trip that had so excited Bidwell was a journey by wagon train—destination, California.

"Think of it," the younger man urged. "Just think of it!"

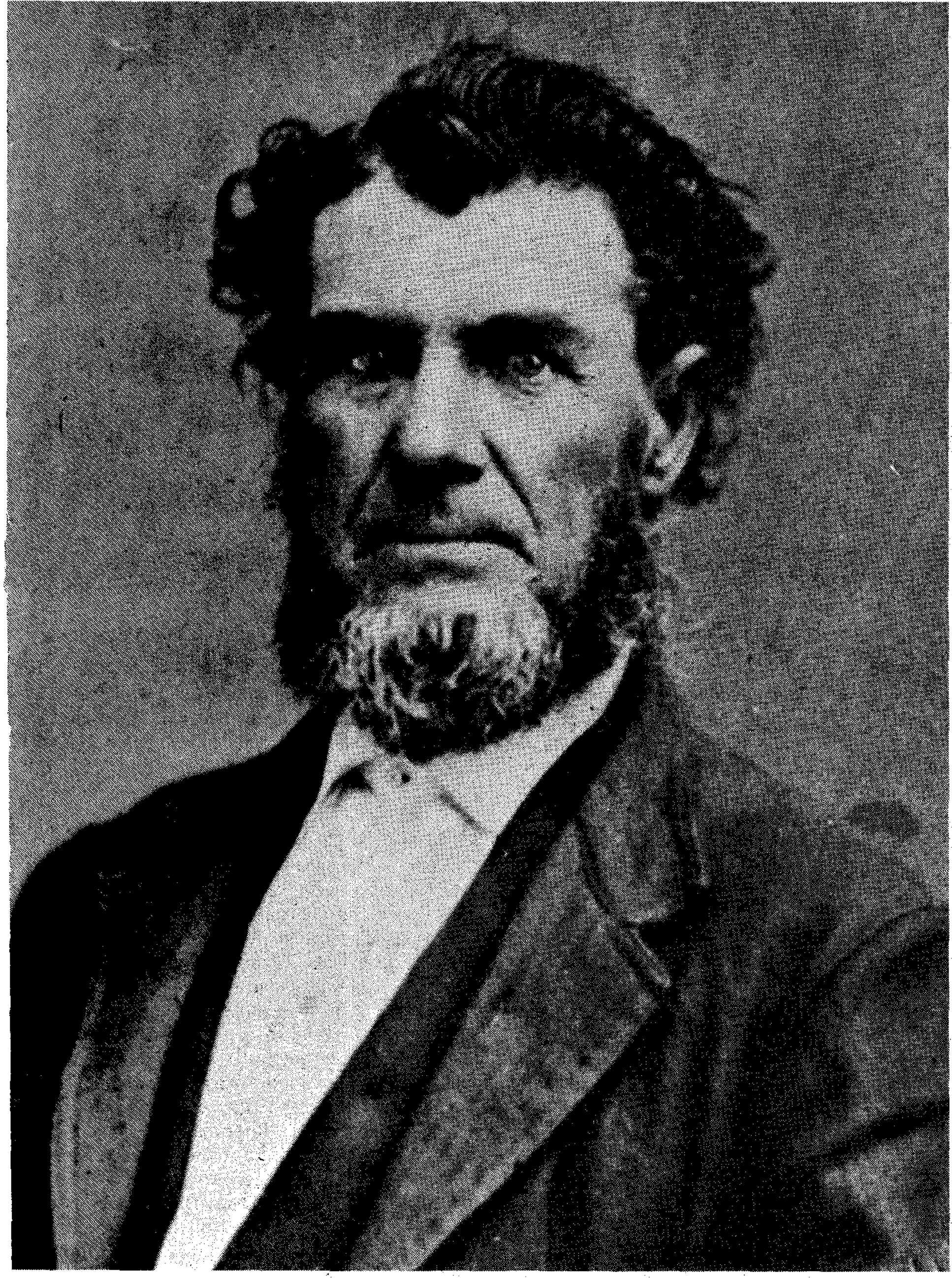
In spite of Bidwell's urging, Henshaw wasn't allowed too much time to think it over. Before he was hardly aware of what was happening, his fine horse had been sold. The proceeds went to buy a yoke of oxen to pull Bidwell's wagon, and Henshaw found himself, still in his expensive clothes, astride a sorry-looking one-eyed mule.

Although Henshaw was recruited rather quickly for the trip, it was not so with Bidwell. This young man, not yet twenty-two, had been one of the prime movers in the westward trek. Six months before, while still employed as a school principal, he had met a Frenchman named Roubideaux who claimed to have been to California. So glowing was the report that Bidwell and others asked him to address a meeting of people who might be interested in migrating.

Roubideaux described California as a veritable Paradise. The Spanish officials were so pleased to have the Americans come there, he said, that they welcomed them with open arms. The people were so hospitable that a visitor could travel all over California without charge for either food or horses. There were thousands of wild horses and cattle to be had just for the taking. As to climate, it was always spring and the soil would produce anything. When Roubideaux professed to have seen oranges growing, his listeners were overcome with delight.


John Bidwell

otos both pages Courtesy Bancroft Library



Ben Kelsey

N THE ROAD

og in the man it would bark on the Plains.”

One Missourian, determined not to be swayed by the promise of heaven on earth, demanded to know whether there was any fever and ague. Roubideaux replied that only one man in all of California had ever had a chill and he drew audiences from as far as eighteen miles—just to see him shake!

BASED on this report, the Western Emigration Society was formed. Enthusiasm ran high. Inside of a month approximately 500 names had been subscribed.

Then evil days fell upon the Society. Local merchants who had been dreading the loss of so many of their customers found the perfect antidote for “California fever” in a current report from New York.

It appeared that Spanish authorities in California were not so hospitable to the Americans as Roubideaux had claimed. In fact, Spaniards hated their guts. An old mountain man named Graham had made the mistake of boasting openly that one day the Americans would take over California. Mindful of how the Americans had wrested Texas from Mexico, the authorities put the old fellow and a number of other suspects in irons and placed them aboardship to be transported to San Blas in Mexico. Not all of them lived to get there. An American lawyer, on his way from the Columbia River to Mexico, put in at Monterey and protested the illegal proceedings without effect. Returning to New York, he published a letter warning Americans that it was extremely dangerous to go to California.

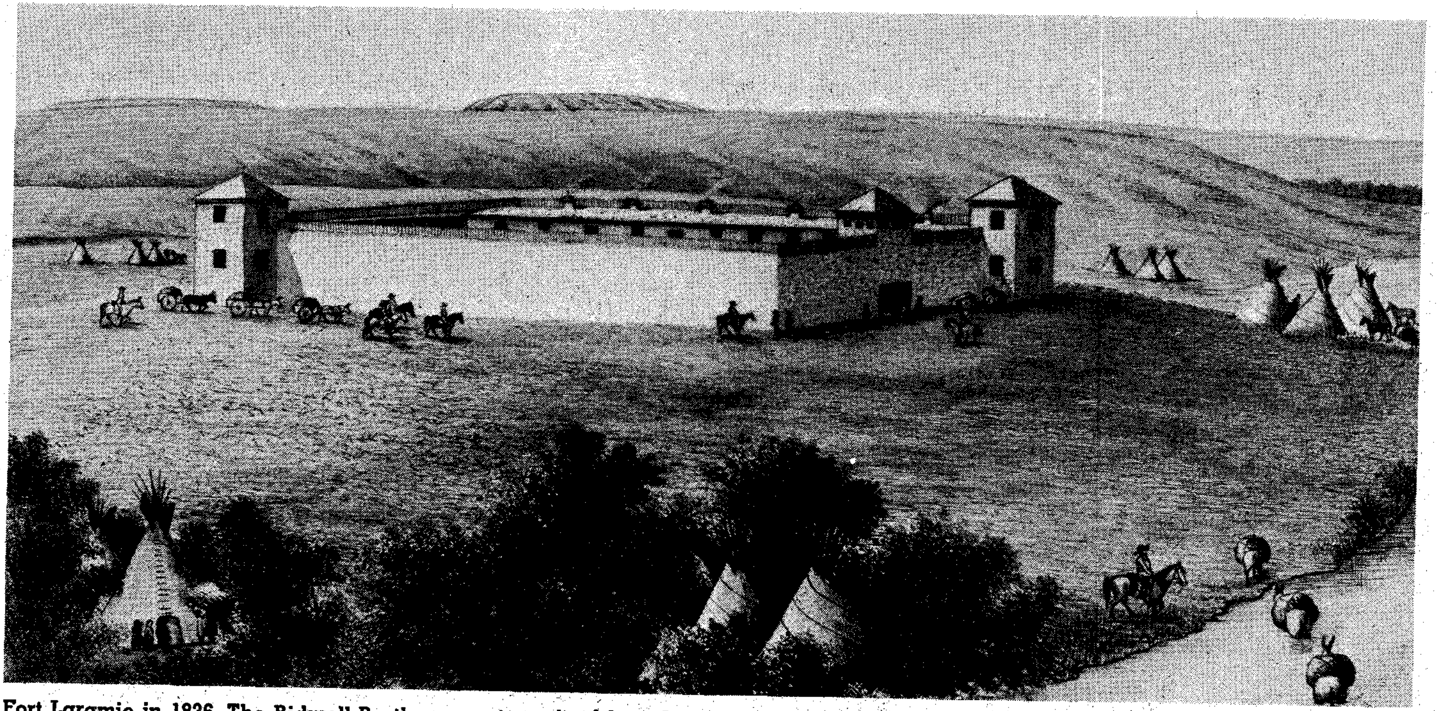
The merchants of Platte County pounced on this letter and had it reprinted in the newspaper. Almost overnight John Bidwell found himself the sole remaining member of the Western Emigration Society. Even his partner, who was to furnish the horses for the venture, backed out, leaving John with a horseless wagon and an unquenched desire to go to the West Coast. No wonder, then, that Bidwell believed Providence had sent George Henshaw and his big black horse to him just as the time for departure neared.

At the place of rendezvous at Sapling Grove, recruits trickled in. Among them was a man named John Bartleson from Jackson County, Missouri. He had seven or eight men with him. Bartleson quickly let it be known that if he were not elected captain of the train he would take his companions and go home. This handful of men he had brought along was his only qualification for the job but it served to get him elected.

Even with the captain and his friends, the company numbered only sixty-three including the children. These people were far from rich. By the time supplies were purchased, the whole party couldn’t have raised a hundred dollars.

Each family was supposed to have not less than one barrel of flour, with other supplies in corresponding amounts. Bidwell bought an extra hundred pounds of flour, believing that a steady diet of meat, after the flour gave out, would kill him even though the others might thrive on it.

Five days were spent in procuring supplies and carefully stowing them into the wagons. Last minute preparations were underway and each man made sure that his outfit would be ready to roll when the call came.



Fort Laramie in 1836. The Bidwell-Bartleson party arrived here June 22, 1841.

Courtesy Wyoming State Historical Society

At last the day of departure dawned. Teams of oxen, mules and horses were hitched to the wagons. Everything was ready. There was adventure in the very air they breathed as the company crowded around their captain.

"Lead the way!" one man called. "Which way to California?"

The silence that followed grew until it reached embarrassing proportions. Captain Bartleson looked desperately around him until, emboldened by the strained encouragement on the faces of his Missouri cronies, he cleared his throat and began to speak.

"California is—uh—well, it's—west!"

The man who had made the inquiry assured the captain earnestly and profanely that he was well aware of that fact.

In the general hubbub that followed, the party had to face the chilling realization that not one of them had the slightest idea of how to reach California! Finally a man who had just joined the train announced that three Catholic missionaries and their party, with a mountain man for a guide, were on their way to the Flathead Indian Nation and were only a day from Sapling Grove. The emigrants decided to wait and accompany this party even though they believed the missionary group might slow them down.

This group, headed by Father DeSmet, numbered seventeen or eighteen in all, and was guided by Captain Tom Fitzpatrick whom the Indians called "The Broken Hand." They seemed glad enough to have the westward-bound company join them and, in spite of the excessive profanity practiced by the emigrants, they got along very well together.

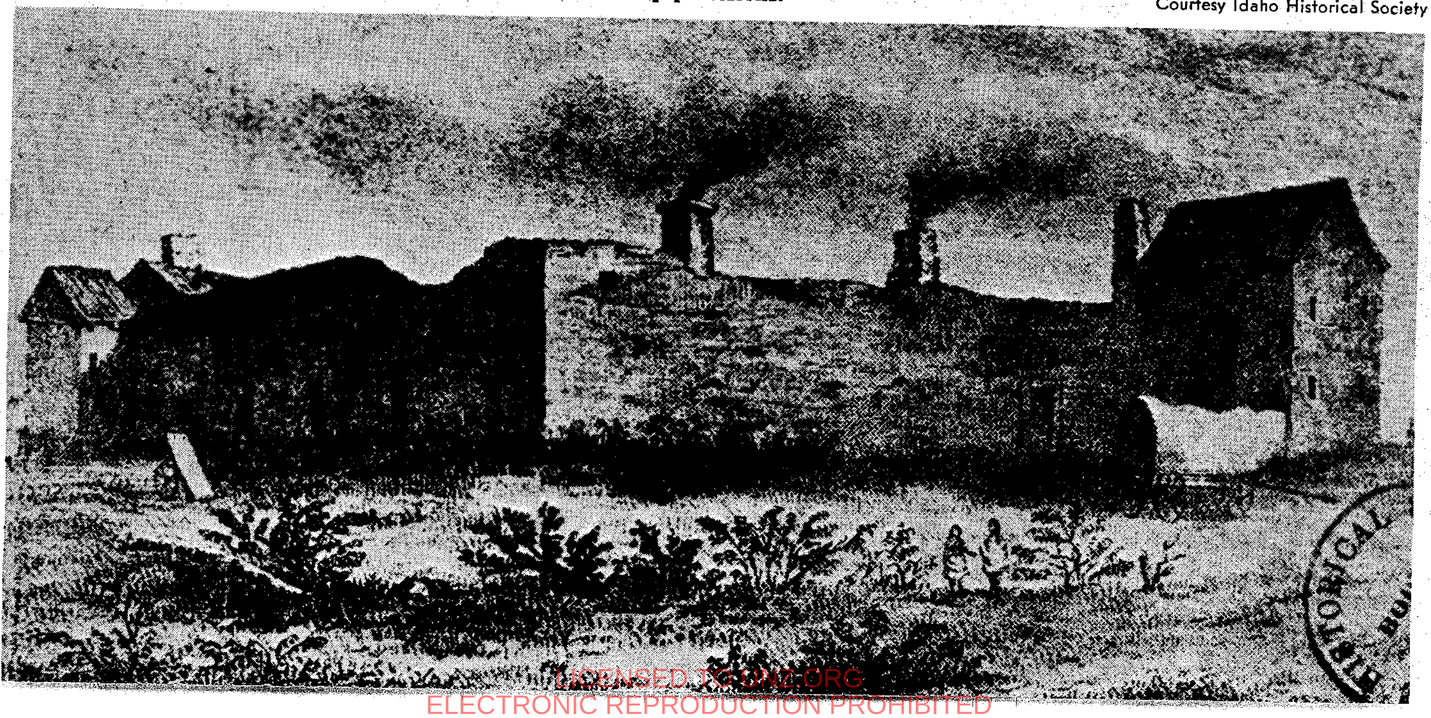
On May 18, at the Kansas River crossing, the emigrant party re-elected Bartleson as captain and accepted Fitzpatrick as guide. By so doing, a precedent was set. In the years to follow, emigrant companies always tightened up their organizations and put their new rules into effect at the Kansas crossing before starting on the long trail west.

ON the 19th the long journey began. The missionary group had four mule-drawn carts and one small wagon. The emigrants had eight wagons pulled by horses and mules, and five drawn by oxen. Four days later five men with one wagon joined up, and on the 26th a Methodist minister pulled his wagon into the wake of the train. This brought the number in the train to forty-seven men and twenty-two women and children.

For awhile everything went as well as could be expected. Then, after they had been traveling for about two weeks, they had a horrible scare. A man named Dawson, who had been hunting for meat, staggered into camp minus his mule, his

Fort Hall where a delegation went to hire a guide and buy provisions.

Courtesy Idaho Historical Society



gun, his pistol, and the greater part of his clothing. In stuttering terror he told how he had been surrounded by thousands of Indians, how they had robbed him of his possessions and had torn the clothes from his body. The company panicked. In desperate haste they tumbled aboard their wagons and every driver whipped his team into a full run until even the ungainly oxen were fleeing at a full gallop. Fitzpatrick was unable to stop them. They paid no attention to his shouted advice. Finally he put his horse at a dead run and headed them off at the river. Here he insisted that they "fort up" their wagons to form a hollow square and to confine their livestock inside that square.

A short time later, the Indians came up and made camp within a hundred yards of the white men's hastily contrived "fort." Convinced that the Cheyennes were friendly, Fitzpatrick visited them. There he found that the "thousands of Indians" had melted down to forty. They readily surrendered the mule and the gun, explaining that Dawson was so frenzied they had found it necessary to disarm him to keep him from shooting them. They denied all knowledge of the missing clothing and pistol. These articles were never found but the sheepish emigrant had acquired a new name. From that day forward he was known as "Cheyenne" Dawson.

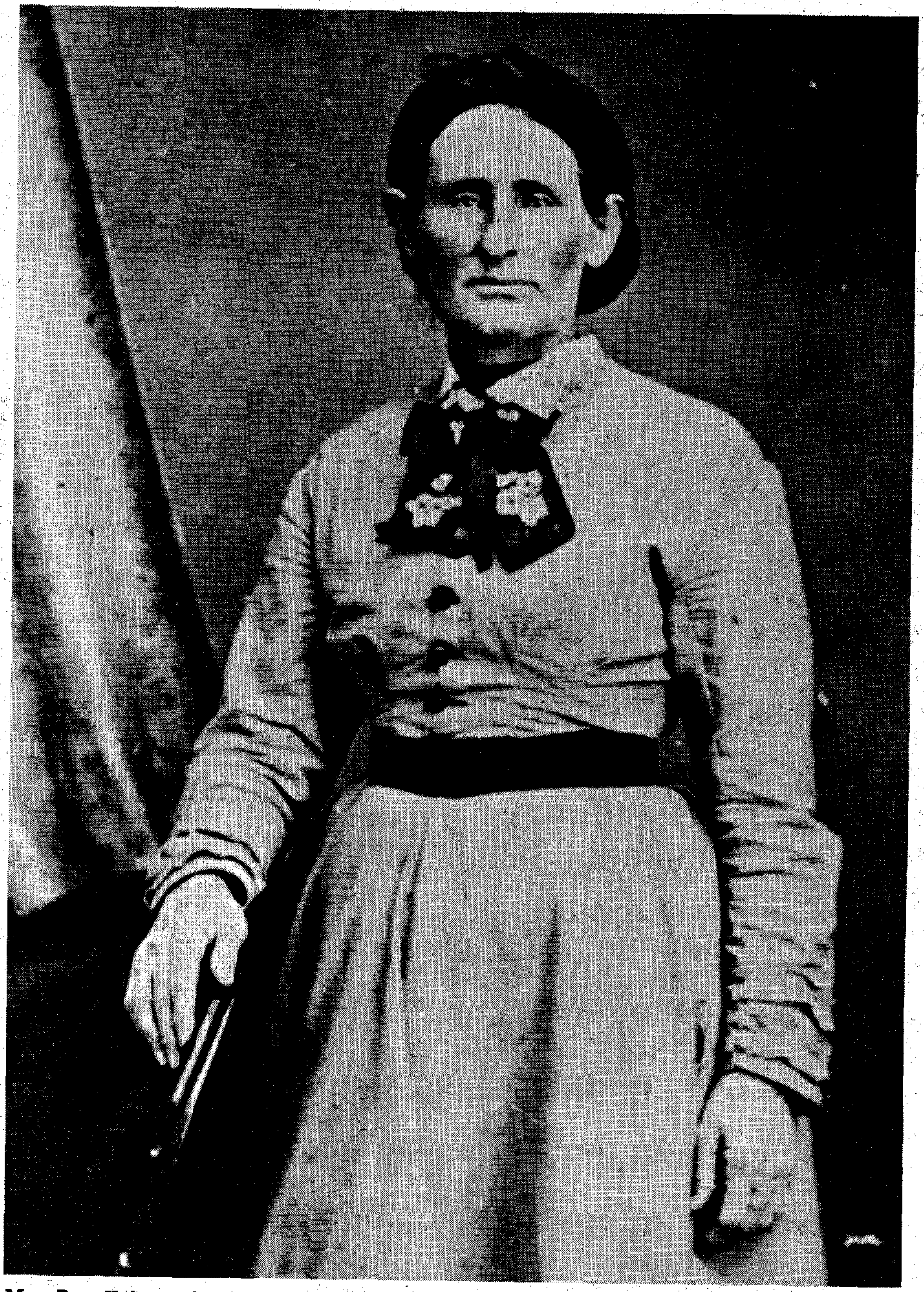
The emigrants had another scare one night when they were camped on the South Fork of the Platte. For days the plains had been black with buffalo heading south toward the waters of the Platte. Their crossing and recrossing of this river churned its waters until the very color was changed and it was unfit for human use. So plentiful were the buffaloes that the emigrants killed them just for the tongues and marrow bones and left the rest of the carcass for carrion.

Then one night the "prairie beef" appeared in such numbers that they could have trampled the whole camp into the earth. Again Captain Fitzpatrick's experience saved the day. Against their will he forced the men away from their loved ones and their possessions. Once away from the camp, he instructed them to build fires and told them to fire their rifles unceasingly into the stampede. All night long the ground shook with the terrible thunder of hoofs but morning found the weary travelers safe from harm.

Perhaps the worst fright resulted from the weather. One exceedingly hot afternoon on the Platte, there first came a shower, then a fall of hail to a depth of four inches. Some of the stones were as big as turkey eggs. The next day a huge waterspout, carrying muddy water from the Platte, towered high in the air in whirling destructive fury. The emigrants hastened to brace their wagons to keep them from being overturned but, fortunately, the gigantic column of water missed them by a quarter of a mile.

To compensate for the dangers and for the back-breaking labor of building their own roads, there was the strange and wildly beautiful scenery. The flatland people were overawed by the picturesque

Courtesy Bancroft Library



Mrs. Ben Kelsey, the first white woman to cross the Sierra Nevada.

natural formations such as O'Fallon's Bluffs, Court House Rocks, Chimney Rock, and Scott's Bluffs. They were baffled by the clearness of the air in the Rockies and would sometimes set off for a landmark that appeared quite near but turned out to be many miles away. When the Wind River Mountains came into view, it was the first time that many of them had ever seen snow in summer.

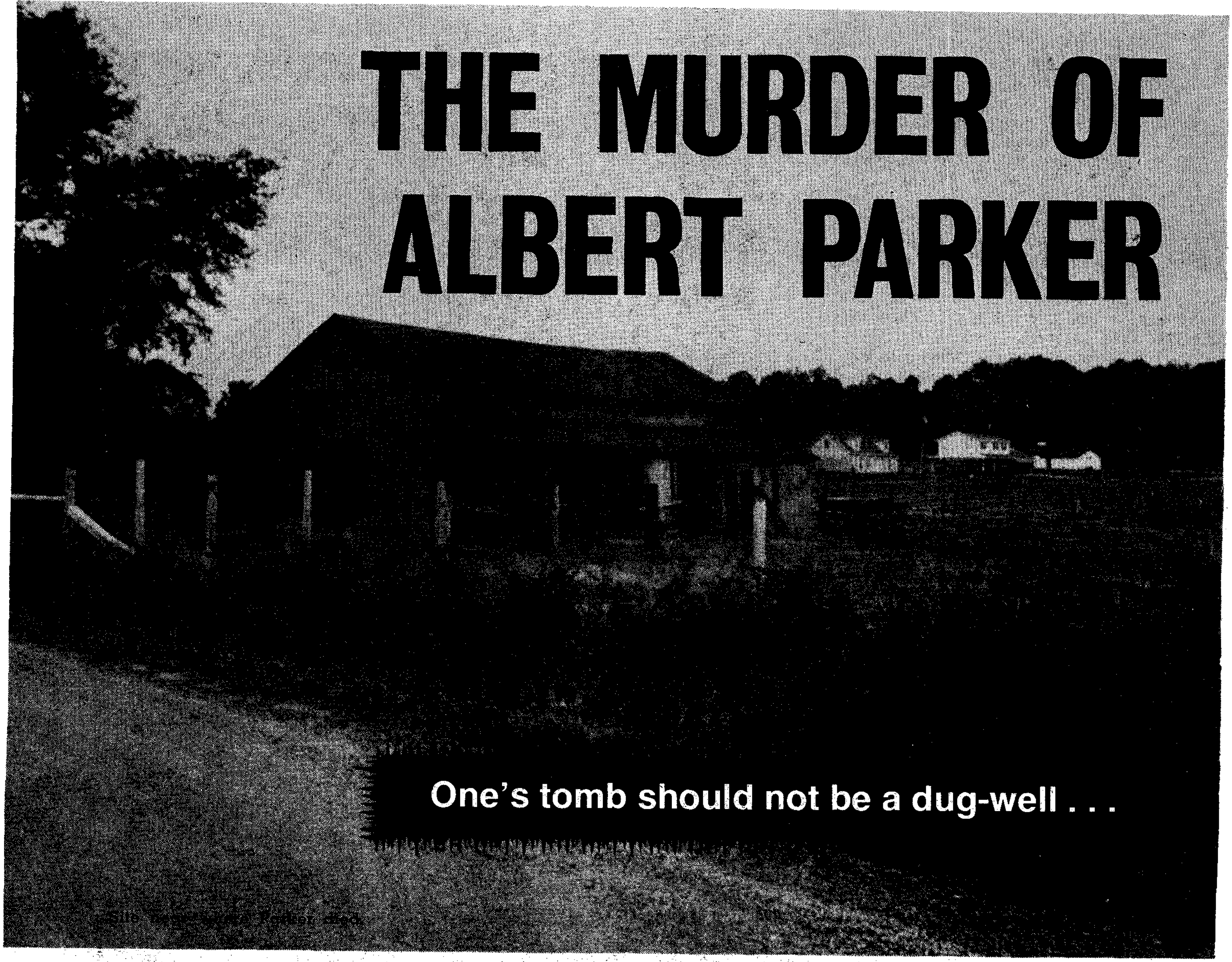
THE PARTY reached Fort Laramie on June 22, and on July 18 crossed South Pass. At Green River on the 23rd, they were disappointed to find that the famous Green Mountain rendezvous was no longer held. An old mountain man from the missionary party was sent ahead to see if he could locate some of the trappers. He was lucky in finding the trail of a party headed for the buffalo plains to lay in a supply of meat and persuaded these men to return to Green River. This delighted Captain Bartleson who, it turned out, had a supply of alcohol to sell—after first cutting it with three parts water!

Bidwell, who in later life was to run for President of the United States on the Prohibition Ticket, was dismayed at the sale of the liquor. Everyone was surprised, for there had been no drinking along the way.

By August 15, the combined party had reached the separation point at Soda Springs. This lovely spot with its gushing water and huge piles of red and brown sinter formed by other springs long since gone dry was located in Idaho Territory at the northernmost bend of Bear River. Here the missionary party headed north, taking with them thirty-two of the emigrants who feared the trackless

(Continued on page 42)

THE MURDER OF ALBERT PARKER



One's tomb should not be a dug-well . . .

Site [illegible] Parker died.

BY RAY D. RAINS

Photos Courtesy Author

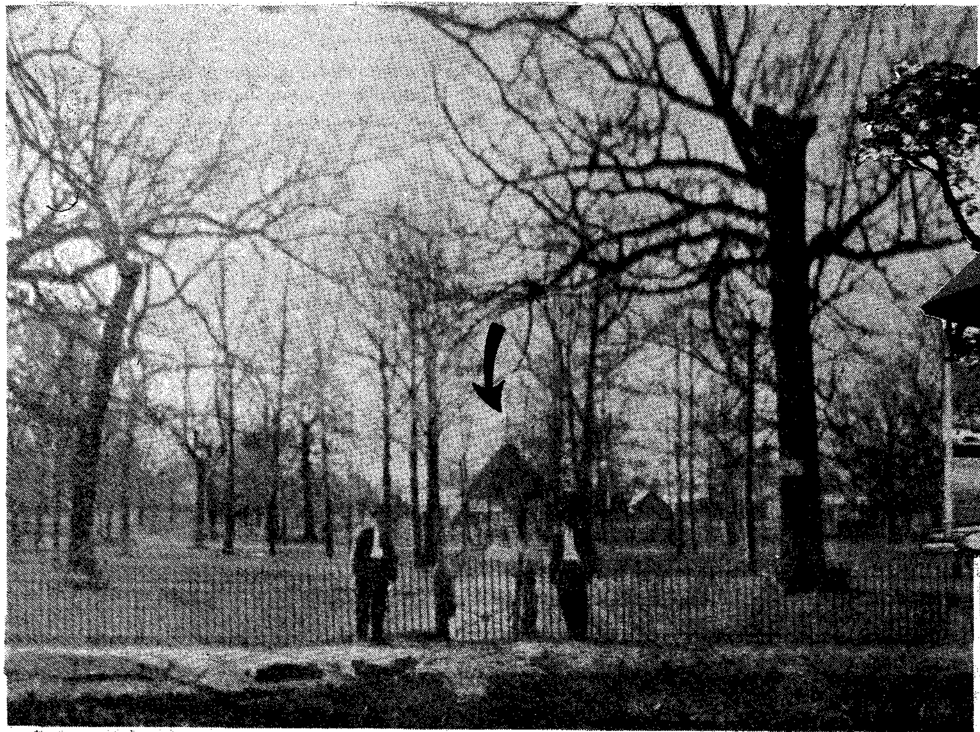
A CALM had settled with the approaching autumn night. In the east a full moon at quarter sky, casting its yellow rays, prevailed over the feeble glow of the oil-generated street lamps along Spring Street in Searcy, Arkansas, seat of White County. The little town had the same deathlike stillness that had shrouded the rest of the countryside ever since the Civil War began.

Even after the conflict, peace had not come. Too many land-greedy moneymongers had flocked to the destitute South and these despoilers soon became the power of authority. By spring of 1866 the political term, Republican Party, had all but vanished from the South's vocabulary—replaced with contempt and hatred by "Carpetbagger."

Suddenly an explosion erupted among the Democrats with the organization of the Ku Klux Klan. In April 1867, former Confederate General N. B. Forrest, chosen as the new leader, changed the organization's original format and purpose, referring to the new system more dramatically as the impregnable "Invisible Empire." The result was a surge of enmity which divided the once staunch and powerful Democrat party of the Old South into two factions.

Before the end of the year the amazing number of 20,000 men, in Arkansas alone, had joined the Empire, pledging undying resistance against the Carpetbag forces. The massive group of Democrats represented by the Klansmen unanimously chose the title "Old Guard," while the pitifully few remaining were referred to as "Ante Bellum." These latter, each to his own choice, eventually supported the Republicans either openly or secretly.

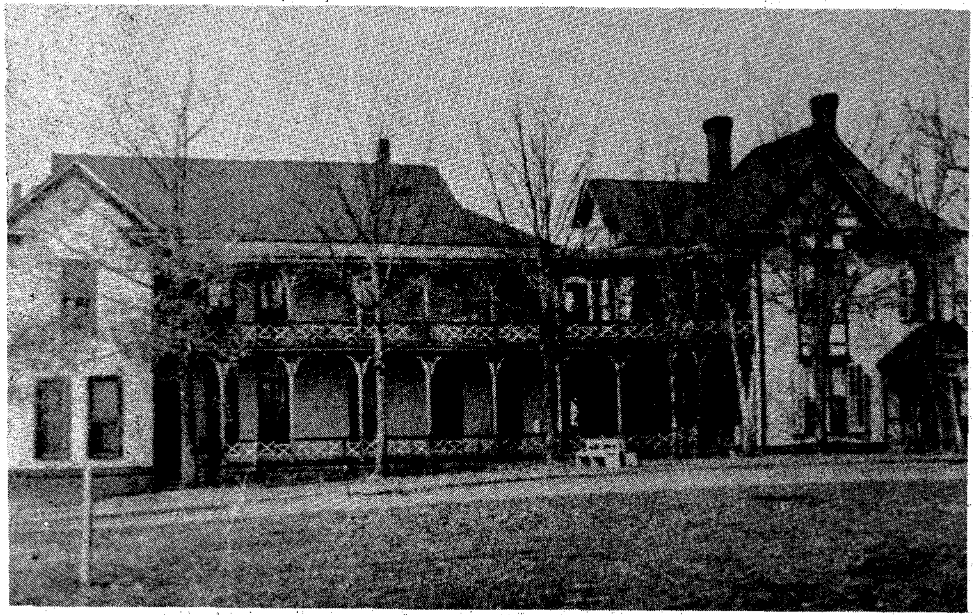
Lander Nance, 97, whose father was a slave, was a member of the Royal Loyal League and a friend of murdered Ban Humphries.



Wolfe Studio

Wolfe Studio

Left: Spring Park, circa 1885, where Parker was delivered to his executioners. The spring (arrow) is shown above in a recent photograph.



The Yarnell Hotel, circa 1885, where John McCauley confessed to F. M. Chrisman. Built in 1853, in 1880 it was remodeled for a Negro school, used as a hospital in 1904, and razed in 1916.

SPRING STREET that night was deserted except for two men strolling leisurely south toward Spring Park. Situated at the end of the street, the park afforded an abundance of water from three overflowing springs. From the beginning the park had served as a relaxing, recreational facility for the community. Only after the political turbulence created by the Ku Klux Klan had the park become deserted by its usual late afternoon and early night-time crowds.

One of the men walking on the dimly lit street was James Russell, a day constable for the city. In the crook of his arm he carried a bucket as though his intent was to get water at one of the springs. Albert Parker, a former Confederate captain and a newcomer to Searcy, was the other man. His purported mission was to buy cattle from nearby farms for a northern market.

Albert H. Parker (a brother to David B. Parker, who for many years was Chief Postal Inspector) had left his native New York State and settled in Freestone County, Texas a few miles east of Fairfield on the Trinity River. He was a successful merchant but later acquired considerable land along the Trinity. In time he married, and at the outbreak of the Civil War was considered a farmer and cattleman of great prominence.

When the storm of Secession came, it swept Parker like many others into its vortex. He accepted a commission as captain of a cavalry unit in the Confederate Army. Anticipating victory within the year, he left his wife, his home, and his property to the spoils of a civil war.

After four long and painful years, Parker returned to the life of which he had constantly dreamed; but only dreams they proved to be. Arriving in Texas he found that his wife had died, his home had burned, and his cattle had been confiscated by Confederate foragers. With hatred in his heart, Parker sold his land and went to Lawrence, Kansas.

Kansas, too, failed to provide the peace he was seeking. Sooner or later the word always surfaced that Parker had fought with the Confederacy, and feelings ran high in Kansas against the Rebels. Disappointed and disgusted, he left Lawrence and went to Little Rock in search of his old friend and regimental commander, Major Samuel Walker. Parker had read of the Major's diversion from the Democrats to the Empire, and of his supporting the Republicans then in power.

During the last three years of the Civil War, Walker had been Parker's inspiration to keep fighting what he knew was a losing battle. Time after time he followed the old man's advice, which in the end always guided Parker and his men safely through many treacherous encounters.

PARKER went to Walker's home, explaining his bitter hatred for the segment of the Confederacy responsible for financially and morally wrecking his future.

"I want you to take a letter to Governor Powell Clayton," Walker said after listening to Parker's story. For several minutes the old man wrote on a piece of paper. When he finished, he carefully sealed it in an envelope, then turned his attention back to Parker.

"Powell Clayton," Walker said, "is a good man—clean in everything he does. But being a Republican, the odds are against him. Getting Arkansas back in good standing with the Union is more than he can do by himself, and at the same time fight that band of murdering

(Continued on page 53)

TROUBLE AND TREASURE

— at an elevation of just 130 feet!

BY GRADY PHELPS

Photos and Map Courtesy Author

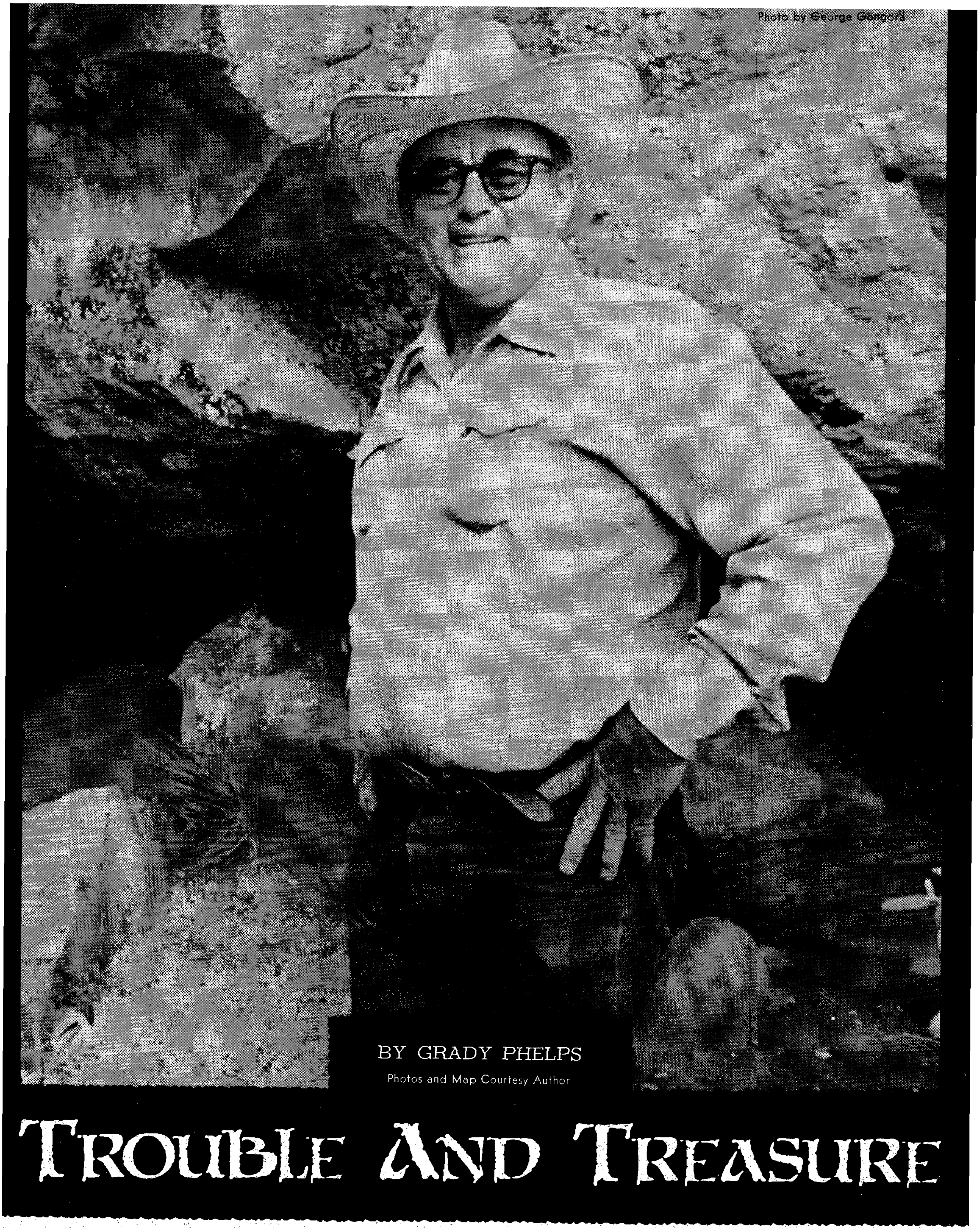
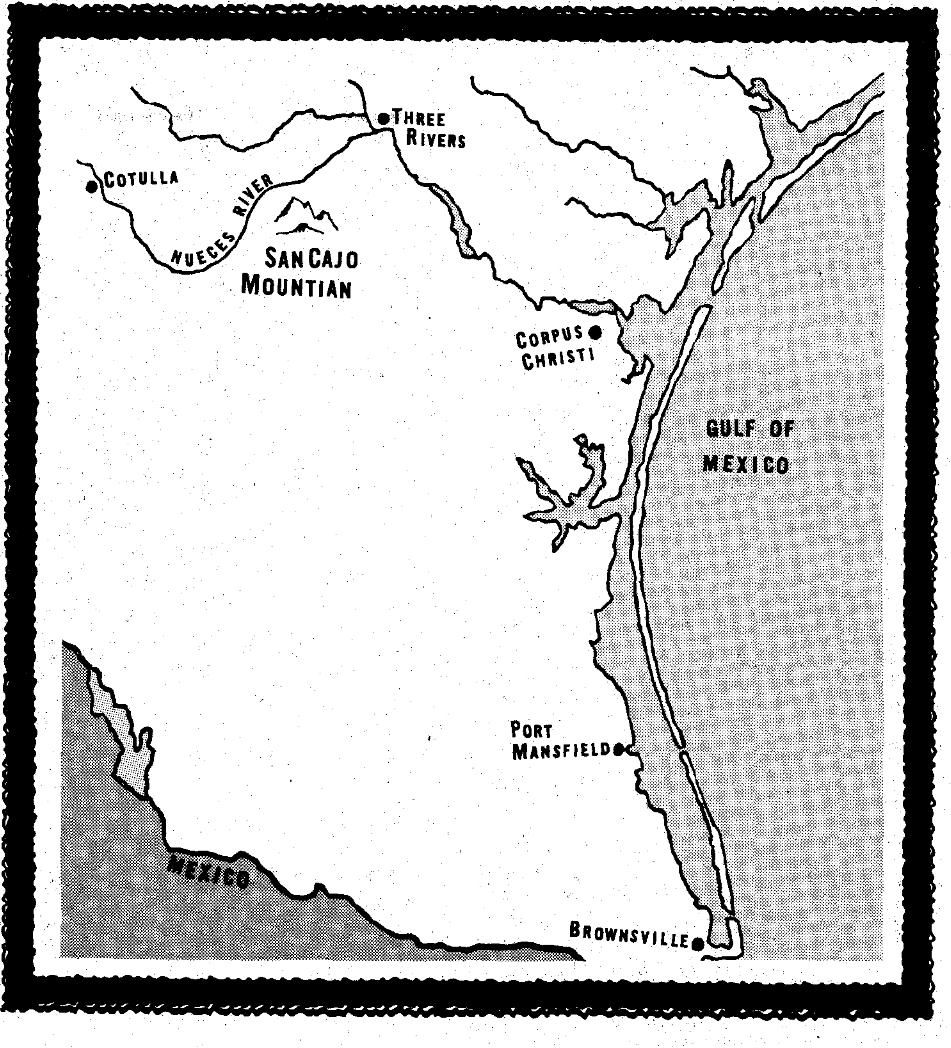


Photo by George Gongora

THERE are days when Clifton "Bub" Wheeler looks up at his mountain rising roughly 130 feet out of the South Texas flatland brush country and wishes it weren't there.

These are the times when somebody has slipped onto his property, broken a lock, busted through a pasture gate or turned loose some of his cattle in tres-

Opposite page: Rancher Clifton Wheeler at the entrance of one of the caves. Right: Southern portion of Texas showing the location of San Cajo Mountain.



passing to hunt treasure on or near San Cajo Mountain.

For lots of people want a piece of the rock. Or a chance to uncover gold and silver that is supposed to be buried in the mountain's caves or at the feet of its slopes.

Wheeler, a Three Rivers rancher, doesn't allow anyone to dig or explore the peak. He occasionally has to wave trespassers down from the top and in as nice a way as possible tell them to go back home.

San Cajo Mountain is a legend that was further immortalized by folklorist J. Frank Dobie in his "Coronado's Children." Nine jack-loads of bullion and other riches are said to be hidden in one of its four caves. Another thirty-one muleloads of bullion are reported to be concealed in rock pens somewhere nearby.

That flat-topped hill or mesa sticks up strangely from the thick mesquite and scrub brush range that is on part of the 8,000 acres Wheeler owns. It is in McMullen County, midway between George West and Tilden. In Colorado, San Cajo wouldn't stack up as much but in these coastal plains, it is a genuine mountain.

Mexican goats roam the highest crags. There are initials and drawings on rocks that attest to explorers having been there off and on for decades.

Since boyhood, Wheeler has heard tales of the hidden riches the mountain is supposed to hold. "The stories sounded good sitting around a campfire at night," he remembers. But to his knowledge no one has ever found any riches. It is called San Cajo, but its true name is Sin Caja, meaning without a box or without a coffin. It apparently was a high point for on-the-trail burials in frontier times.

In the late 1920s, a Colorado mining company was employed to drill in one of the caves. Miners went about 150 feet into the side of the peak. "But I don't guess they found anything either because the people who hired them later went broke," Wheeler said.

He has owned the mountain, on the old Henry Shiner Ranch, since 1960.

(Continued on page 39)

Photo by George Gongora

Some of the goats on San Cajo.

Right: Roger Bourke at the time of the trial.

TWO MONTHS W

BY ROGER BOURKE

Edited and submitted by
DON DeNEVI

Photos Courtesy Author

Explanatory Note: While researching material in the police files of the Southern Pacific Transportation archives, I accidentally uncovered a musty file which contained the following unpublished account of outlaws in the Sierra Nevada Mountains of California. Accompanied by supporting photographs, Roger Bourke's story is told in a crackling, earthy style. Writing at the request of the Chief Special Agent of Southern Pacific for the prosecution of the bandits in 1889, the author eloquently describes the lives and feelings of men outside the law. Editing has been kept to a bare minimum and the story is presented virtually intact.—Don DeNevi

I am a man of fair fortune and an amateur photographer. Early in 1889 I set out accompanied by my wife upon a California tour from Los Angeles going first to San Francisco and making the rounds of that city. I moreover had a plan to photograph the construction of that new city which was then going on at a fast rate.

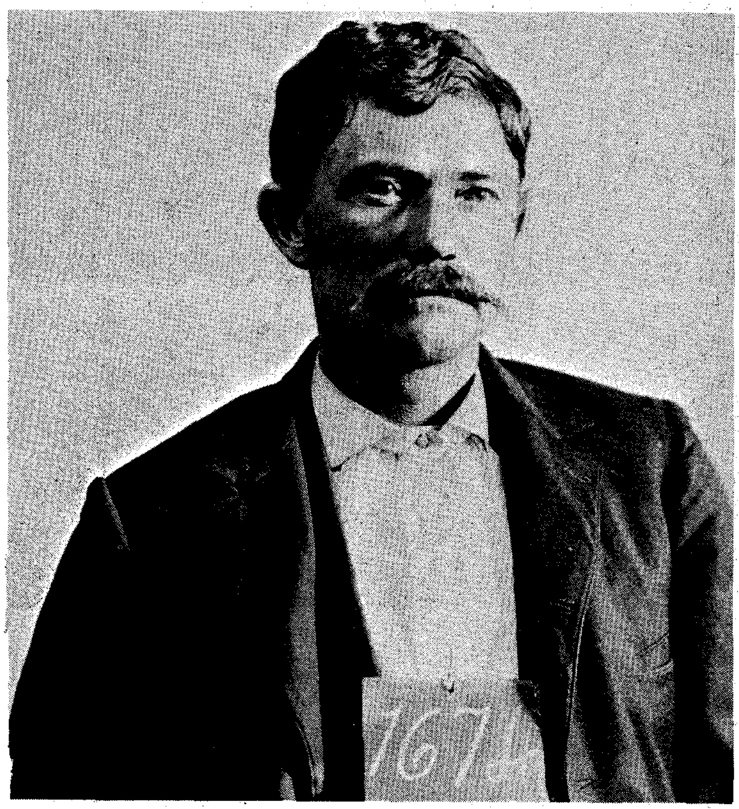
Crossing over to Oakland in May, I planned to leave my wife with friends in that little village and head for the Mother Lode. California no longer being a mountain wilderness, I had no worries although my Oakland friends pleaded for me to take several companions along as bodyguards. In any case I was quite excited to photograph the ruins of the gold dredging operations, as well as lode sites, in order to compile a series of essays on the stupendous edifices and other gold ventures which literally opened the American West.

From Oakland to Sacramento I traveled by Central Pacific locomotive carriage. I passed through the considerable town of Sacramento and from there headed by horse to Copperopolis where I boarded during the second night of my journey to the upper reaches of the Columbia River. It was indeed a little suspicious that the landlord of the Hotel Gay Paree thought it necessary to post up in various languages a notice to travelers desirous of visiting the Mother Lode that "the road is now perfectly safe between Copperopolis and Sonora, owing to the vigilance of General Baker, the unofficial military commander of the district, who has stationed patrols along the road."

But I was too eager to photograph the copper deposits on the outskirts of the town to pay much attention to the warning signs, or closely question nearby residents as to the authenticity of the warnings. With no one hampering my activities that day, I returned to the Hotel for a good night's sleep.

The next morning I was up early and riding toward the mines of Sonora. After a three hours' ride, I reached the ruins of several army camps which had been active in California's fight for statehood. I set up my camera in order to photograph the ruins. Since I was nearing So-

The Sierra Nevada where they camped.



Above: The only known photograph of Eugino Osegueda, leader of the main band. Left: Robert Kirby, leader of the band that captured Bourke.

TH CALIFORNIA BANDITS

First-hand account of a pack trip that no one in the group was taking for his health or to enjoy the wonders of nature!

nora, I was not worried because if bandits were to have attacked me, they would have long before this. Because I had passed the dangerous area, I went about taking pictures. Consumed in my thoughts of how best to photograph the ruins, I paid no attention to the lateness of the afternoon. Realizing I had another hour and a half to go before reaching Sonora, I gathered up my materials and was on my way. But I had no more than gained the main road when I perceived a number of fellows creeping out of the nearby woods. There was no question but they were bandits. Some of them aimed their guns; others turned to give orders to still others. As I looked around I was surprised to see more stand up from all sorts of hiding places.

I WAS stunned. They must have crept up on me for a long time without my noticing a single movement from the woods or the fields. I thought I might make a run for it, but within a moment nearly twenty or more were gathered around my horse and mule.

"Sir, don't be afraid," said a man walking through the ring of bandits pointing their assorted rifles and shotguns at me. "My name is Kirby, Robert Kirby, and I will ask you to politely descend. You are in what we call 'No Man's Land' and there is no one to help you around this part of California. If you bolt, you will be dead within a second."

His politeness momentarily stunned me and I obeyed.

"What do you want, gentlemen?" I asked with a strong accent on the last syllable.

"The shiners that you are carrying on you."

"But I don't carry any money on me. I'm just a photographer. See for yourself my equipment on my mule."

"Well, in that case a good walk will be in order. Come down off your horse."

"How far do we walk?" I asked glumly.

"A good way, a good way enough."

With that small exchange over, I was simply led through the woods for several hours as it grew darker and darker. When we came to a stream, the leader ordered two of his men to carry me across on their shoulders.

On we went through the woods, constantly climbing. Through some swamps, over some more streams, across some meadowlands, marching in Indian file until around midnight. We then hit a path and before long were stopped at a small cabin and a man emerged giving the entire group bread and cheese to eat. After awhile we were on our way again and soon came upon a patch of cabbage and onions of which all of us made short work, pocketing what we could not eat. And it was wise that I joined in as I was soon to find out.

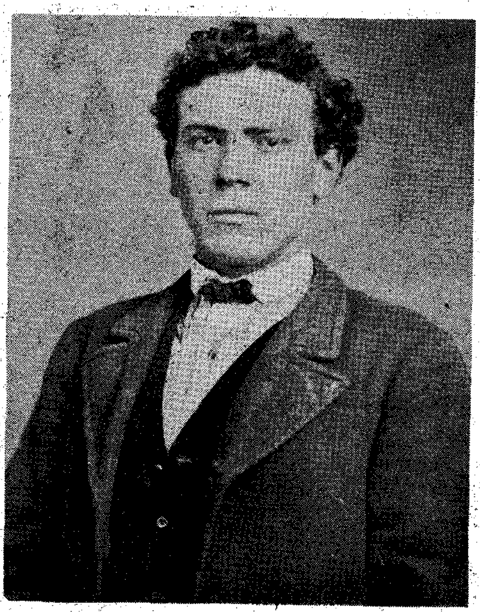
Toward daybreak we halted on the banks of a stream near a small waterfall. The brigands now began to inquire into the value of their prize. It was quite impossible to convince them that I was not a millionaire, notwithstanding the fact that my hands were stained by my photographic chemicals.

"His hands are black," said one, "and his trousers are like what prisoners wear and are all worn out, poor fellow!"

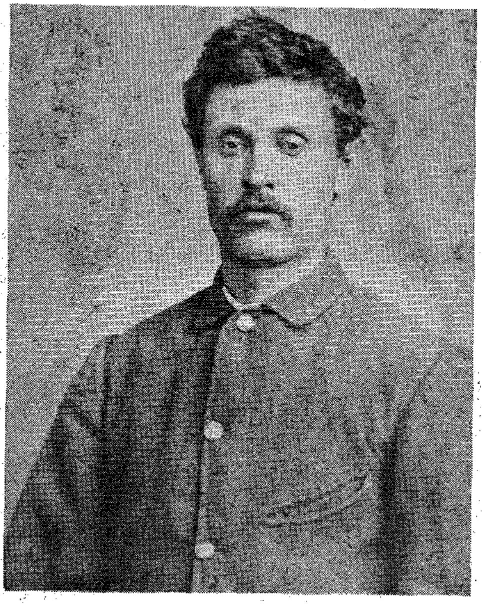
"Wait, we'll see," replied the captain. He pulled out of his shirt pocket a bit of hard sausage and offered it to me, declaring that "it would not agree with my stomach." It seemed to strike my captors as a good joke that any man should object to this strong sausage.

"He'll like it better by-and-by," laughed the captain, which proved true enough. I quickly learned that poor food and little of it was the normal condition of these brigands.

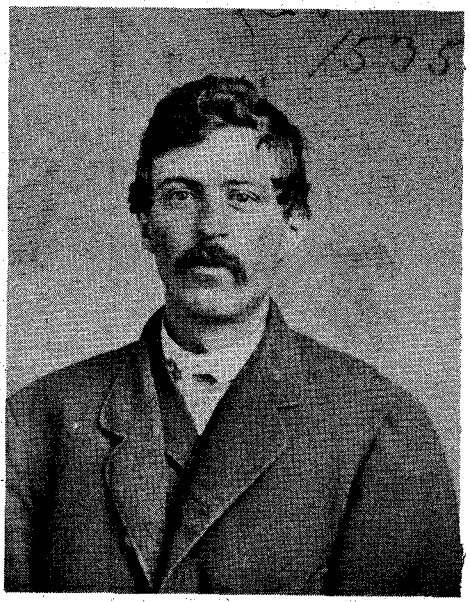
I ate the sausage and it was terrible. But I figured that I might need to conserve every ounce of energy I could and prepare for the moment of escape. I



John Murphy



Louis Camp



Thomas Reynolds

didn't want to be weak when I had a chance to dash through the forest all around.

Hardly more than a few minutes later, a guard rushed into the compound area and exclaimed that he had spotted a company of 50 soldiers marching along a small, isolated path several hundred yards away. Upon hearing that, the captain ordered that I should be bound and gagged and a guard left with me. The rest of the men were to accompany him for a possible ambush.

The brigands quickly gathered themselves and headed down the mountain like goats. They were sure-footed as the goats, and seemed to have had eyes like cats; darkness and light, daytime or night made not the slightest difference to them. Their hearing, too, was most acute. This sense they had cultivated to such a pitch that, like the red Indian, the slightest rustle of the leaves, the faintest sound, never escaped their notice. Men walking miles in the distance they could distinguish with the greatest ease.

All that afternoon, I could not hear a sound. Frankly I was relieved, for a barrage of rifle and shotgun blasts would have meant ambush for the luckless soldiers who were presumably looking for me. After sunset, the men returned to camp. I guessed from the expressions on their faces that they, too, were just as happy not to have to slaughter the soldiers.

AFTER a meal of that terribly strong sausage, onions, and bread, I dozed off and slept till eight or nine o'clock. On awaking and looking around, I found the men preparing for another hike. We climbed farther into the rugged Sierra Nevada Mountains. A few hours later I saw that we were just above the dry bed of a stream that in winter ran down a mountainside. We were facing the west, and at about half-a-mile-off ran a stream like a delicate little silver serpent, twisting in and out of the bushes and green banks; on the other side of it was a bridle path.

During the day word had come to us that several bodies of troops were nearby. My guards freely discussed the merits of the different sorts of soldiers. I tried to get as far away from my guardians as I could, thinking I might make a dash for it. At one point late that afternoon, I propped up my straw-hat on a peg so that the men who were all below me might think I was sleeping. Then I tried to edge off and to be ready for a run when more soldiers came around. But one guard turned out to be very wary and constantly kept a watch on me. Later that evening I discovered to my amazement that "he" was really a brigandesse, one of four in the party. She was young and rather plain looking, but as intelligent and sharp as the leader. She constantly changed her position in order to keep a better eye on me and my small moves.

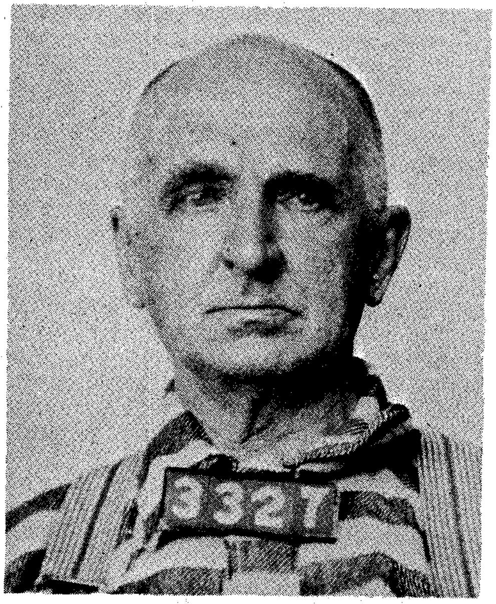
I was dreadfully hungry and found in my pocket a piece of corn-bread as large as a walnut. It had been given to me the night before. Soon, this went. I turned out all my pockets and discovered to my joy the little onions I had put away. I ate them raw and thought it anything but disgusting. I then found two roots of plants which tasted like garlic: one satisfied me, the flavor being rather strong (how soon I was to be cured of all daintiness! Before I was with the outlaws the smell of garlic was nauseous, let alone the taste).

During that night I had some water to drink and was obliged to be satisfied until morning. Around midnight I thought I heard what sounded like church bells chiming far away in the distance. I asked my guard, who answered they were from the cathedral in San Francisco. I didn't appreciate his humor and knew at once that the brigands' principle was to deceive their captive as much as possible.

The next morning we started again and crossed over mountains and through woods for four or five hours till we reached an open part of a summit of a mountain covered with grass. It was very cold, wet, and foggy; in fact, we were actually in the clouds.

Days went by. We either camped for a few nights in one spot or we continued to move about. I thought we might be moving in circles to throw off the troops, but the geography seemed to be changing into a less wooded, more rocky mountain type. Each morning I woke up, I would be stiff from cold. I could never move till I had rubbed my knees for ten minutes. After a short breakfast of cold bread, some nuts, now and then a chestnut coffee, we would be on the move.

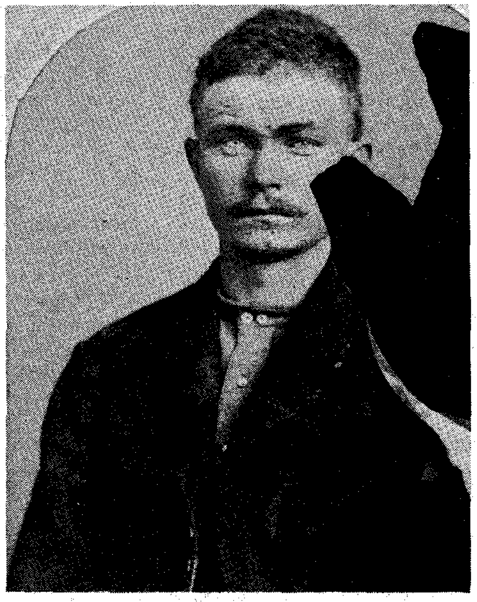
One morning we started down a hill and then along a path up another mountain. As the sun got up we grew very thirsty, for we had dared to stop only half a minute for a drink the hours before. But there was no water; there were no streams about. After some time a search was made for snow and at last in a most unlikely place some was found. It was most delicious. As we walked on, everyone was heard to comment that it had been the most delicious drink they had ever tasted.



Salter D. Worden

Mary O'Cammon

Peter Early, alias Charles Hamilton


Willie Thornton

A few days later we came upon what appeared to be the main body of their band. There were at least another thirty of them and with our group they comprised a small army. During all this time, I had been shown the utmost courtesy. I was never quite as full as I might have enjoyed, but I was never ill treated either. I had gathered from my conversation that most of these men and women were drifters, not murderers or outlaws in the true sense.

We met this new group in a lovely glade surrounded by large pines and beeches with goats and sheep tethered nearby; the brigands, lying around clad in their worn clothing, made a picture I would loved to have photographed. Indeed, I suggested it to Kirby, the leader of my group.

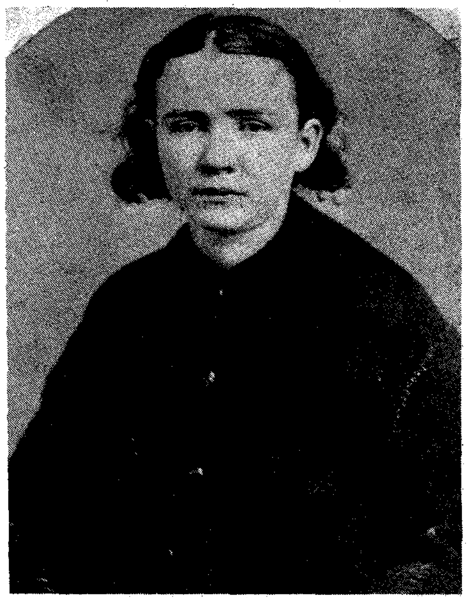
"But, Mr. Bourke," he explained, "I do not believe it would be in our best interest however great your love of the picturesque might be. Remember that no one is willingly an outlaw. Experience it once and you will see how hard a life it is. Pictures speak more eloquently than words and if seen by the authorities, most of these non-criminals in camp will have to be criminals the rest of their lives."

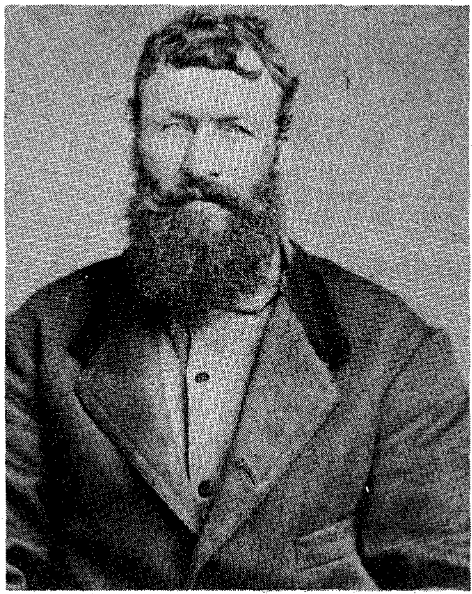
I immediately observed that this larger band had six women with them attired like the men with their hair cut short. At first I took them for boys. But they were women and all these displayed a greater love for jewelry than the members of Kirby's band. They were decked out in camp and one of them wore no less than twenty-four gold rings of various sizes and stones on her hands at the same moment. Other women wore twenty, sixteen, ten rings according to their wealth —that is, depending upon how lucky they were in looting poor individuals like myself. To have one gold chain attached to a watch was considered paltry and mean.

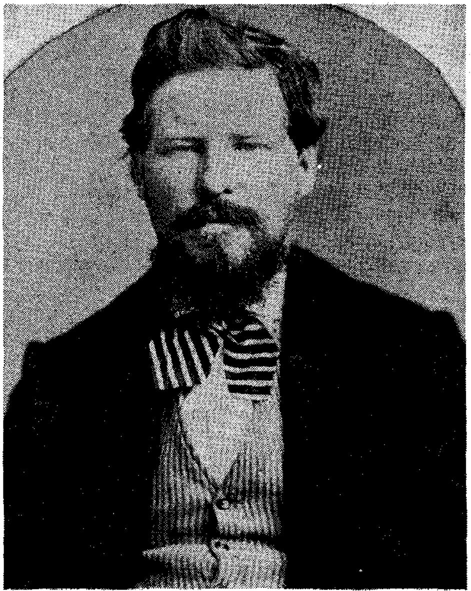
THE LEADER, a bandit whose name was Eugino Osegueda, had bunches of watches as thick as an arm suspended across the breast, an unusual sight if there ever was one. Gorgeous brooches hung from his waistcoat at each fastening and little bunches of other stolen charms were attached on his jacket. And that jacket was most clever.

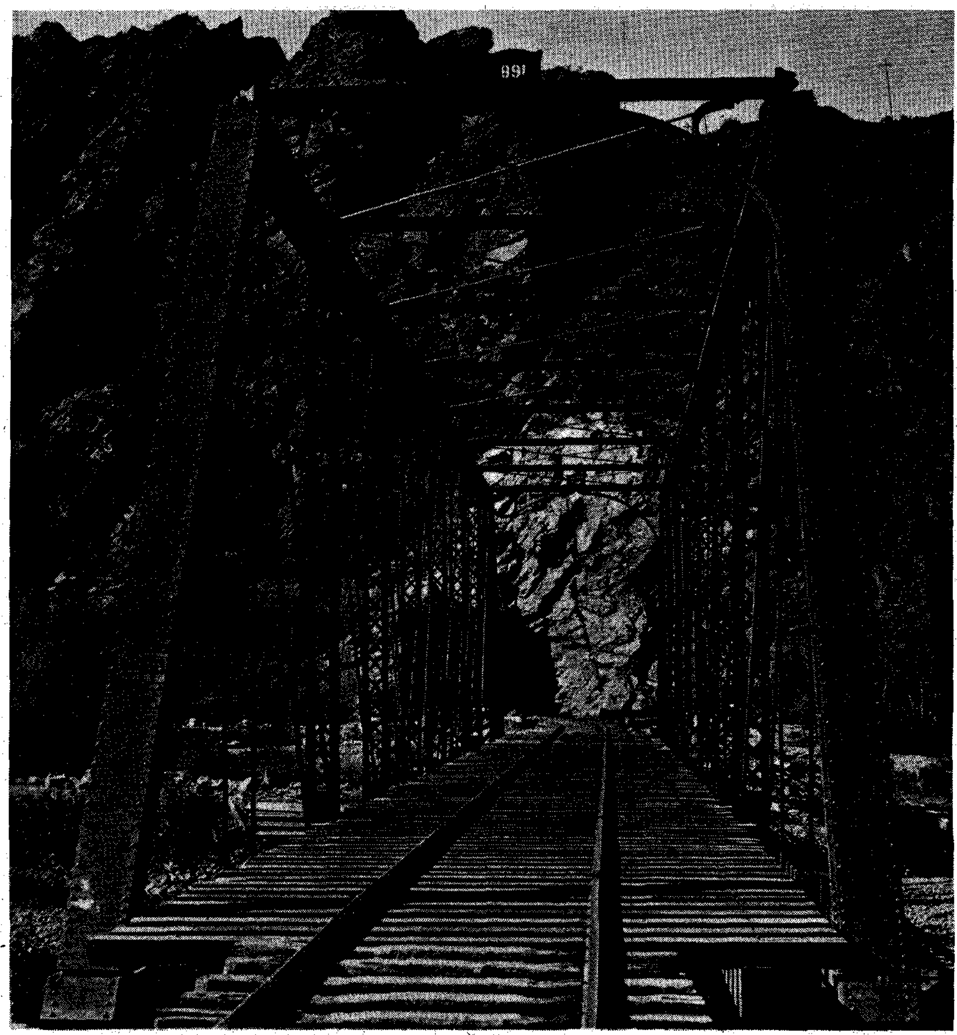
Indeed, the entire band wore similar long jackets of stout brown cloth, the color of withered leaves with large pockets of a circular shape on the two sides and others on the breasts outside. A slit on each side gave entrance to a large pocket that could hold anything in the back of the garment. During that first glimpse of the gang, I watched a man pull out one after the other a pair of trousers, two shirts, three or four pounds of bread, a bit of dirty bacon, cheese, etc., while searching for something that was missing. The waistcoats buttoned at the side, but had gilt buttons down the centre.

These outlaws were also well armed with cartridges, balls, gunpowder, knives, and modern rifles. Placed in their smaller pockets higher up in the coats were ammunition and percussion caps. All of


Kate McShane


Jas. W. (Jack) Todd


Bill Maynard



Bourke's photographs of the Weber Canon Bridge (above) and the Central Pacific train which picked him up (right).

them had buttons attached to their collars for which hoods could be fastened. These hoods were drawn over their heads at night or when the weather turned cold. I must say they looked in uniform and very handsome indeed.

A belt about three inches deep, divided by two partitions to hold about fifty cartridges, completed the dress, which when new was very neat-looking and serviceable. Some of the cartridges were murderous missiles. Tin was soldered around the ball so as to hold the powder, which was kept in place by a plug of tow. When used the tow was taken out, and after the powder was poured down the barrel the case was reversed, and a lot of slugs being added, was rammed down with the tow on top. It all looked quite primitive to me in this age of fancy new weapons, but I later learned that this method was very destructive at close quarters. But I also learned that this band generally blazed at the soldiers, and vice versa, at such a distance that little harm was ever done from the uncertain aim taken.

Most of the bandits had revolvers, kept either in belts or the left-hand pocket of their jackets. They were secured by a silk cord around their necks and fastened to a ring in the butt of the pistol. Some few had stilettoes, only used for human victims. Some had feathers with turned up wide-awakes, which gave their wearers a theatrical and absurd appearance. Gay silk handkerchiefs round their necks and collars on their cotton shirts made them look quite like dandies when these were clean, which was but seldom. Oh, how I yearned to take their photographs!

The two bands were in unusual spirits, for besides myself they had just captured Jack Jaffee, son of a landed proprietor of the Merced-Yosemite region. For him, a ransom of $5,000 was fixed, and $3,850 actually paid by his family. So business was prospering. Moreover, we all had plenty to eat—me included. And the food lasted for nearly a month.

In spite of an occasional rich prize the life of the bandits was one of constant privation, exposure, and terror. It was clear now that I, too, was being held for ransom and someone mentioned the figure of $10,000.

During this period my wife in a most determined fashion traveled from Oakland to Sacramento and then up to Sonora. There, she had an interview with Wilfred Desrosiers, an ex-bandit chief who had left off business by arrangement with the California state government, receiving a pardon and a pension if he gave up his crime activities. A handsome man with small and most delicate hands, he interested himself considerably in endeavoring to effect my liberation. He even offered to make contact with the bands and accompany whatever monies were paid to the brigands if the government would grant him permission. But state senators felt he might make one last run for it with the ransom and therefore refused. During the discussions, my wife asked him which he liked best, the life of a brigand, or that of an honest man?

"Oh, that of an honest man," he replied. "A brigand's life is this (turning his head rapidly over one shoulder and then over the other, indicating by this gesture constant apprehension of an enemy)."

Word was passed down that the ransom would indeed be $10,000 and that my wife had a month to accumulate the cash. She would hear from Kirby if she remained in Sonora during the coming summer.

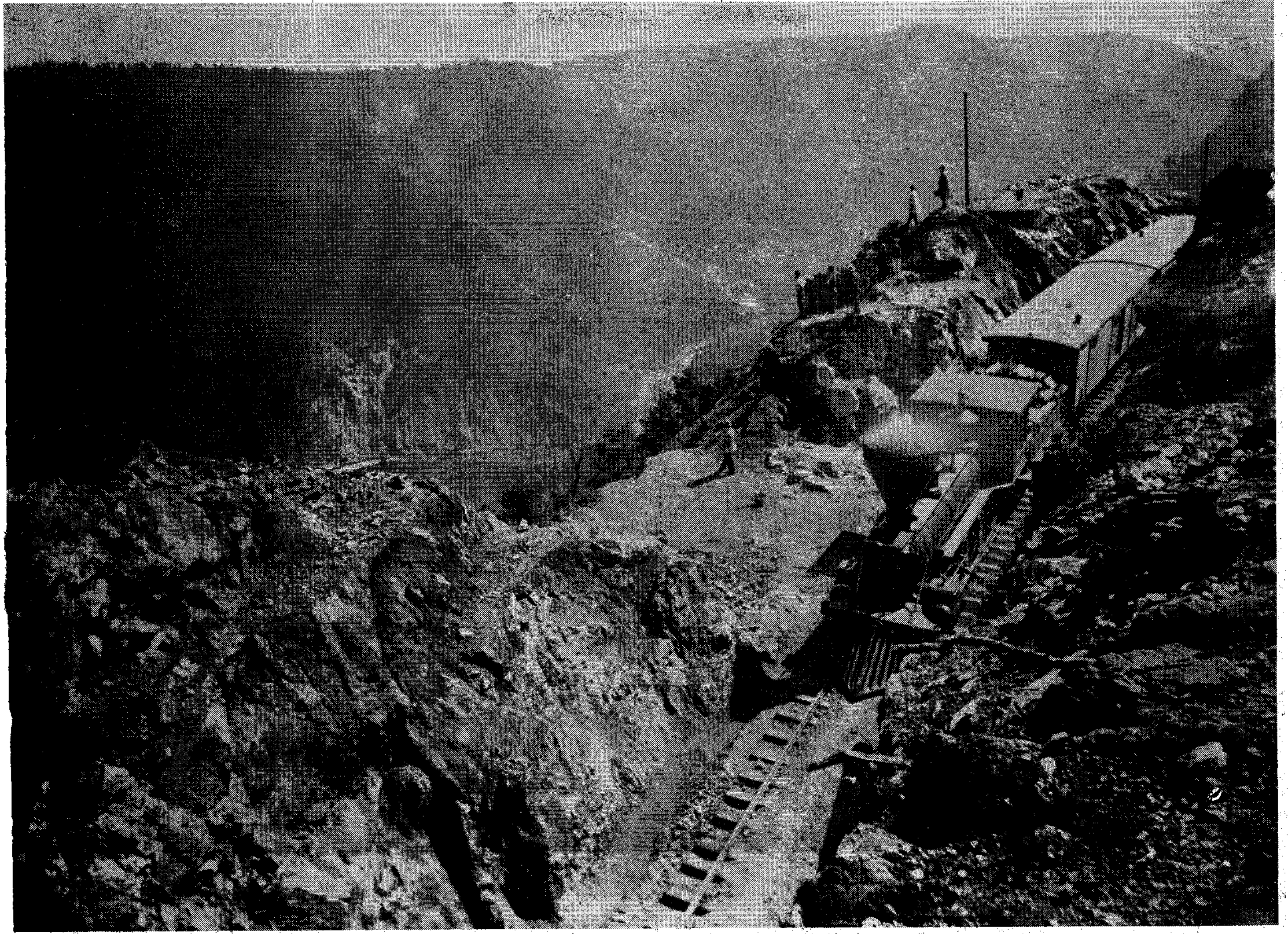
A few of my notes will give an idea of the ordinary way of life my outlaws and I lived during the waiting period:

Friday: No fire was made today on account of the proximity of the soldiers who disturbed the band last night. Bread in small quantities was divided among us, but there was no water. . . .

Saturday: Some of the band arrived with two sheep. Such a scene of slaughter, although we needed to eat the poor beasts. I rejoiced to see them for we had not had any meat for five or six days. I was horrified at finding we had to eat the meat without bread. I had secured a heart which I roasted on a stick and divided with my guard as I always did with anything that I could secure apart from the general division, or he would not let me eat it. . . . We were told not to eat all, but to reserve some for the coming days. An hour before sunset everything was packed away and we were informed that a long march was before us. I was very cold and a biting wind was blowing so that I was rather rejoiced than otherwise, for I dreaded sleeping in the open air in the damp cold nights. I always dreaded waking up in the morning on account of the piercing cold.

Sunday: All morning it has been a long up-hill walk through the forest. It was dark and overcast and tonight I had the greatest difficulty in following the band. I found the best plan was to grasp with my left hand the shoulder or muzzle of the gun of the man before me. As we approached the summit of the mountain the force of the wind and the cold increased. Several of those in front went on while I was halted and told to rest.

Monday: In the middle of the day there was one of the usual alarms, which proved to be caused by four or five more of the band who had come to join us. With them was one of the women. She had been shot right through by the accidental discharge of one of their guns. The bullet had broken the bone in two and the arm was suspended and wrapped up in numerous pocket-handkerchiefs. No food was given to us all day. I shared [what I had] with my guard Ivan Evanhoe. . . . I heard from the newly-arrived outlaws that the troops were all around us. Great caution was observed and again I had no opportunity to escape. In the evening, two or three of our band ascended the mountain to search for snow and in about an hour returned with a



Central Pacific Railroad

Photograph taken by Bourke of the train entering Dutch Flat (below).

great mass carried in a sack. We ate a quantity of this to assuage our taste.

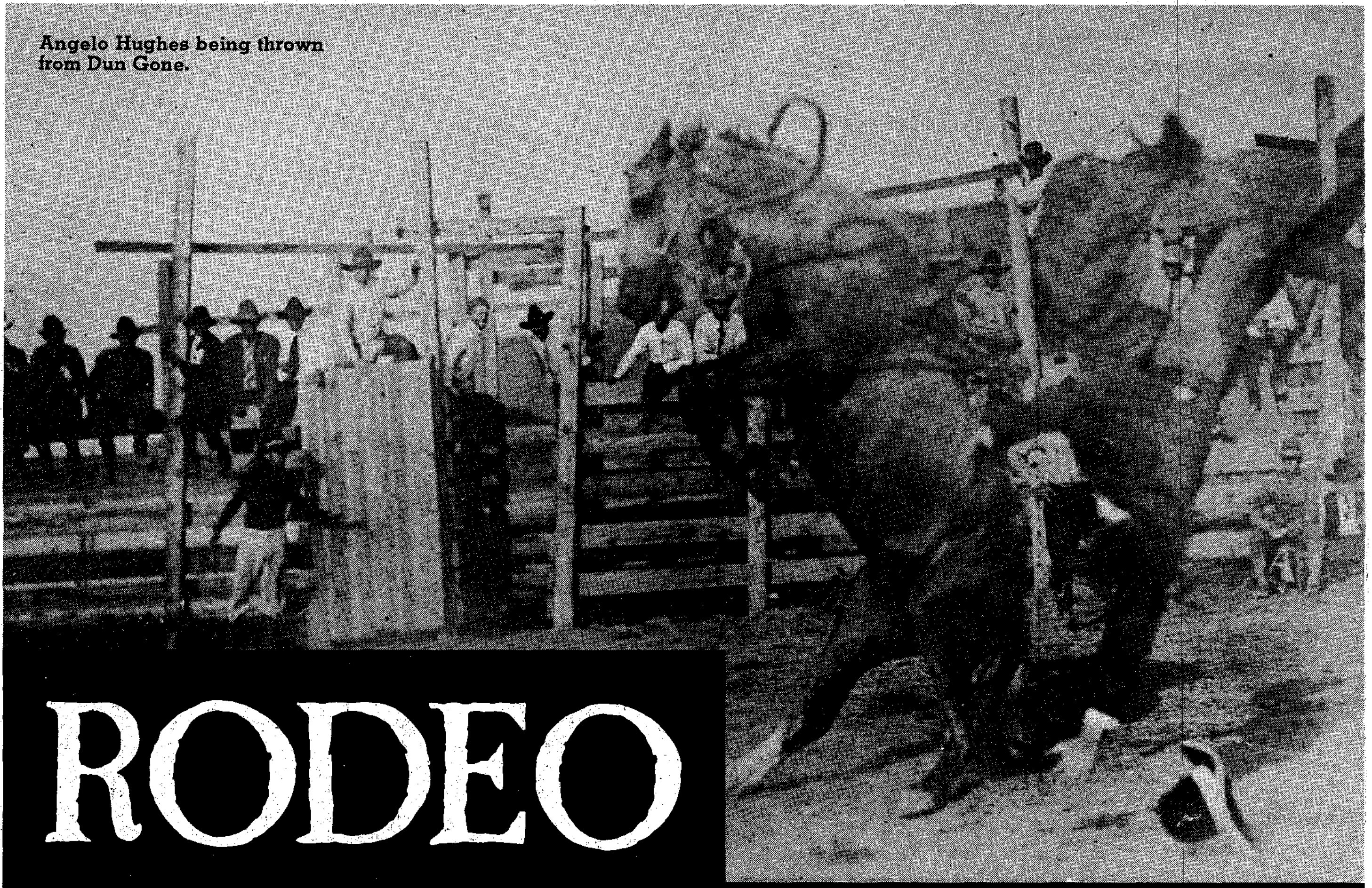
Thursday: We had to go two days without any thing to eat, so a foray was made into the nearby isolated ranches and three sheep were brought back alive. When they were being cut up I was much disgusted at seeing Salter Worden, Louis Camp, and John Murphy, who generally acted as butchers, tearing mouthfuls of raw meat with their teeth from the carcasses just like wolves. I asked them why they did not wait for it to be cooked and they said, "Why should we, when we are dying of hunger?"

APART from privations, the bandits were in continual alarm that the soldiers might pounce upon them at any moment. At one time the captain went off on a scouting party and was gone three days. During the interval Kirby was gone we did not have one morsel of food to eat. When he returned, it was clear something had gone wrong. He and the party were in a dreadful state, having walked the last three days and nights incessantly without having had anything to eat themselves. They were grievously disappointed at our having no food for them and they vented their feelings accordingly by abusing and threatening me.

Their eyes were red and glistening from the feverish state in which they were from over-fatigue and want of food.

(Continued on page 57)

Central Pacific Railroad



Angelo Hughes being thrown from Dun Gone.

RODEO IN MAGDALENA

BY LANGFORD R. JOHNSTON
as told to
EVE BALL

Photos Courtesy Author

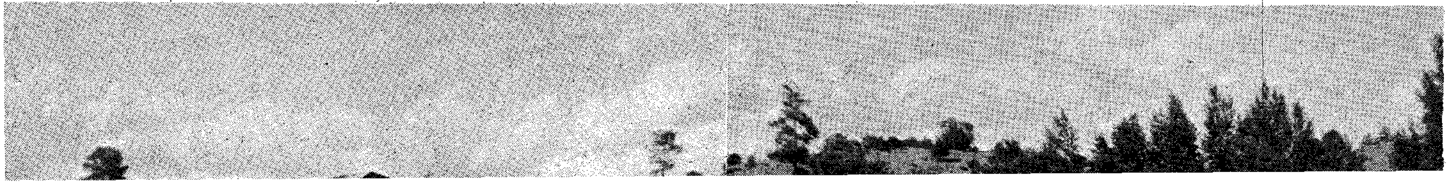
The Drag A during wartime...

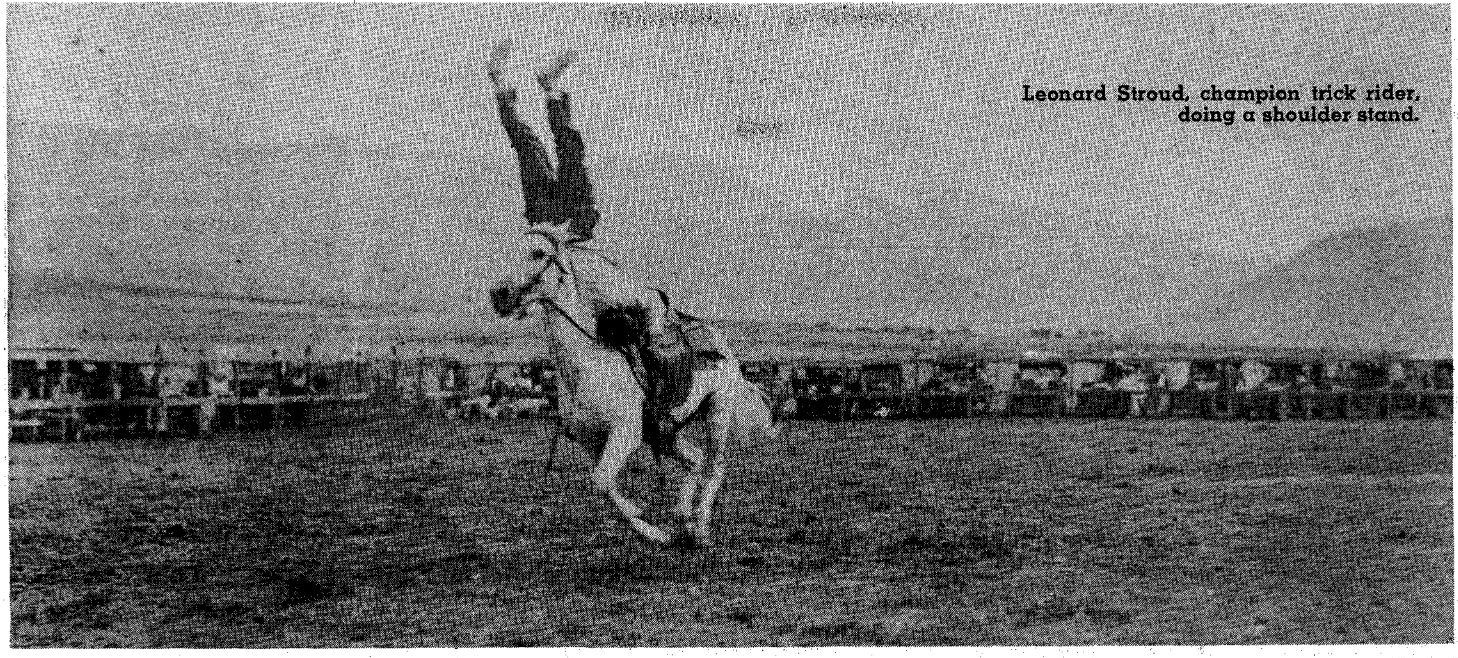
THE DRAG A (—A) was the Morley Ranch out of Datil, New Mexico and it was huge. I went there in the early spring of 1917. Ray Morley anticipated that the Great War To End All Wars would probably drain him of experienced cowboys and that it would be difficult to find replacements.

Down on the Alamosa was a settlement of Navajos who had escaped from the rest when they were driven like cattle from the Canyon de Chelly in 1873 to the Bosque Redondo on the Pecos near Fort Sumner. The Indians had taken refuge on the Alamosa and were never dislodged. Many are still there. They were expert at herding sheep, could handle big bands, and of course all could ride.

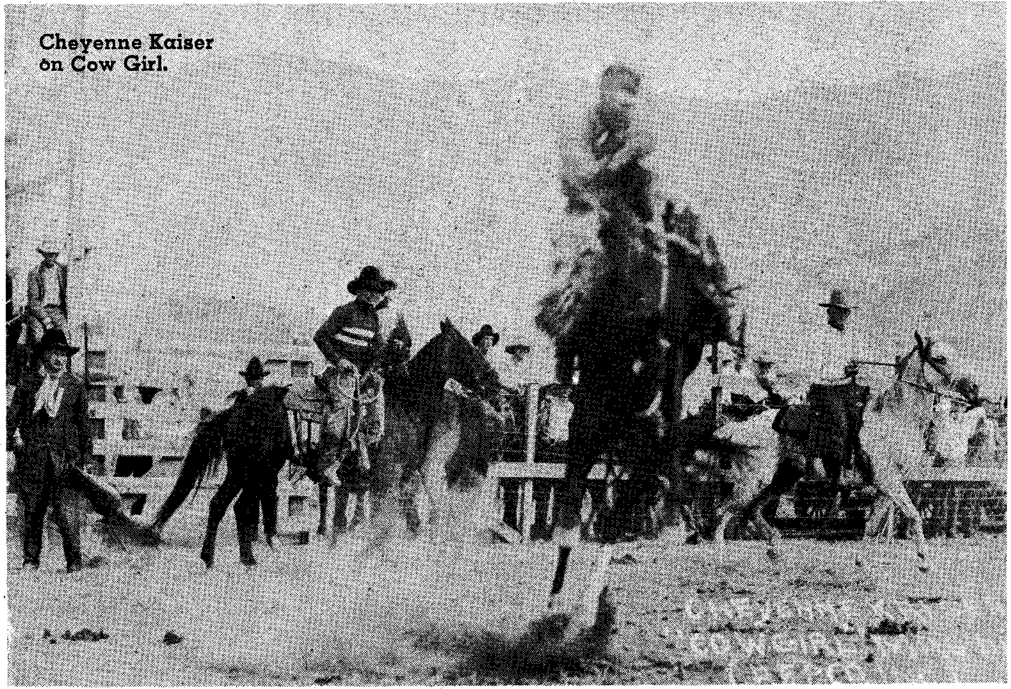
By summer nearly all the Drag A hands were in the service and the Navajos were running the Drag A cattle—and

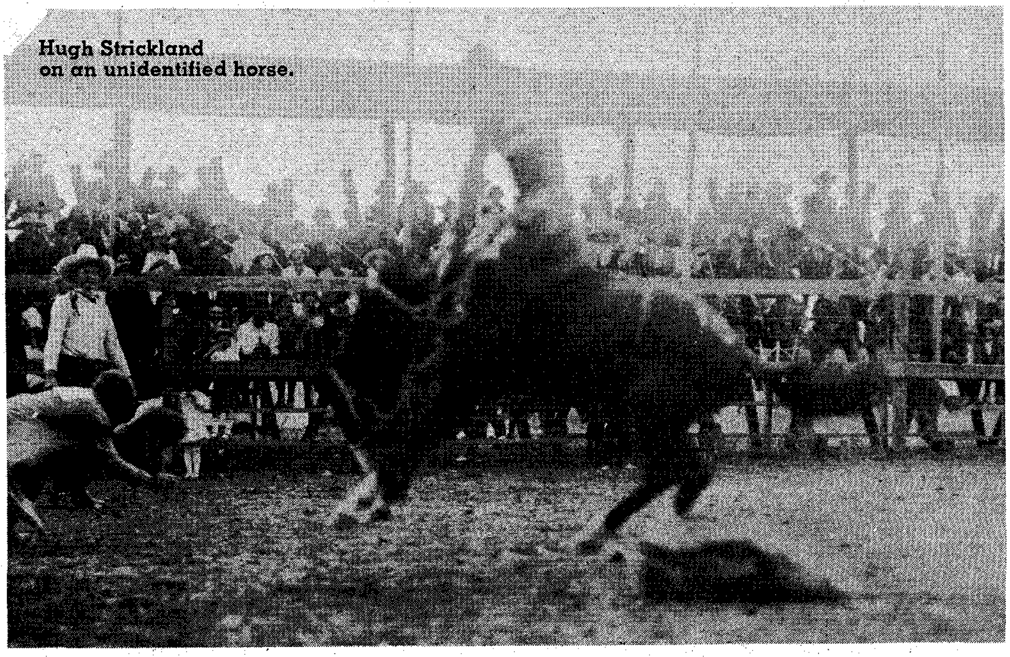
The Drag A (—A) headquarters (right), barns and corrals (left) as they were in 1948. Abandoned, today the house is a wreck and the barns gone.




Leonard Stroud, champion trick rider, doing a shoulder stand.

All of the rodeo pictures were taken at the 1918 rodeo at Magdalena, New Mexico. They were developed onto postcards for immediate sale. The author saw no pictures of the mules.


Cheyenne Kaiser on Cow Girl.

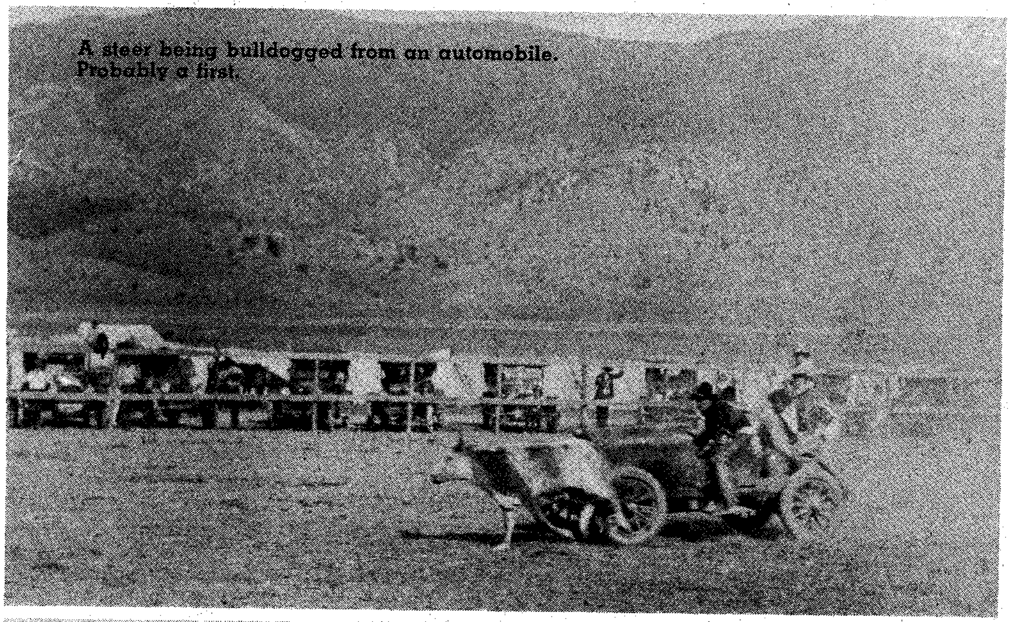

Hugh Strickland on an unidentified horse.

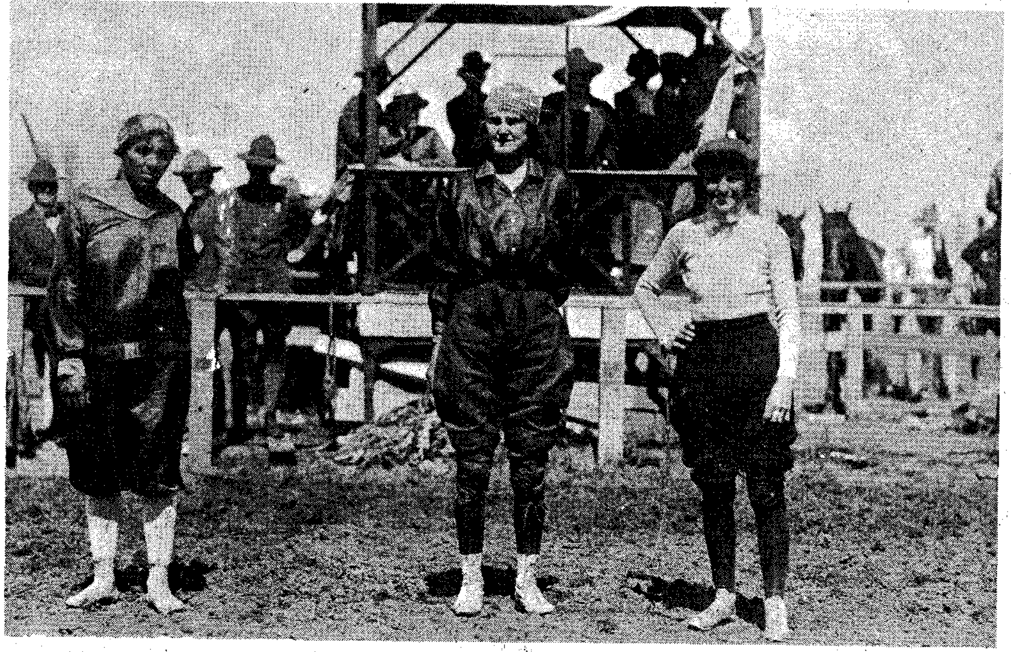
that was literally what they were doing. They had the same idea of working cattle that movie producers have: run them to death. They choused those cattle till they ran all the fat off them. Even the horses were gaunt and jaded. I knew and liked those Navajo boys but I also knew that Morley wouldn't stand for the kind of work they were doing. By spring of 1918 he'd let every one of them go.

I went over to the Drag A and hit Morley up for a job. He sent me to Tom Reynolds who was ramrodding the outfit. Tom lived in Datil and I knew him very well. He had married Lora Morley and was tops with the family. Tom cut out two of the grain-fed horses for my mount. I saddled one and led the other to my home to get my bedroll. When I got back that evening Ira Wyche had been hired too. I was glad, for old Ira was a good hand and knew the horse and cow business.

Our first work was to take a pack outfit over the mountain to the WH Ranch to see how the cattle had wintered. We stayed a week and rode the Alamosa and Webster Creek country where we found the cattle doing well.

About the middle of June we gathered the old saddle horses to sweat them out and shoe them for the summer. It was then that we heard there was to be a rodeo in Magdalena on the Fourth of July, and though everybody wanted to go, we didn't anticipate that we would. While gathering those horses Tom (Reynolds) was riding a colt he was breaking; he was still using a hackamore, and he was graining the colt—had been for months. As we were riding down a draw with Tom in the lead, Ira and I, riding together, took a big chew of tobacco and Tom had just taken an enormous one. We'd just got that chaw started good so it was real juicy when a rabbit jumped


A steer being bulldogged from an automobile. Probably a first.


Above, left to right: Cowgirls Mrs. Sherry, Montana Bell, and Mayme Stroud.

right under Tom's bronc, and he jumped ten feet. To stay on, Tom grabbed him with his spurs. As the bronc broke in two Ira and I rode in, one on each side of Tom, and pulled the bronc's head up. When we got him stopped, Old Tom was hawking and spitting, with his face deadly pale. I asked if he were scared and he said, "Hell, no! I swallered that damn tobacco!"

CHARLEY and Willie Anderson joined us, along with Ray Morley's nephew, Billy Warren. Then Norman Cleaveland, who had been going to school, came for the summer. I think both were about sixteen.

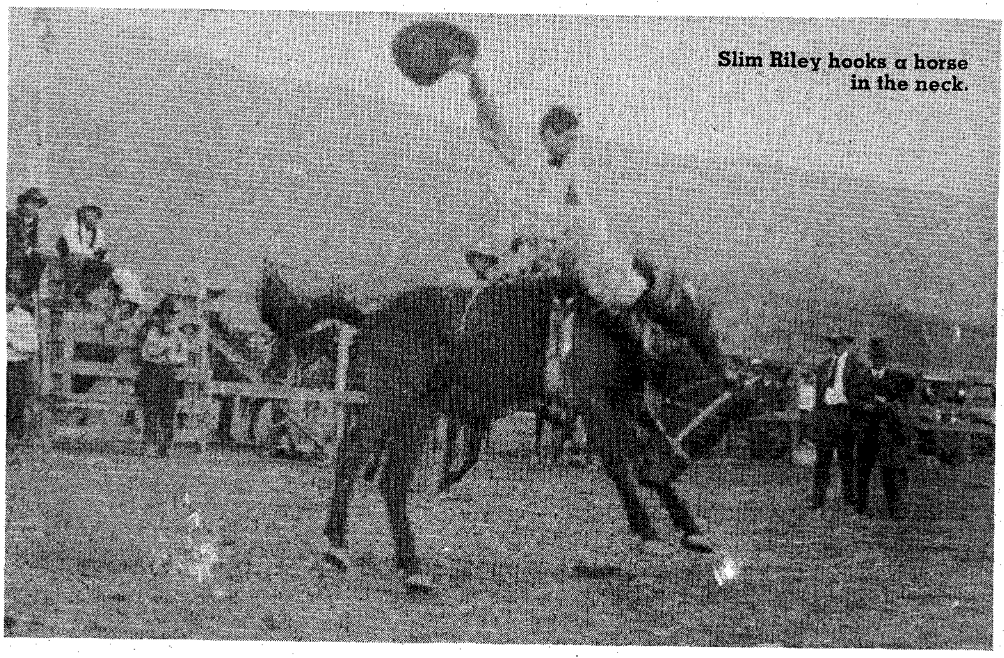
When we got most of the horses sweated out we began shoeing. Of the four only Charley Anderson could shoe a horse, so it was up to us who could, to do it. Tom planned to start the wagon after the Fourth of July and he told me I was to go to the Z Slash outfit as rep, so it was nip and tuck to get those horses shod.

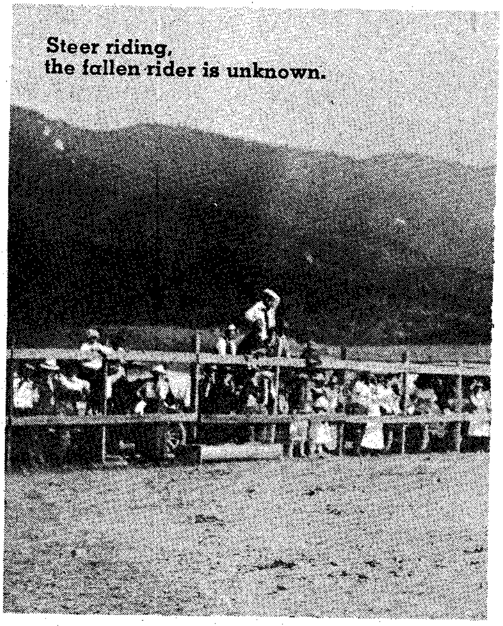
Ray Morley spent much time in Magdalena where he was part owner of the Ford Agency with Milt Craig. Morley was also a director in the bank; and he was a great booster for Magdalena.

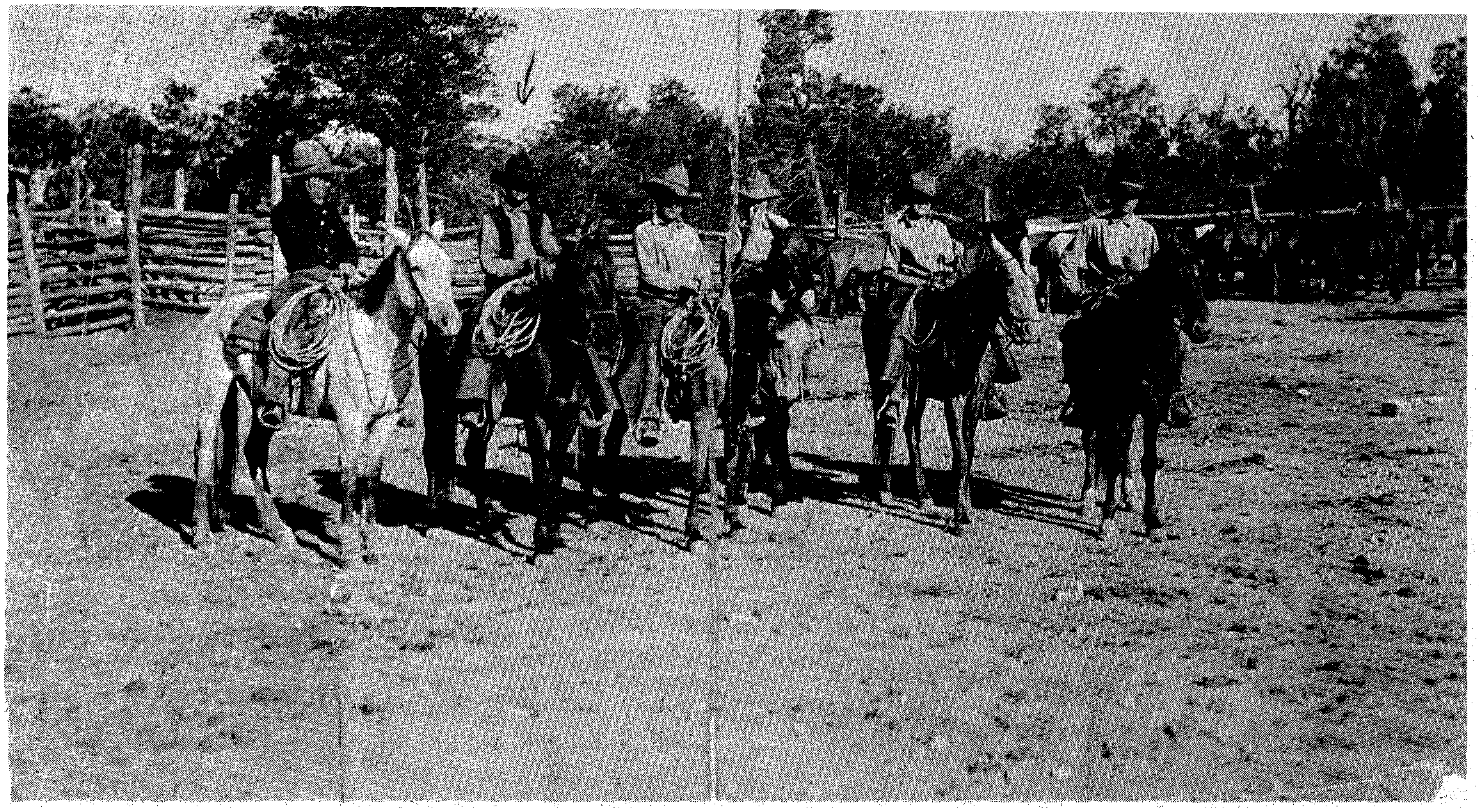
In 1914 Morley had bought two carloads of Chihuahua mules, by now five or six years old; not one of them had ever had a rope on except when he was branded. Morley had intended letting the Navajos break them and use them as pack animals instead of their burros. They put a pack on one but it got away and they didn't find it for over a month. When they took the pack off the hide came with it. They went back to burros.

On the evening of the 29th of June, Morley came to the ranch, told us that there was to be a wild mule race at the celebration in Magdalena, and that we were to go to the Webster ranch and gather about twenty-five of those old Chihuahua mules. Willie and I were to bring them to Magdalena.

Morley gave me instructions to ride a gray horse. The only one in my mount


Slim Riley hooks a horse in the neck.


Steer riding, the fallen rider is unknown.



Left to right: Tom Reynolds, Langford Johnston (the author), Charlie Anderson, Norman Cleveland, Billy Warren, and Willie Anderson after the rodeo, at the Webster Ranch, July 15, 1918.

was Silver, and Morley said he was so nervous he'd fret himself too much. He told me to take Blue Bonnet or Eagle, both quiet horses. Blue Bonnet was tall with a small round stomach, but Old Eagle looked like a mare in foal. My dad had told me when I was a button that if I ever had to make a rough ride—like for my life—to pick a horse with the biggest barrel I could find because he could stay with me. This wasn't for my life, but my job was nearly as important.

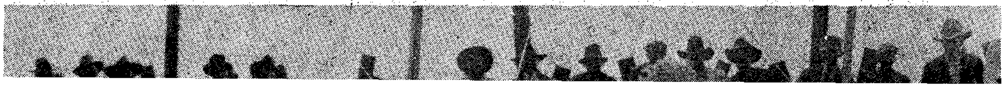
With a pack outfit we headed for the Webster ranch. On our way over Tom said, "Now we sure needed this. We weren't behind enough as it was, so this had to happen." And he warned me that I'd have to do the cooking. Well, it was for only three days, and I needed that job.

On our first day we gathered seventeen mules and on the second, twelve more, so Tom decided to return to the Drag headquarters. Next morning I started packing while they rode the pasture to bring in the mules. By mid-morning they returned to say that there wasn't a one to be found. They had discovered where the animals had got out, through the brush fence between two bluffs. They went out for more mules, got all they could find, and put them into a corral.

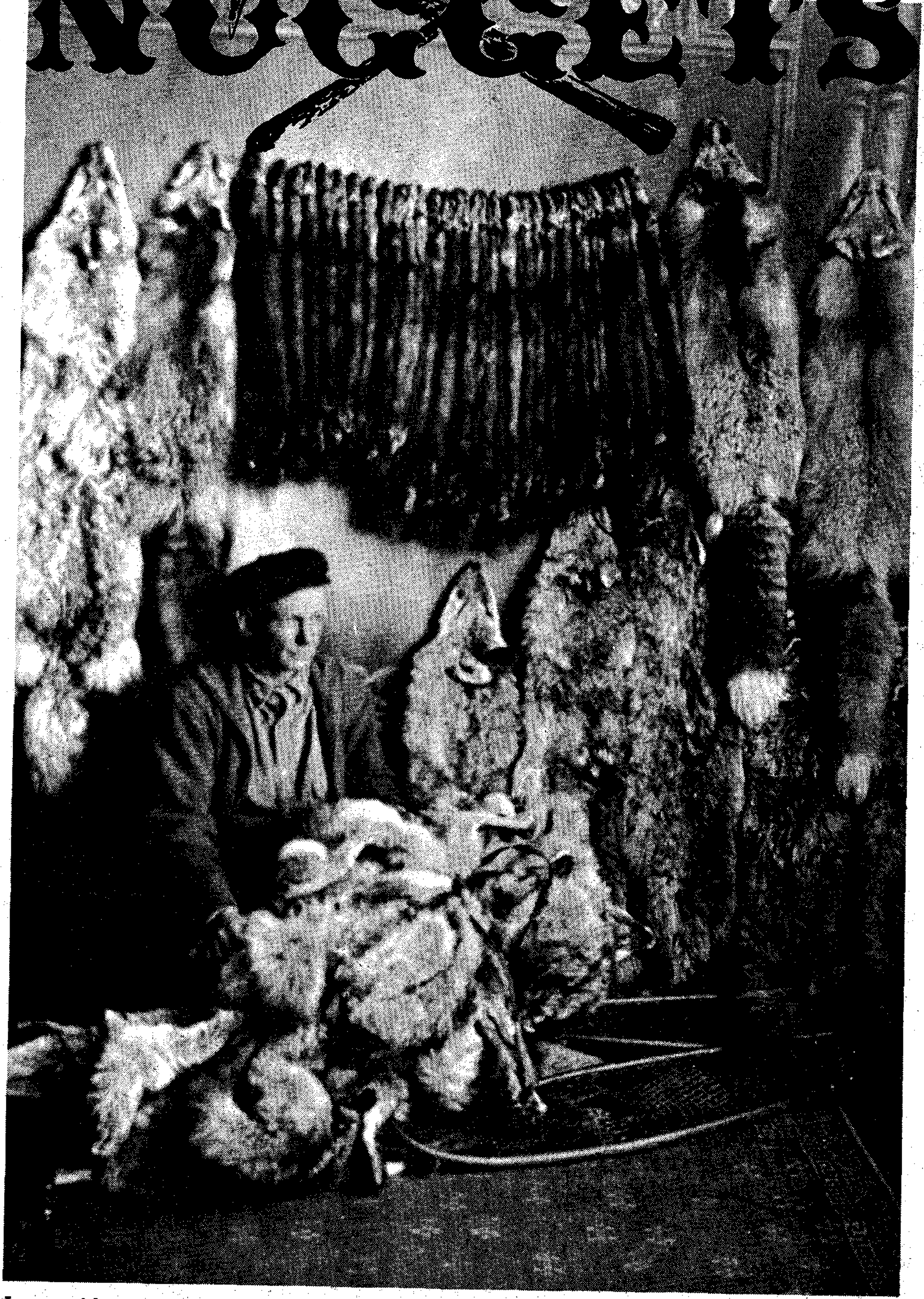
They brought in twenty and we started for the Drag A with them. We meant to let them settle down for a day or two but had to take off the next morning, for we'd lost a day when the first bunch got away. Morley was to meet us at Wolfe Wells with feed. He had given Willie and me instructions to stay at the wells one night. It was twelve miles from Magdalena which was on the east side of the San Augustin Plains. From there he would go with us to town.

We hadn't gone ten miles before I knew I'd picked a good horse. Why mules will follow a gray animal I don't know,

(Continued on page 49)



NUGGETS



Jones with part of his winter catch of furs, 1919.

FUR DISPLA
CODY TRAD
CODY, W
FUR CATCH, Winter 1919-'20, Va
March 16th
F.J. Hiscock Photo by Electric Light.

Photos Courtesy Author

PHONOGRAPH JONES, MOUNTAIN MAN

By Don Bell

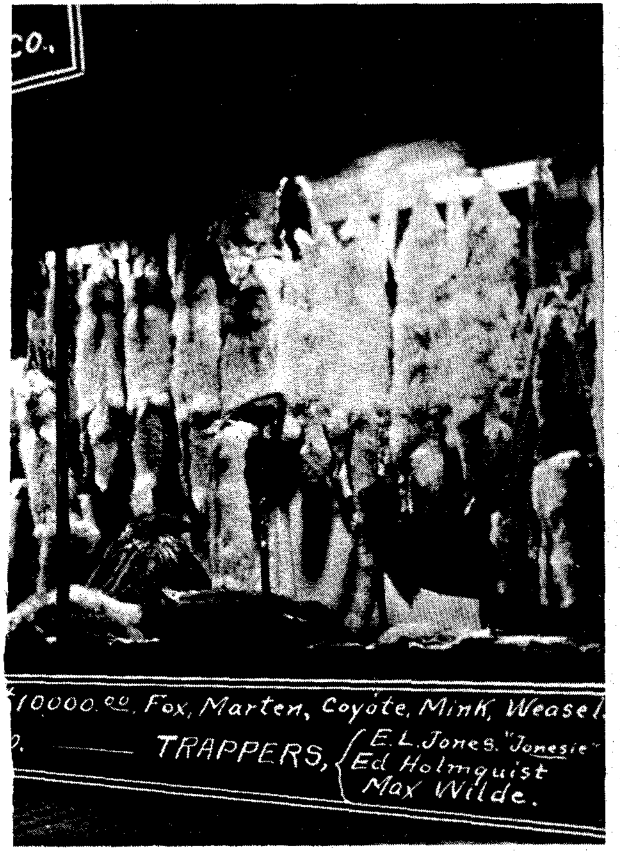
OLD Jonesy walked out of the water. It was cold, yet at eighty years old he had to have his morning swim.

We were on a big game hunt with six nonresident hunters, camped at 7,000′ elevation and with frost every night. Jonesy was our camp cook. I was the horse wrangler.

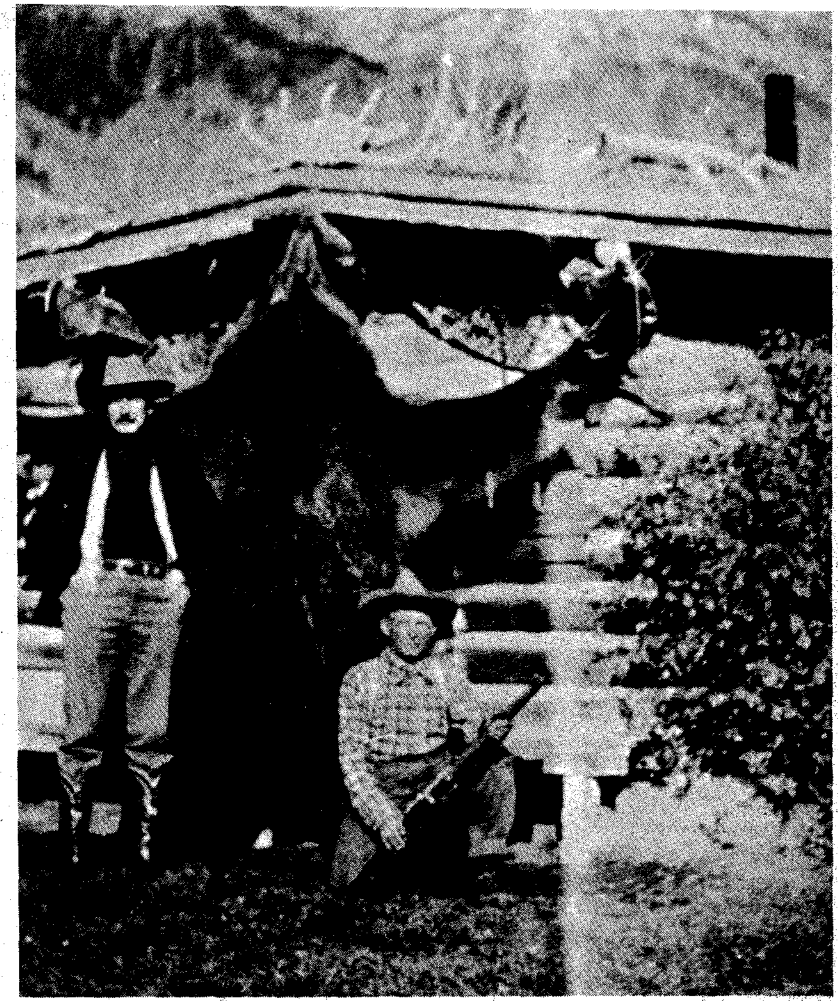
He came up to where I was sitting on my horse, chilling and shaking, drying himself with a towel and trying at the same time to get his pipe lit. He was always a witty, comical prankster. I could see the big ugly scars across his chest and on his back. I thought he was a veteran of the Spanish-American War, but he said, "I was in combat right in this country where we are now camped. But with a sow grizzly bear. We still haven't signed a peace treaty!" He could always joke about anything, no matter how serious.

Edward Livingston Jones was a real old-time mountain man. He had trapped and hunted all his life and knew the wilderness country better than any man I ever saw. About the same time as it was when discovered by Jim Bridger, Thorofare at the headwaters of the Yellowstone is a big wide-open country full of lush grassy parks, the best game country in the world. This was Phonograph Jones' trapping country. Every fall before heavy snows would come, he and Max Wilde would pack in on horses their supplies for a long winter. When the horses were let loose, they would trail out to their home ranch fifty-five miles away.

These two rugged men were strictly


CO.
10000.00 Fox, Marten, Coyote, Mink, Weasel
TRAPPERS, E.L.Jones."Jonesie"
Ed Holmquist
Max Wilde.

ght: In 1919 Phonograph, right, and his record grizzly ear at Valley Ranch, Cody, Wyoming. Larry Larom, left, e ranch owner. Left: While a cook for Buffalo Bill's nch he posed with this mountain goat.



on their own then. The only travel was on snowshoes. They operated over 100 miles of trap line. Marten, beaver, mink, ermine, wolves and coyotes—they took all animals with any value.

Meat was plentiful so they lived mostly off the land. Staples were brought in on pack horses when they came in during the fall.

JONESY was born in Red Willow, Nebraska in 1873. He came to Cody, Wyoming as a young boy, and hired out to Buffalo Bill Cody, cooking, on the T. E. Ranch on South Fork. He put in sixty-one years in Cody country.

Everyone knew him and he always had time to tell a joke. He got the name of "Phonograph" for his talking. At times you couldn't shut him off. He used to receive mail addressed just to "Phonograph, Cody, Wyoming." He had two run-ins with grizzly bears, one of which about cost him his life. Danger didn't seem to bother him.

Jonesy was known for his ability to cook—he was one of the best if he had the wood. And I, being the wrangler, was to keep him supplied, and that was a job by itself, without looking after thirty head of horses.

While trapping all furs were taken care of as soon as skinned. They were stretched on boards, salted, and let cure in the mountain air. With deep snow on the ground it's very hard to get around very good; it's a slow process, especially on snowshoes.

With cold weather, moose would all get together in a patch of willows. Jonesy has come into contact with moose many times. They are curious and play rough. As men are seldom seen in their country, you just have to get behind a tree and wait them out, or climb a tree. And Jonesy told me no man could climb a tree with snowshoes on and a heavy coat, so he had his share of getting rooted down in drifts of snow.

In those days, when a man was alone in wilderness country, no contact with the world, it was dangerous business. As for sickness their only fear was appendicitis, and they would take olive oil which was supposed to ward it off. A broken bone could be set. Nothing could stop a mountain man. Those traps had to be run every day.

In good weather a man could run ten miles of trap line a day. The lines were laid out in summer, and small dug-out shelters were not over ten miles apart. They all had some grub, a stove, or a home-made fireplace. It would keep you from freezing. Winters in this country got to 50 below zero. Tea was their main drink.

Jones driving a cook wagon on a 1925 Yellowstone Park trip.

Usually they would pack into trapping country in October, and stay until late May, then bring out a winter's catch of furs on a sled pulled by man alone. It was impossible to keep pack horses in the snow country during winter. There was no open grass for horse feed. Life was lived on foot.

Well, Jonesy is gone now, but he will always be remembered as a legend in Cody country. He lived to be ninety-three. His daughter Edna (Mrs. Clyde Timmons) lives a neighbor to me.

THE DAY I BECAME A CAPITALIST

By Andrew Phillips

I REMEMBER very well the day I became a capitalist—a very junior grade capitalist. It was a Saturday. It was in the fall. World War I had just come to a close and I was a teen-ager in high school.

I went to town rather early that morning, hoping to earn some money. There were several ways a boy my age could do that on weekends but in the small town where I grew up—Caney, Oklahoma—all of these ways involved very hard work or very little money, or both.

I could have gotten a job picking cotton, for instance; yet if they had held a contest to select the world's worst cotton picker, I would either have won or been the runner-up. As one fellow said, I might have been cut out to be a cotton-picker, but I was sure sewed up wrong.

Besides, my kid brother often picked cotton and I always hated to pick with him, or even close to him. He made it look so easy. I would start early and work hard and work late; he would start late, work easy, sleep half the time, throw bolls half the time, play half the time, and still pick twice as much cotton as I could. (If you are trying to make those figures add up like they should, there was never a way I could make them add up either.)

ON this particular Saturday I went to town early and I happened to run into the mayor. He asked me if I would like to get another boy and clean out the town's lower well. The job would be worth $10 to us.

Our town had two town wells in the center of Main Street a block apart. The upper well had a bandstand over it where the local musicians practiced and sometimes gave concerts. The lower well had a trough where farmers coming in to trade could water their teams, and where townspeople could get water if they didn't have a well of their own. Caney did not have a water system.

I got a boy to help me, and we started drawing water from the well with real enthusiasm. Usually it took a good part of a day for a man to draw the well dry, if he could, but it had been a long, dry summer and we boys had the water drawn out in about two hours.

We then flipped (and I lost) to see who would go down into the well to wash down the walls. The job was finished in record time. No one before had ever done it so fast. The mayor gave me a voucher and I went to the bank to cash it and pay off my partner.

In the bank the teller told me, "Daddy is going to load some junk today. Want to help?"

I told him of course I did, and hurried out of the bank. I should explain that the word "junk" in our part of the country had to do with wood from the bois d'arc tree (also called Osage orange, hedge apple, horse apple, thorn apple and bowwood, depending on local custom). It is a tree with very hard wood of a yellowish color. The tree does not grow extremely tall, but may have a large trunk, with dense dark green leaves. It has thorns up to two inches long that are very hard and very sharp. The wood is used for bridge pilings, and when I was a boy everyone said it would last a thousand years under water, although I doubt anyone knew for sure. Bois d'arc was also used for fence posts and house foundation blocks. The Indians prized it for making bows.

At that time there was a great demand for bois d'arc wood to replace the dyes made in Germany before the war. Almost all the farmers spent their time gathering junk when they were not working in their crops. I don't know what the price was, but it must have been pretty good. There were acres of it stacked in our local "junk yard."

I do know what Uncle Tom (the bank teller's father) paid for loading junk. He had four boys or men in a crew and he paid each of us two dollars for loading a car. With a good crew and a little bit of luck, one could make pretty good money for that time.

The luck was in what kind of wood was to be loaded. If too big (and some of the pieces were very large and very heavy) it took too much time and was too tiring. After getting just a few of those huge pieces of wood in a car, you had to stop and rest.

Too small was not good, either. It took too many trips.

THAT DAY I was running in luck. We had a good crew and the wood was about the right size. We loaded two cars in close to record time. As always Uncle Tom paid us in cash. He was a fine old man, one of the nicest I ever knew.

I was on my way uptown when I was asked if I would help load a carload or two of cotton seed. The cotton seed was in big wagons, and two (or more) men shoveled the seed from the wagon into the car, using huge scoops designed for this particular job. Once inside the car, the seed had to be shoveled into each end, a hot job as there was almost never any air in the car. We would alternate, working outside part of the time, then inside.

This was another fixed-fee job—so much for loading a car—but I don't remember how many of us there were or how much the pay was. Anyway, when we finished I went home for supper, quite pleased at the amount of money I had earned (and I had *earned* every penny of it) that day.

I was almost through with supper when there was a knock on the door. The gin had run out of water, and would I help haul water that night?

Caney's economy at that time was based mostly on cotton and bois d'arc. We had two cotton gins. The one that had run out of water was supplied from a huge spring, the water flowing by gravity to the gin's boiler, but something had happened to cut it off. Farmers were stacked around the gin and none wanted to have to go back home, then come back later to gin their cotton. It was customary for the gins to gin all the cotton brought in before quitting, and sometimes this meant they would run until maybe 4:00 in the morning, then start in again about 7:00.

Most farmers tried to bring in a bale of cotton on Saturday, then buy whatever they needed and go home. The merchants stayed open very late to accommodate them, for many of the farmers traded on credit at the stores, paying their bill once a year when the cotton crop was gathered, ginned and sold. Even the bank stayed open very late. They closed their doors, but people they knew could get in.

The man who asked me to help out had a wagon and a number of wooden barrels (eight, I think it was). Each barrel had a gunny sack to go over the top and a tub to fit over the sack. This arrangement cut down on, but did not eliminate, spillage.

All night long we hauled water. I would draw it; he would pour it into a barrel. Sometimes we would draw a well dry and have to go to another one. It was a constant race to see if we could keep the boiler full enough to operate safely. Sometimes we would get all the water there was from one well, then come back in an hour or so and get any that was there then.

Finally, between 3:00 and 4:00 in the morning the last wagon delivered its cotton to be ginned, and when it was finished, they "shut her down." We had been so busy we hadn't had time to eat in almost ten hours.

When I got home I slipped into the house and found some food my mother had left for a snack. I sat down to eat, but was just too tired. I wasn't too tired to count my money, however, and I had made exactly $20 that day! I could hardly believe it. That was $120 a week, about $500 a month, which was $6,000 a year. I got busy trying to figure out how long it would take me to become a millionaire by investing that much money!

Whatever amount of time I figured turned out to be incorrect. That happened a long, long time ago, and I haven't come close to making it yet. Indeed, it took me many, many years before I made $20 a day again—and it thrilled me again, but not as much as that first time!

BIG DUKE

By H. F. Steiner

ON his North Dakota farm in 1912, Father had 6 four-horse teams. One of these teams weighed more than four tons. One horse, a dapple gray, weighing close to 2,200 pounds—big and gentle—was Father's pride. His name was Duke.

Our barn was perhaps sixty yards from the windmill and water trough. Five strands of barbed wire fence enclosed the area between the barn and the water trough, making a holding corral. There were gates at the barn to direct the stock into the corral, the pasture, or into the barn. At the trough was another gate. All were made of boards. The one at the trough was subjected to the strong, dry winds, and would become bowed and often in need of repairs. To make this gate sturdier, a length of hardwood flooring was nailed to the top board.

During the summer months there was little work for the heavy draft horses so they were turned out in the pasture. Usually, on hot afternoons, they would gather at the water trough. It seems the way of horses and cattle that there is one mean individual that fights any other animal that happens to crowd it. So there was always biting and whirling and kicking going on.

I was not around when my mother saw Big Duke standing by himself, with blood spurting from his neck with every heartbeat. She, somehow, got Father and they managed to get Duke into a stall in the barn. There they debated what they should do. They could not hold their hands over the wound; it would be useless to try to get the veterinarian; they might try to sew the wound together but the bleeding was so profuse and Duke was so weak he was leaning against the side of the stall.

I don't know which one thought of the solution, but Mother ran to the house and got a fifty-pound sack of flour! Father split this open with his knife and slapped it against the wound. While Father held the sack against Duke's neck, Mother ran to the house and brought back a bedsheet. Tearing this into strips, they bound the sack of flour against the opening.

About this time I arrived. Father was still holding the sack of flour but the blood was no longer running down on the floor. I was sent for ropes and sacks. The ropes were fastened to an overhead beam, then passed under the horse, then up over another beam. The sacks were used as paddings, and the ropes were pulled up tightly to form a sling to support Duke and prevent his falling down.

By this time my sisters Hazel and Edna were standing by. We were sent for buckets of water to which Father added a small amount of salt. Duke must have drunk six or eight gallons. Someone stayed with him until bedtime and then Mother and Father took turns checking throughout the night. The next morning when I went to the barn, Duke appeared improved. He seemed to enjoy the oats I gave him and moved back and forth within the limits of the sling, which we removed that night.

ALL of us had looked around to learn what had happened. The flooring on the top of the gate had broken diagonally, forming two sharp splinters. One of these showed it had penetrated Duke's chest at least eight inches. It was the conclusion that kicking or biting had crowded the horses against the gate causing the flooring to split; and Duke, in whirling around, had speared himself.

The sack of flour was removed when Father thought the wound had healed. A clotted ball of flour as large as a basketball clung to Duke's neck, but was removed gradually by soaking it with water. There was no infection, and the big gray soon regained his strength. Even so, there was considerable anxiety about the future—would Duke be able to work? Would this wound and scar cause problems when he pulled against the collar?

When fall came and it was time to plow the wheat fields, we watched for the worst, but Duke showed no signs of fatigue or disability.

There were other things, though, that worried and aggravated Father. Each night he would make a last inspection of the barn and horses before retiring. Often he would find some horse not fed, or not completely unharnessed. Some had developed sore necks or shoulders. The hired men were not all good teamsters, and they came and they went. There was no way to avoid this. In addition, hay had doubled in price. In January 1913, Father decided to do as others were doing—sell his horses and buy a tractor.

When the two big teams were put up for sale, Duke and his mate were the first to go. These two big teams brought Father $800—and that was a lot of money. Unfortunately, owning a tractor in 1913 did not guarantee 100% peace and contentment. Father simply traded his problems from horses to those of

(Continued on page 52)

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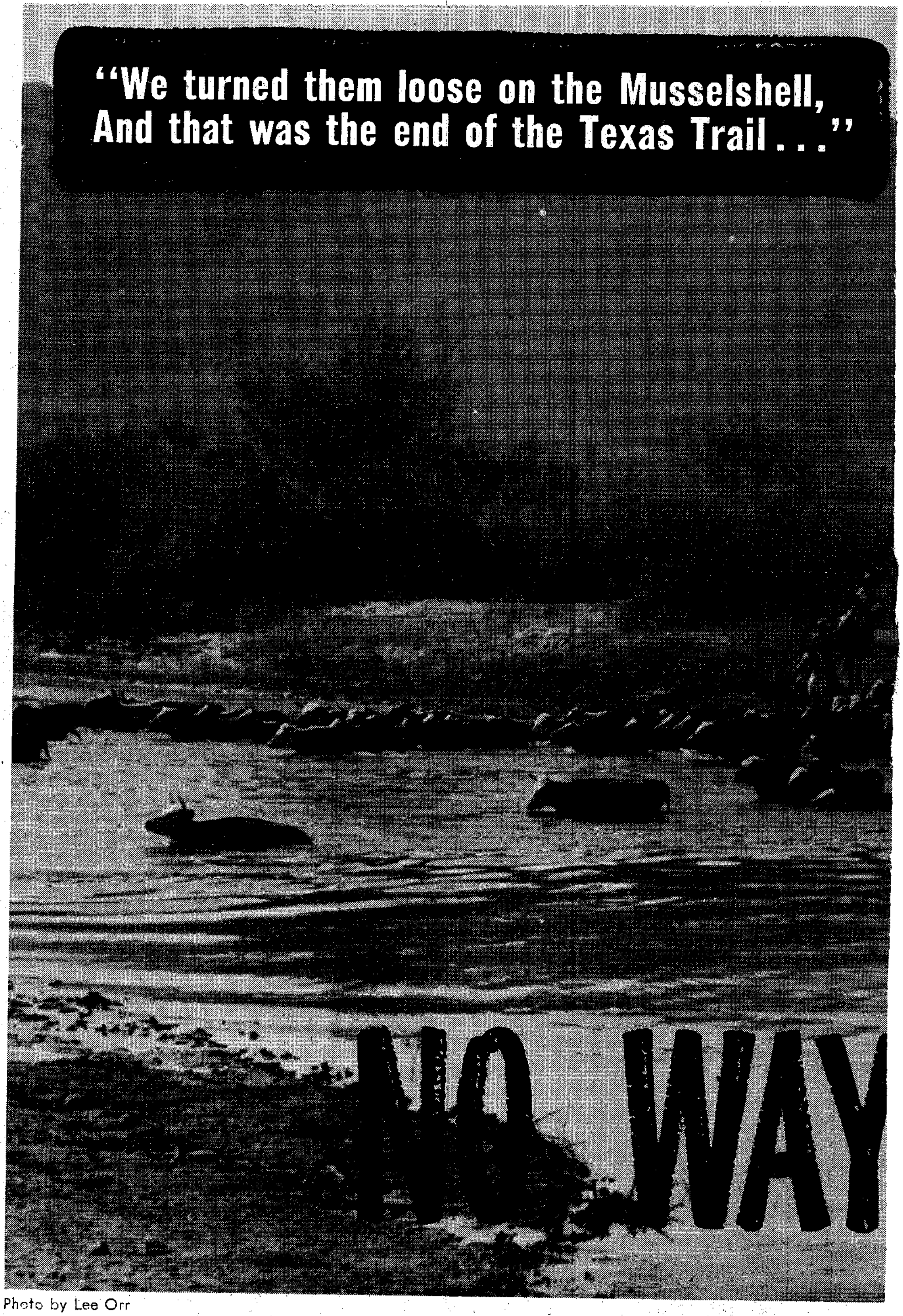
"We turned them loose on the Musselshell, And that was the end of the Texas Trail . . ."



NO WAY

Photo by Lee Orr

BY RALPH B. MIRACLE

IN THESE DAYS of highways and bridges it is easy to forget that there once was no way around the rivers in the West. Riders of the Texas Trail used to count their progress by the rivers they crossed and sing endless songs about them.

"We left the Nueces River in April eighty one, with three thousand longhorn cattle and all they knowed was run . . . .

"We crossed the Colorado at Austin, a big town . . . .

"The old Red River was on the prod and swum from bank to bank . . . .

"The Washita was runnin' full, but we got them across . . . .

"Then we got to old Dodge City on the Arkansaw . . . .

"On the Republican we got another storm . . . ."

Few rivers could be forded without swimming. Since trail herds were started with the spring grass, most waterways and washes were swollen by flash floods and the general high water of that time of year. It took good horses and good men to get the job done. Experienced trail drivers had their special swimming horses, usually big and strong, for the smaller "Texas Ponies" held only their heads out of water and their riders could almost drown on horseback. The ponies kept reaching with their hind legs to see if they could touch bottom, while a good swimming horse swam strong and high, allowing the rider to stay mostly out of water.

Cattle were nervous and scared when they felt themselves suspended in water. It was natural for them to swim, but crowded together they were hard to direct. Riders had to swim their horses along the downstream side and keep them pointed across the river. The current carried them down anyway, so at best it was a dangerous undertaking. Once the swimming cattle got turned around or started to swim in a circle, a cowboy was in real trouble. The same thing was true with a swimming horse. As long as he angled across downstream, he kept balanced, but if his rider had to turn him around, the current might turn him over or start him spinning like a top.

A very graphic picture of the dangers and difficulties of swimming cattle was provided by Bob Fudge. Probably no man swam more rivers with cattle than he did in his many trips up the trail with the XIT and other herds. In his later years he ranched on the Little Powder River in Wyoming just south of the Montana line. He told about crossings of the Platte on one of his drives north:

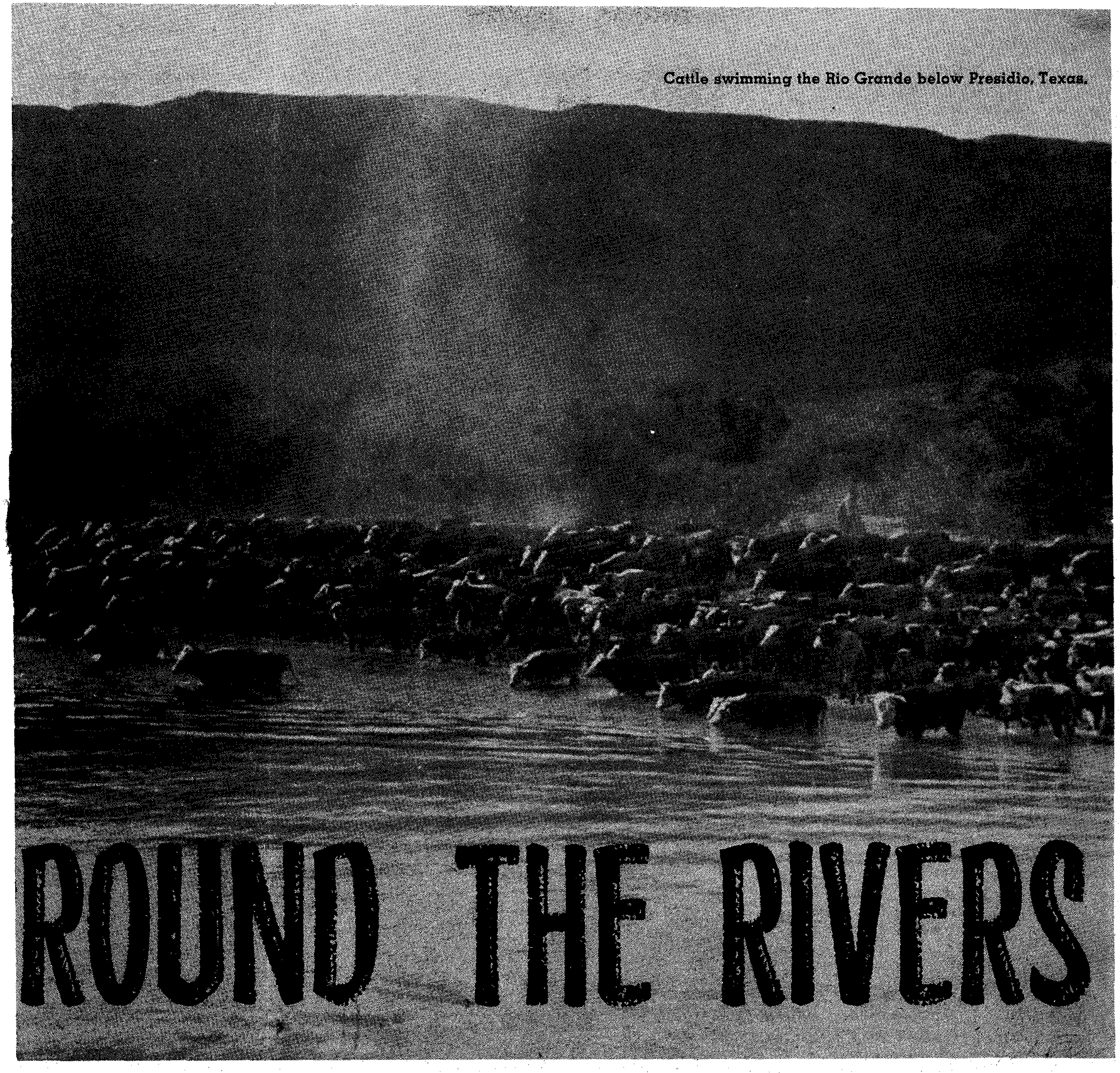
"THE PLATTE that day had over an eighth of a mile of swimming water in it. The crossing was just below the mouth of the Laramie River and a few miles below old Fort Laramie. I think there were two men drowned at this crossing in trail herd days. It had a name of being a 'widow-maker' or of leaving some girl in Texas without her cowboy lover.

"Before swimming any of these big rivers a cowboy always took off all his clothes but his underwear and hat, and tied them on his saddle. The cinch was also loosened. A cinch could have almost two inches of slack in it for when a horse was swimming he would fill with air and expand his lungs, so the cinch would be tight. This thing of loosening the cinch was very important.

"We generally picked a big powerful horse for our swimming horse, as we called them. We took good care of these horses and did not ride them for a few days before coming to a swimming river.

"The horse I had picked was a big fine sorrel. I had swum him several times on this trip and was proud of him as a swimmer. This horse was in my outfit and it was my outfit which we were crossing. We had some trouble getting the herd into the river and I had run this horse some, turning the lead cattle into the river. After the lead cattle started to wade out on the bank, I looked back to see how the line in the current was coming. They were getting scattered and drifting. . . . I turned my horse and swam him below the cattle where they were being carried downstream. This was somewhere about the center of the river. I swam back and forth on the lower side of the line of swimming cattle, urging them in a more direct course across the river, when my sorrel of which I had been so proud turned on his side and swelled his chest and stomach until he looked like a small balloon.

"He did not try to swim a stroke, just went floating down the Platte like a biscuit. I kept hold of him for about a hun-



Cattle swimming the Rio Grande below Presidio, Texas.

ROUND THE RIVERS

dred yards and decided I would swim to shore. As soon as I left that horse and started to swim he started for me, striking and doing his best to get on top of me. The only thing I could do was to dive, for if that horse had hit me with his front feet I would have been crippled and would surely have drowned. When I dived, my hat was left on the surface of the water which the horse kept after, which saved my life. Two cowboys who were still on the bank pushing the drags of the herd into the river saw what was happening and started to swim to me but they would have been too late if I had not dived and the horse followed my hat.

"I swam to shore coming out on the north bank. My underwear was heavy with mud and there was mud settled in places between my flesh and underwear, and my hair was a mat of mud and sand. My horse pawed that hat under and after it had disappeared, turned over on his side again and went floating down the Platte like a log. One of the cowboys who had stayed behind the herd until they were all headed across went back and started down that side of the river to see what had become of my horse. That horse floated down the river fully a half mile before he decided to swim ashore. Then he swam to the side from which he started. The cowboy who was watching him had no trouble catching him and led him back to the crossing where he swam without any trouble to my side of the river, being led by the bridle reins by the cowboy.

"I had swum that horse back and forth across that river until he was exhausted. It was no fault on the part of the horse. I had just swum him too long. When he made for me he was scared and afraid he was going to drown, and made for me thinking that to get on top of me would help him. I have seen cattle do this same thing. After they are exhausted from swimming they will turn over on their sides and expand, throwing their heads on their shoulder out of the water and go floating downstream seemingly without a care in the world. When cattle float like this they generally float until the current carries them to the bank where they can get to their feet and wade out. I have seen them float on a sand bar where it was boggy which causes the cowboys lots of grief. I had to help another herd across that river yet that day. I swam back across that river of experience and by sundown had the last steer on the north side of the Platte. I started immediately for my own outfit as they had pulled up the trail.

"When we got to the Yellowstone

(Continued on page 47)

A Burying

(Continued from page 13)

We opened the store at six o'clock every morning because of our hotel and cafe trade. Those businesses always needed something to finish their breakfast run. The morning after the norther blew in, I was trying to get the accumulated mud swept off the board sidewalk, between customers. Miles Murphy came by on his way to the gin, where he fired the boiler. They were winding up a long season, ginning seed cotton to be stored in the cotton house.

As Miles passed by the Gravitt home, Doc Lee came out and walked uptown with him. Doc told Miles that Bill Gravitt had come for him about 2 a.m. because their carpenter appeared quite ill. Doc called it acute pneumonia. The man died about six. Doc stayed until the end, though little could be done for his patient.

Miles went on to his job. I finished cleaning off the mud. I thought of the many problems facing the Gravitts because of this death. They were probably not aware of the many things to be done, and done quickly. I went in and told Dad and Mother of the death. They agreed I had better go down and offer my services. The Gravitts knew us better than anyone else in town.

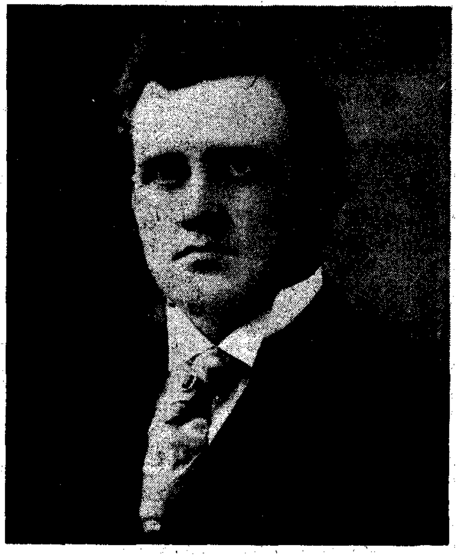
It was breaking day by the time I got to the Gravitt home. Mr. Gravitt and the three boys were standing close to the south side of the house out of the wind. The rain had stopped during the night but clouds flew low and it was plenty cold still. They told me Mr. Armetage, a neighbor, had brought two other neighbor men over. They were starting the laying out of the body. Mr. Armetage had brought a razor, so as to give the deceased a shave.

Mr. Armetage had told them there was neither an undertaker nor a casket in town, but we did have a phone line to Lawton. If they would go to the drugstore and phone the undertaker at Lawton, directly after eight o'clock, the undertaker would be able to get a casket on our one train, which arrived about noon if on time.

I explained to the Gravitts that our town was so new it had never started a cemetery. The town east of us had a cemetery. It was only about three-and-a-half miles from us and in cases of death occurring so far, we had used their cemetery. I offered to get some boys to go there and dig the grave. If they wished I would drive over and arrange for a single gravesite. They could pay me when I got back. I didn't know what the cost would be. I thought it was five dollars.

Mr. Gravitt appeared grateful for my offer of assistance, and insisted I drive their rig for the trip. We hitched the driving mare to the buggy right away. I drove to the store to let Mother and Dad know the program.

EVERY frontier town I ever lived in, had a few night owls—young chaps, mostly farm boys, who never went to bed at night for fear of missing something. They spent the night going from one gaming room to another, listening to men-stories, watching the gambling, and only went to bed when the last game closed down.



The author, Albert S. Gilles, Sr. as a young man.

As I tied the mare to our hitchrack, two of these night owls came by on their way to Bill Gilbert's cafe for breakfast. I should explain that these chaps actually worked from time to time. They were not saloon bums. When they ran out of eating money and a place to sleep, they stopped sleeping days and loafing their nights away.

I told them what had happened and asked if they would get a couple of their friends and help with the grave. Pop Early, at the sales barn, always furnished a team and surrey when a grave was to be dug.

I put a sharp-shooter spade from our store into the buggy, deciding I could dig while waiting for the boys. I expected to get to the cemetery before the night owls arrived. I would make better time for I had slept the night before and had eaten breakfast.

There hadn't been enough rain to make the road muddy so the mare soon put the miles behind us. It was good to have something to do, to keep warm, while waiting on the volunteer gravediggers. I located the gravesite and marked it off. From a pile of split posts nearby I started a cribbing on either side of the grave, to hold the dirt back, and left a place to walk when we carried the casket over the grave.

The soil, a sandy loam, was easy digging with a sharp-shooter. By the time my helpers arrived the grave was three feet deep. We finished quickly and tidied up the dirt piles. It had been some hours since my early breakfast so I suggested we drive to town, one-and-a-half miles, for dinner. We should have at least two hours. I knew my night owls were in need of coffee at least.

WHERE we dug the grave, the land was high and level. To the south it broke away into the bottom where the road ran. One of the boys in the surrey opened the wire gate; the surrey was through and my buggy was almost cleared of the gate when we heard hallooing back to the west.

Standing up in the buggy I could see a team and wagon, about a half-mile away, being driven at a run. When it got a little closer, I recognized the Gravitts' long-legged mules. Bill stood in the front of the wagon driving.

At about a quarter-mile, the road began to slope down toward us, into the creek bottom. We could see the two younger boys riding the casket box to keep it from jolting completely out of the wagon, and they were busy. We got our rigs out of the way. The boy at the gate opened it wide.

Bill slowed his mules to a fast trot, swung them a little to the south side of the road, then curving to the north hit the gate center, and went on up the hill, mules at a lope. He didn't slow the mules until abreast of the grave.

I can't recall a one of us saying a word. Hurriedly we turned our rigs around and drove back up to the grave. We were in time—barely. Bill, holding the mules by the bridles, was having trouble quieting them down. His brothers were just as busy. One jumped out, yanked the rear end-gate from its place, threw it to one side, and was tugging to get the casket box out of the wagon. The other was pushing his seventy or eighty pounds against the back of it. Seeing the box was about to topple out of the wagon endwise, I called for them to wait.

The night owls and I carried the box to the grave and set it on the two straight posts we had laid across the opening. Thoughtfully, Pop Early had furnished two well-worn lariats to lower the box into the grave.

I confess to being out of my depth. Though eighteen, and having spent all of those years on the frontier, something was going on here that was completely beyond my grasp. A dozen thoughts raced through my mind trying to figure out why the Gravitt boys had run completely away from the funeral procession, including the preacher and pall-bearers. Our town didn't have a regular preacher of any denomination just then, but an old Baptist minister was staying with a married daughter three or four miles out of town. He had officiated at a recent funeral, so I was expecting him to show up for this one. As opportunity afforded, I glanced back along the road hoping to see the procession.

When we landed the box and retrieved the lariats I turned around for another look, but the road was empty. It was about this time that I realized there would be no procession; dirt was already hitting the box. The three Gravitt boys, each with a shovel, were filling the grave.

The younger brothers worked without pause, as though much depended on the rapidity with which their task was accomplished. We five took our cue and assisted. Soon the posts used for cribbing were carried back to the post pile, and we tidied up the mound.

I have no recollection of a single word being spoken by the eight of us. Frankly the wind had been out of my sails for some time. The night owls had every right to be as stumped as I. Once the last bit of dirt was in place on the mound, one of the Gravitt boys replaced the end-gate, the three brothers piled into the wagon, turned the mules around and were on their way home. And since there was still no indication of a funeral procession, we followed their example.

I'VE witnessed quite a number of frontier burials. Most of them, from force of circumstances, were hurry-up affairs, but none approached this one for sheer heartlessness. Many were held without benefit of a clergyman, but always there had been someone to read a bit of scripture, sing a hymn, or at least repeat the Lord's Prayer. The body was brought to its final resting place with decency and decorum.

Often I have wondered, had they not seen us leaving and found the grave ready, would they simply have ended the box down into the grave, covered it up and gone their way.

Riding by myself on the way home, I tried to come up with some reason as to the why, but never arrived at a satisfactory conclusion. The deceased was at the least a family acquaintance. He had come with them from Texas. There must have been the camaraderie of the night campfires. For perhaps two weeks he had slept in the same house, possibly in the same room. Eaten supper the night before at the same table. Why was there no effort to give their late employe, presumably their friend, a decent Christian burial? Certainly the family's new neighbors rallied to give every assistance possible.

Nor was I able to figure out how they got the casket from the railroad (it, of course, came C.O.D.), haul it home, place the body in it, load it back into the wagon, and drive approximately three-and-a-half miles to the cemetery in the space of time between the arrival of the train and when they reached us at the gravesite. The train passed within a mile of the cemetery.

Going back home over the road, I decided they could have seen us in the graveyard from about two miles. Our preparations to leave for dinner may have looked as if we were leaving for good and they could have thought they were late. I speculated about the condition the body must have been reduced to from its jolting and bouncing. I had seen many bodies hauled in a lumber wagon on their last ride, but always the team was driven slowly and carefully.

And I will never know if the poor chap's head was laid to the east or the west. Too stupefied to ask how the body was loaded, I assumed they had loaded it head first, and so placed it in the grave.

Of course, folks were properly horrified when they learned how the burial was conducted. But other events followed, so rapidly, it was quickly forgotten. The burial had been on a Friday. The following Thursday night, I sat up to help Mrs. Gravitt wait on Bill. He, too, had pneumonia, and his father lay in another bed in the same room with an asthma attack. At 3:00 a.m. Mr. Armetage relieved me, and I went home and slept until 8:00. When I arrived at the store, Dad told me Bill had died about five o'clock.

Older people took charge of this funeral. It was held properly and in order. Then early the following Friday morning the father died—that made three acute pneumonia deaths in the same house within fifteen calendar days. We felt the three mortalities should be chalked up as victories for the dread malaria, for none of the victims had any resistance to combat a lesser disease.

Mother and Dad attended Bill's and Mr. Gravitt's funerals. I felt more at ease looking after the store.

Trouble And Treasure

(Continued from page 21)

When he first bought it, he'd get four or five requests a month from people wanting to search for gold. He refused them then, as he has since.

The inquiries have trickled now to about one every two or three months, but they still come. Letters or phone calls or visits to his house from prospectors as far away as Oregon and Washington.

"Some won't hardly take no for an answer," Wheeler said. "They want to split the finds 60-40. A lot of them have maps. One old boy is most persistent. Every so often he asks if I've changed my mind. He says he knows right where the gold is. We could bulldoze it out in a few hours and be home with it before sundown, he says. I don't guess he'll never give up."

WHEELER believes if any gold had been hidden at San Cajo it would have been retrieved long ago. "I think they would have picked a place a little more inconspicuous than a mountain to have buried it anyway."

If San Cajo weren't so far out in the pastureland, he might open it to the public as a tourist attraction. It is now many miles off the nearest paved road.

"I'm not against people having a look at it," Wheeler said. "But you let one person go and it'll go from bad to worse. I deplore the traffic in and out, back and forth. The littering. Maybe people getting lost. Disturbing the cattle. Leaving gates open.

"Then somebody could get snake-bit. Or fall on the rocks and break a leg. And maybe sue you."

Is Wheeler impressed by owning his own mountain? He doesn't seem to be. "It's no big difference to me," he said.

Would he consider tearing the mountain down?

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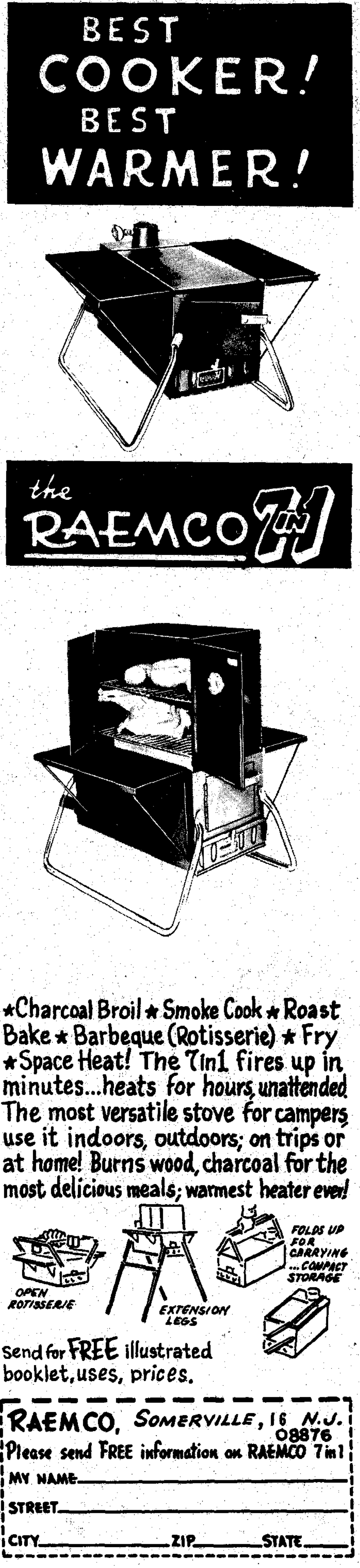

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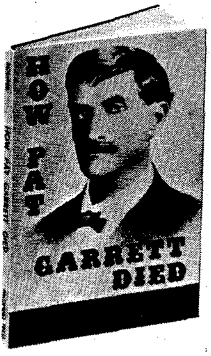

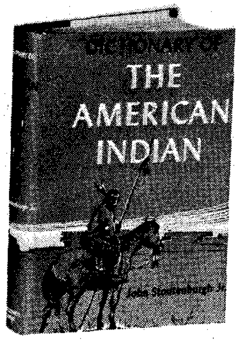
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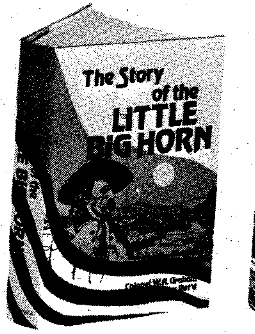
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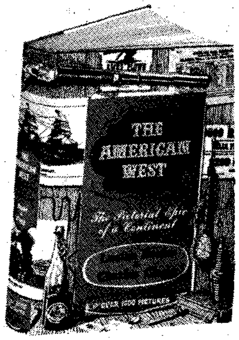

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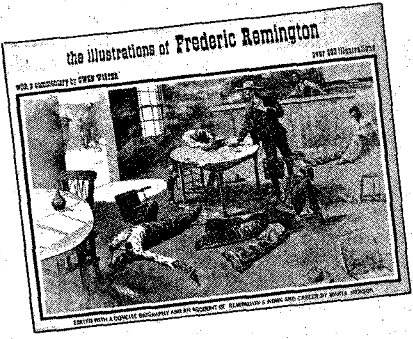
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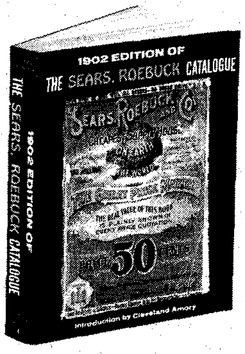
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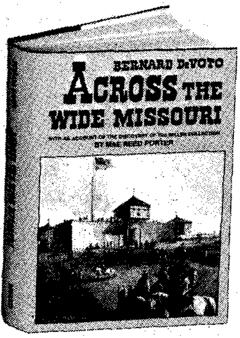

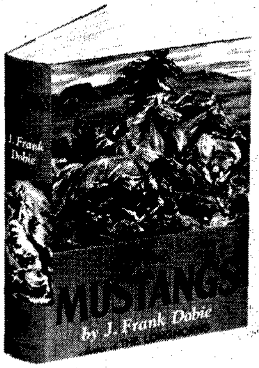

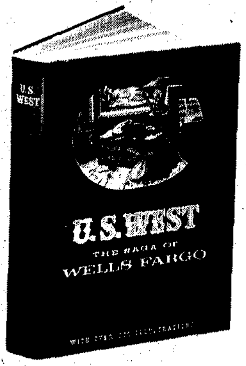

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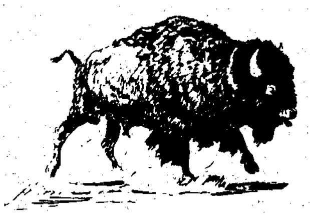

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170 Days On The Road

(Continued from page 17)

wastes into California and preferred taking the known trail into Oregon. Inasmuch as one member had been killed by an accidentally self-inflicted gun shot wound and four others had turned back, this division split the company into two equal parts. Those headed for California included one woman and her child, Mrs. Ben Kelsey and an infant daughter.

Four of the Bidwell-Bartleson party accompanied the Oregon-bound group as far as Fort Hall, a distance of forty miles. These men hoped to buy provisions at the fort, but, more than that, they hoped to hire a guide to lead their party the rest of the way to California. Meanwhile, the others traveled slowly so that their four companions would find it easy to overtake them on their return from the fort.

Thus it was that the next day after leaving Soda Springs, Bidwell and James John (called Jimmie John) had time to go fishing in Bear River. The heat was almost more than they could stand. Looking up, they could see snow on a mountain peak—and it looked very close and very inviting. Without thinking to tell anyone where they were going, they set out to reach the beckoning coolness of the snow.

They were sure they could be back by sundown; however, by the time the sun was sinking they had gone about fifteen miles and the snow appeared as far away as ever. Bidwell would have turned back and said so, but Jimmie John looked over his shoulder, curled his upper lip and broke into a run. Then Bidwell's anger flared and his one thought was to overtake his companion.

The rocks were sharp. Their moccasins were cut through and blood from their feet stained the ground. They climbed until long after midnight—until a cloud hid the mountain. Above timberline they crawled beneath a stunted fir to sleep, and found to their disgust, when the sun rose, that it was an abandoned lair of grizzly bears. Brushing the shaggy hair from their clothes, they continued their journey. For almost two more hours they climbed. At last they reached the snow.

They wrapped a quantity of it in a big handkerchief and started back for camp but their sense of direction had deserted them. It was about two in the afternoon before they caught up with the slowly moving train. The emigrants welcomed them with open arms as they believed the two youths had been captured by Indians. Bidwell still had a fair-sized snowball to prove that they had reached the mountains.

By the time the four men who had gone to Fort Hall had caught up with the train, it had traveled a hundred miles toward Salt Lake. At first the sagebrush had stretched from horizon to horizon in unending, dreary monotony. Hour after hour, mile after exhausting mile, they chopped a road through the sage. Once in awhile a lightly loaded wagon would be overturned.

When they reached the salt desert, the flatlanders must have thought they had taken leave of their senses or had wandered into a land of some devilish fantasy. To their eyes, the scene appeared to be one of winter, but the heat being reflected off the salt was like a breath of hell. The grass sparkled like diamonds—not with frost but with salt, and the weary animals refused to eat it.

The emigrants knew that where there were trees, there was also water. But in the weird, shimmering waves of heat, clumps of sagebrush masqueraded as groves of trees and lured them on into the wastelands. Underfoot the salt grew so soft the animals could no longer pull the wagons. After dark a cold wind swept across the desert and drove the salt before it like sleet on a winter's night. There were days and nights without water.

Then one day they crossed their own trail and found that they had inscribed a huge triangle on the face of the desert, so they shifted their course. Finally water and an abundance of grass were located, and the train halted for a week for a rest.

WHEN the emigrants resumed their trek, they met with the same dangerous conditions. It took three days of weary travel—a day and a night without water—to reach a gap in a ridge of mountains where, across a high plain, they caught a glimpse of crags reaching high into the sky.

At this point, fearful that the snows might overtake them before they reached California, the company decided to abandon their wagons. While at Green River they had taken careful note of how the trappers made pack saddles for their animals, so industriously they set about constructing similar packs. However, they were sadly lacking in knowledge of packing the saddles so that there was an equal balance on each side. To the animals an unbalanced pack was intolerable. The first morning saw the countryside filled with bucking horses, kicking mules, and frantic, bellowing oxen. It also saw the emigrants' possessions flying through the air in every direction! During the days that followed, the men learned to pack the saddles in better balance and they also learned that it is much harder to secure a pack saddle on an ox than on a horse or mule.

The first day out, Bidwell rode pretty well toward the end of the train as his packs were on oxen and the horses and mules of the others could travel faster than his ungainly beasts. He caught up with his party at midnight. The next morning some of the oxen hadn't come in and Bidwell's were among the missing. He had to hunt for them and the only one who volunteered to go with him was Cheyenne Dawson.

Camp had been made where there was neither grass nor water but one of the men had a quart which was carefully doled out—less than half a gill per person. Bidwell and Dawson each had a sip before setting out on their search. Soon the heat became so terrible that Dawson was forced to turn back but Bidwell had no alternative. He had to keep going. Everything he owned in the world was on those oxen's backs. Finally he struck their trail and followed it until sundown.

There were also Indian tracks following the oxens' trail. Consequently, when Bidwell found his livestock lying in tall grass, he hastily checked the fastenings on the packs and immediately started back although the presence of grass indicated water nearby. The company had promised to wait for him when they found water and he was anxious to rejoin them.

All night long Bidwell traveled, and at early dawn reached a place where there was plenty of water. He found evidence that the party had stopped and made their dinner there the day before. Bidwell was bewildered and unable to account for the fact that his comrades had not waited for him. He lost their trail and began to cast large circles in hopes of picking it up again. After he had traveled about three miles, he saw two men approaching on horseback. In the distortion of the heat waves, Bidwell could not tell if they were red men or white; only by the motion could he tell that they were mounted.

Not wishing to take any unnecessary chances, Bidwell hurried toward his oxen to use them as breastworks, and in his haste urged his horse into what appeared to be a small stream but turned out to be quagmire. The unfortunate beast sank out of sight but Bidwell could not bear to lose him. He first rescued his flintlock, which was muddy and useless; then pulling hard on the reins he managed to get the horse out of its near-fatal predicament. Just in time, Bidwell dived behind his oxen, still carrying his inoperative gun.

When the two men on horseback drew near, Bidwell saw that they were friends bringing food and water. His relief turned to anger, however, when he learned that Captain Bartleson had deliberately urged the company not to wait for him. There had been ill feeling between the two all along the trail but it had heightened when Bidwell had made some heated and choice remarks concerning Bartleson's lack of knowledge of Indian nature and his lack of judgment in his dealings with them. Bartleson had not forgotten the incident and had taken his opportunity to desert Bidwell in the wilderness.

AS the emigrants plodded on they came to anther stretch where there was no grass or water. The men who had gone to Fort Hall repeated the same advice they had given upon their return to the train. "If you go too far south, you will get into a desert where there will be no water or grass and the animals will perish."

The party reversed its direction and traveled north until reaching a canyon whose walls were hundreds of feet high and very steep. The farther they traversed the canyon floor, the rougher the footing became until they found themselves traveling a dry river bed full of stones and huge boulders. The animals soon became so sore-footed they could go no farther. At Fort Hall there had been mention that if the company went too far north it would get into a difficult canyon leading toward the Columbia where it was possible to become bewildered and to wander about or even to perish.

Scouts, sent to the top of the canyon wall, reported that the country seemed better three or four miles ahead, and that same afternoon the exhausted travelers reached what is now known as the Humboldt River.

There were many Indians along this stream and from them the emigrants purchased honey that was gathered from the tules in the marshes. They grew very fond of this delicacy until they discovered that the insects pressed into it formed the main ingredient. To the Indians' surprise, sales dropped sharply then ceased altogether.

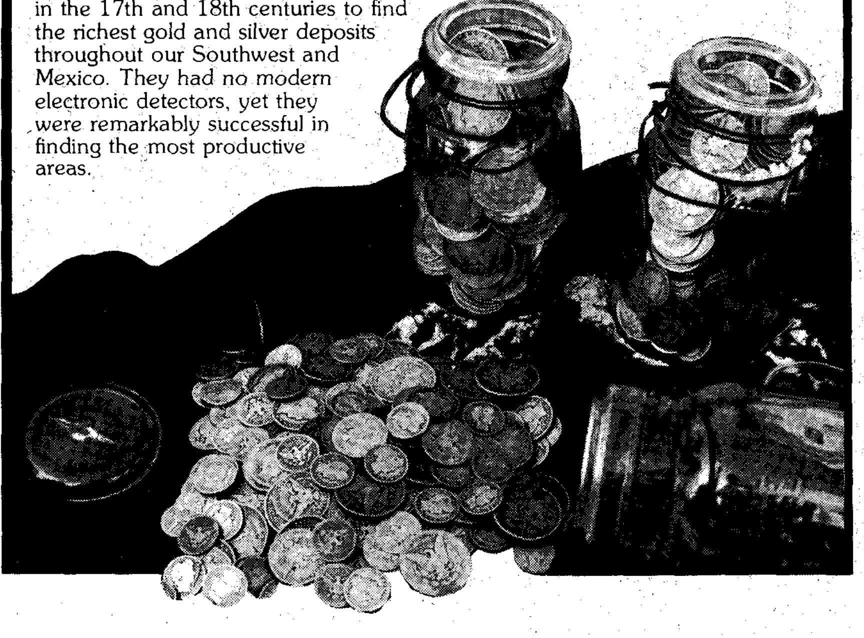
During this journey down the river Captain Bartleson's vengeful nature came to the forefront again. It was Bidwell's turn to tend the oxen and the captain pushed the rest of the party until Bidwell was left far behind. Bidwell slept that night without blankets—and with an empty stomach. The next morning he had to walk nine miles to catch up but he was confident that the company would not eat breakfast until he arrived. He had their breakfast with him—still on the hoof!

Again Captain Bartleson was treated to the sharp side of Bidwell's tongue. To everyone's surprise, the captain took it meekly and so did his Missouri friends. That should have warned the rest of the company but it didn't. After an ox had been slaughtered and breakfast eaten, a couple of Bartleson's friends slyly talked the others out of the rest of the beef, promising to pay it all back the next time they butchered. Then as soon as the captain and his friends were mounted and ready to go, Bartleson addressed the emigrants and told them he was sick of all the fault-finding that had been his lot; that he and his friends were going directly to California; that if they could keep up, well and good; if not, they could go to a place generally reputed to be hotter than the salt desert.

For two or three days, the main body of the party followed the captain's trail, but when they came to where the advance band had crossed the Humboldt and entered a sandy region, no more tracks were visible.

By following the deserters, they had missed the Truckee Meadows, which became a favorite resting place for subsequent trains. Instead they came to the Humboldt Sink where they found the water unfit for use unless boiled. They went on, crossed the Carson River, came to the Walker River, and followed it to the Sierra Nevada. There they made camp while searching for a passage through the mountains.

Unexpectedly Captain Bartleson and his friends rejoined them. The deserters in their wanderings had partaken freely of Indian-supplied fish and pine nuts. Indians might thrive on this fare but in the white men it had produced something closely related to cholera morbus. As far as the main party was concerned, all was forgiven and forgotten. Not only did they run out to meet the returning men, they heated up their frying pans and put on the best feed they could under the circumstances. Bartleson made no bones about saying that he had made a bad mistake in leaving the party—but this did not stop him from leaving it twice after that.



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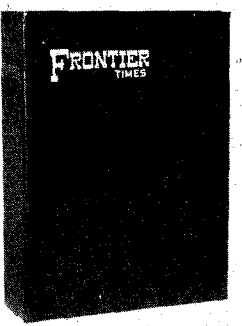

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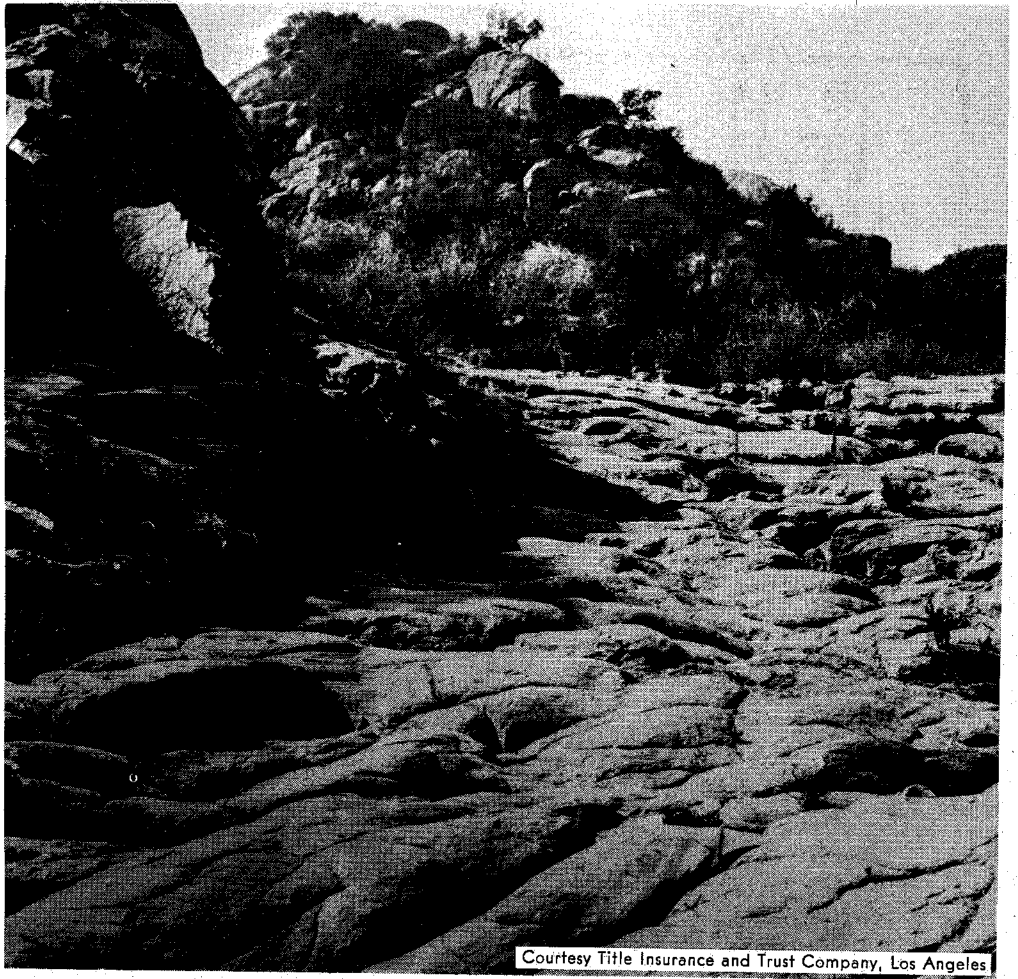

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The rough terrain encountered by the emigrants is indicated by this view of the Santa Suzanna Pass, circa 1895.

BEN KELSEY, who had his wife and daughter with him, had assumed the responsibilities during Bartleson's absence, and continued to act as captain after Bartleson's return.

When they broke camp, they were only forty miles from the present-day boundary of California. They followed the Walker River into the mountains then found the source of the Stanislaus River and followed that stream for several days.

Where a tributary joined the main body of the river, they found themselves one night on a high point between the two, with neither grass nor water. The next day they sent Bidwell and Jimmie John down to see if it would be possible to travel along the smaller canyon. Bidwell considered the canyon impassable but Jimmie John disagreed with him and gave the signal (a pistol shot) before Bidwell could stop him. Upon hearing the shot, the company started down and Bidwell had no chance to warn them.

Jimmie John alone got through that canyon and into the Sacramento Valley. No one knows how he did it but Bidwell gave credit to Jimmie's Indian pony which he described as the only horse he ever saw that could come close to climbing a tree. The others had to spend the rest of that day and all night resting the animals. The men picked the sparse grass that grew among the rocks for them and descended a nightmarish gash in the canyon wall to bring up water in anything available—cups, kettles, boots. The next day it took eight men to a mule—four to push and four to pull—to get them back up the canyon wall. It was hard to tell which were the closest to exhaustion, the men or the animals.

In the days that followed, they butchered the last of their oxen. From that time forward, they had to live off the land. Even wildcats were not safe from the hungry emigrants. It was during a search for game that Bidwell, traveling alone and on foot, became separated overnight from the others. When he struck their trail again he found that they had not gone where they had planned but instead had followed his own trail into a steep canyon. Many of the poor mules and horses could not make the climb out, and when Bidwell arrived on the scene he found Indians slaughtering the livestock for food. Later he learned that these were the "Horse Thief" Indians, so called because they lived chiefly on horse flesh—most of which was stolen from California ranchers.

Two days later when the emigrants came upon a huge pile of bones, they assumed that an army had perished there. They posted a guard at night and all were ready to do their stint of this duty—except one man. So during the night his two horses did not receive the same watchful attention that was given to the rest of the animals and he awoke the following morning to find them already in the breakfast stage—in an Indian camp.

By this time they had reached the edge of the San Joaquin Valley. To the west they could see the Coast Range but for some reason were unable to see the valley itself. Not realizing that they had reached California, they supposed that it lay beyond the mountains. By the end of the first day of descent, the party was strung out for three or four miles. Its members were so near exhaustion that each man slept where he fell, pausing only to unsaddle his animal and to use the saddle for a pillow.

The next morning when Bidwell overtook the advance party he found that they had just partaken of a fat coyote. All that was left was the windpipe and the lights but these he ate with great relish.

The food problem disappeared when they reached the bottomland of the Stanislaus River. The first evening they dined on two antelope and two small sandhill cranes and topped off the meal with wild grapes. The following morning they killed thirteen deer and antelope and jerked the meat. Now they were ready to move on—all except Captain Bartleson and his men who decided to stay there and lay in enough meat for the 500-mile journey into California! Of course they were almost down to tidewater but did not know it. The rest were anxious to press on lest the snow overtake them in the mountains (the Coast Range) as it had in the Sierra Nevada.

They set out again, heading northwest toward Mt. Diablo. During the night the Indians attacked Captain Bartleson's party and stole all their animals. The captain and his men were obliged to catch up with the main company once more—but this time with only those possessions they were able to carry in their hands.

Timber was visible in the distance and it was supposed that its presence indicated a river. This assumption was correct; the river was the San Joaquin. Two men were sent ahead to see if they could find a trail or a crossing. That night one of them returned with the information that they had come across an Indian who offered to guide them to the ranch of a Dr. Marsh. Inasmuch as the Indian could speak very little English, they weren't positive that they had understood him correctly so one of the men had gone with him to the ranch.

The emigrants had cause to be greatly elated. Back in Jackson County, Missouri letters had been received from Dr. Marsh before the train had set out on its westward journey. Because he had written favorably of the country, his ranch became the target for their trek. On arriving in California, they had come within two days journey of their objective—although they had had no idea of where it was located!

On November 4, 1841, at the ranch, Dr. Marsh killed two shoats for the half-starved members of the first wagontrain to California. The roast pork was pronounced delicious.

In spite of having been 170 days on the trail, in spite of being in rags and having lost most of their possessions on the way, they dug down into their packs and found such gifts as a can of powder, a butcher knife, a bar of lead, and a cheap set of surgical tools to present to

Dr. Marsh in appreciation of his warm welcome.

Unbelievable though it may seem, Mrs. Benjamin Kelsey and her infant daughter survived the incredible hardships of the trail and managed to reach their goal safely.

Mrs. Kelsey was the second emigrant woman to arrive in California, reaching there some twenty days after the arrival of Mary Young Walker, wife of Joel P. Walker. However, Mrs. Walker came by way of Oregon so Mrs. Kelsey enjoyed the unique distinction of being the first woman to travel overland *directly* to California.

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 5)

lock was finally turned and then nothing more.

We talked about this a few minutes, being puzzled because all outside doors were locked and window screens fastened. I checked to make sure that our son was asleep, which he was, then checked the rusted lock. It was exactly as before, rusted tight and immovable.

Now this experience could hardly be called a dream or hallucination because both my wife and I heard it at the same time. My own theory is, that because of some mysterious condition of the atmosphere, favorable at that time or place, the sounds had actually happened years before when the lock was beginning to rust and someone had turned the partly rusted lock. We merely heard a repetition of what had happened years before, something like a television recording. If this theory is true it may account for many ghostly happenings, both heard and seen. They frighten people unduly, but who could help feeling creepy? Ghosts can't hurt you but they can make you hurt yourself.—Homer G. Dunnam, 15 Stone Street, Port of Spain, Trinidad, W. I.

War Dancer

I've been reading your magazines for ten or more years now and I enjoy them, especially "Trails Grown Dim." I also like the stories on Indians as I am an Indian.

I enjoyed the story on Gus McDonald in the January issue of FRONTIER TIMES. May I make a couple of corrections? First, in the picture on page 27, Mr. McDonald is doing a slow war dance as there are women dancing. Second, Haskell Institute is located at Lawrence, Kansas. It is now a Junior College.

Carlisle Indian School was at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. There aren't many former students of Carlisle now but they still talk about it.—Vivian McCurdy, 206 West Alabama, Anadarko, Oklahoma 73005

Author's reply: Your correspondent is correct, and I am afraid I have no excuse other than a mental aberration. Women do participate in round dancing, but again the reader is correct in pointing out Gus is doing a slow war dance. To be honest, Gus was dancing for the camera. My apologies for the errors.

Your readers might also like to know that one of the very few surviving students of Carlisle is Henry Roberts of Pawnee, Oklahoma who just happened to be a friend of Olympic star Jim Thorpe. I know Henry would appreciate hearing from any of his friends.—Pat Redmond

Old Days Around Midland, Texas

I've just finished reading the story that was related by Henry Record and written by Eve Ball (March 1976). This story revived a few old memories for me. I too knew the Cowdens in the area of which he speaks. That generation was gone (all except Jeff Cowden) when I was cowboying at Midland, Texas in 1929. I worked for R. B. (Bum) Cowden the summer of '29, and I knew Jeff who lived in Midland at that time but was past being able to ride anymore. Bum had the old "H" ranch out northwest of Midland.

A man by the name of Harry Ritenour (or Ritner) was operating a cafe in Midland and his wife helped him in the place. It was located halfway between the business section and the depot and was named Midway Cafe. Most of the cowboys ate there. My brother, Jake Osborn, told me about being in the Midway eating supper one evening and Jeff Cowden was at the counter near the entrance and was reeling off some wild tale about something. Harry, the owner, was in the kitchen sharpening a large butcher knife. As it was about closing time Harry stepped into the dining room, still holding the knife and drawing it across the whetstone, and shouted, "All right, Jeff, outside!" Jeff took one look at the cafe man with that knife and just about took the screen door off the hinges as he headed "outside." Everybody knew that Harry had no intention of using the knife on Jeff. It was just that he didn't want to lay the knife down until he had it ready for use next day.

I also knew Spence Jowell in Midland, as well as Dick, Claude, Gib, Ellis and Eliot Cowden. Claude was nicknamed "Chunky" and I helped him trail a little herd of cattle into Midland once.

I worked for Arthur Judkins who used to ranch down southeast of Midland. He was an old-time cowboy and knew a lot of the old-timers in the area. Judkins told me about the ranches in the Midland area. He said that in the early days a lot of the cowboys used to gripe about the J A L outfit not feeding much beef. It was a joke the way some of them told it about cowboys working for the outfit carrying a piece of well casing on their saddle. When they saw a rabbit they'd dismount and stuff a piece of gunny sack in one end of the pipe, throw it on the ground, then mount up and chase that rabbit into that well casing and catch it. They'd take it to the ranch with them so they could have meat. It was an appropriate expression when I was in that country for a bunch of cowboys out riding a pasture to yell, "There goes some J A L beef!" when a rabbit was "spooked out."

A cowboy was riding into the village of J A L one day and shot some rabbits and skinned them and hung the hides on a fence. He rode on into town and told the sheriff that rustlers were operating in his territory and he had seen three J A L

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Part of Mrs. Black's Possum Trot, above. The dancing dolls, below, carved by Calvin Black from redwood, with arms, hand, and feet from sugar pine. They and various other objects are powered by a windmill.

FANTASY DOLL SHOW

beef hides on a fence on the road leading out east of town. The sheriff got some men to go with him and went galloping out there and there were the three rabbit hides flapping in the wind. The sheriff got the message right quick but it didn't do anything for his ego, as they say now, and when he saw that cowboy again he let him know that maybe he had better find something else to do for excitement the next time he came to town.

My brother was "grub line" riding out there in the sand hills around J A L one time during prohibition days and he came upon a whiskey still in operation and saw the peak of a cowboy hat disappear over a sand dune as he rode up to the still. It was operated by a small-time rancher who was just getting started. He was having a hard time making ends meet with a wife and a couple of small children. My brother waited around a while for the "runaway" to return and finally he did. The still operator walked up to where my brother was watching the little stream of liquor trickling into a keg. "Hello there, Jake," he said. "By golly, how are you?" "Fine," said Jake. "What the heck are you up to here?"

"Oh, I'm just running off some of this 'Essence of Bulldog Fights'," he answered.

The operator of the still was a pretty nice fellow and when my buddy, Jack Warrick, and I toured that area in search of work in our old rattle "T" Ford in the spring of '31 we went to this fellow's ranch to see my brother. We spent the night there and the next morning this rancher filled our gas tank with casing head gas from a pipeline drip, telling us that the old Ford would catch a jack rabbit that had been gone a week with that kind of fuel in it.—Carl A. Osborn, Box 507, Rifle, Colorado 81650

More on Mirages

I was just reading the April-May, 1971 FRONTIER TIMES (I have been reading your back issues for years) and in "Nuggets" came across Mr. James O. Wodahl's article about mirages. I just had to write to let you know that a half mile south of my shop on Ghost Road a mirage is nothing unusual. There, in the Calico Dry Lake you see lake water and trees on the bank and mountains on the east. You never know exactly what you're going to see. One day two couples came in my shop and asked if I could settle an argument for them. I told them I knew what they were talking about—one couple claimed that it was a real lake of water down there. I explained that they were seeing a mirage in the dry lake bed—the only place I know of that has a permanent mirage. At least it seems permanent, because it is there every morning and again in the afternoon.—Mrs. Calvin Black, Possum Trot, P. O. Box 91, Yermo, California 92398

Is This the Treasure Cave?

I am writing about Maurice Kildare's story "Gold Like Wheat" in the old March 1969 issue. My brother, Robert Bell, and I would like to know if there is any other information or any other theories, from any source, about how the gold got there, who put it there, etc.

Recently my brother and I went to the Black Rock Desert to find out what we could about the lost cave of wheat gold, first found by Hill. When Robert and I first looked at the area we couldn't see why Hill could only see one landmark because we could see several volcanoes. We thought they could be seen from any place in the Black Rock Desert. We drove to Clear Lake then south on the road to Filmore. As we drove into the desert the landmarks disappeared one at a time until there was only one left. We came to an area 12½ miles northwest of Filmore, stopped and got out. From this area all we could see was a volcano a little southeast of us and Filmore was due east. That's all we could see. To our surprise all the other landmarks had disappeared.

We looked around and saw lava rock all around us and a few cedar trees, but nothing that looked like a cave. We then walked to a clump of lava rocks that looked like sand had drifted over on one side. As we drew closer the ground seemed to open up at our feet. We looked down into a hole about 25 feet deep and 40 to 50 feet around. At the bottom of the hole was a cave 3 feet high running north and south.

I ran back to the truck to get our flashlight. When I returned I was too excited to look in the cave. Robert said, "Do you want me to look, Brother?" I said, "Yes," because my heart was going a hundred miles an hour! I thought for sure this was the cave, and it could be. We don't know for sure. The wind has blown sand into it for years and it would have to be dug out. There are thousands of these caves in this area. We need a metal detector to eliminate them, but I know I'll find the right cave one of these days. We know the cave is close—maybe the one we found. Only time will tell the end of the story of Hill's Lost Cave of Wheat Gold.—Lou Tryfonas, 569 So. 170 West, Springville, Utah 84663

According to the author the cave was found a year after the story appeared. Some men managed to get some trucks out there and put their loader to good use.

Turned On By the Old West

One day while I was in the grocery store with my mother buying groceries, and just as I was about ready to leave for home, I stopped to thumb through the magazine rack to find something of interest to read. I looked over the January '76 issue of FRONTIER TIMES, and while I don't usually buy Western magazines, I thought, "What've I got to lose?" I bought it. Little did I know what a pleasant surprise was inside! I especially enjoyed the story on Sheriffs Pat and Mike Sughrue.

Now I buy FRONTIER TIMES every time I get a chance and after I'm through reading it I am already looking forward to the next issue. Thanks for turning me on to the Old West.—Mike Gill, 110 Hodge Street, Sulphur Springs, Texas 75482

No Way 'Round the Rivers

(Continued from page 37)

River, Kato was there to count all of the herds across the river. Our herd got scared at the river or smelled something that scared them and they ran and milled for an hour. We would cut small bunches from the main herd and bring them into the river in a run, but they would not get to swimming water and scatter. Some of them would swim around or behind our horses, coming back to the mad bawling mass on the bank. We finally forced the herd into the water but they did not seem to want to cross the river and milled in the water. Some were trampled under others and quite a few drowned. Some of these cattle expanded just as my horse did in the Platte and went floating down the Yellowstone with their necks bent so their heads rested on the shoulder that was out of water. There must have been fifteen or twenty of these steers floating in this manner. They were hot and winded and became exhausted soon after getting into swimming water. Most of these steers lodged on a small island which was about a mile down the river from where we crossed. We went on with our herd and Kato told us he would send some of his men to get them, as our horses were tired."

IT was little wonder that the Yellowstone River had a bad reputation for crossings. In *We Pointed Them North,* Teddy Blue Abbott said, "That Yellowstone drowned more cattle and men than any other river on the Texas Trail. It doesn't look like much of a river because it is narrow, but it is fast and awful cold, and it has an undercurrent. The danger of swimming rivers is that cattle get to milling and the first thing you know they will start to jump up and ride one another, trying to climb out, and down they will go and you will lose a lot of them."

Bob Kennon, who came to Montana with a trail herd, said in *From the Pecos to the Powder,* "On our trek north there were a number of rivers to cross. Every crossing was another struggle to get the cattle to take to the water and swim. The southern rivers were wide and sluggish, but not so with the northern ones. These were swift, with high, steep banks and mostly with clear water except the Missouri, which is always muddy, having many sand bars and treacherous holes because of the constant shifting of its course."

He had memories of the Yellowstone, too. "One time we were swimming a herd of cattle across the Yellowstone at Miles City. The river was high and swift, and another cowhand and myself were working close together midstream with the cattle. A number of people were on the bank watching us. The young cowhand working with me was from Missouri. He was a little distance in front of me when his horse hit an air pocket, and all the folks on the bank began yelling. I'd seen him there ahead of me; I looked again and he was gone. Then I hit the hole. I was riding a good strong swimmer named Antelope. For those who have never known the thrill of riding a good swimming horse in surging water, they cannot fully understand how much I loved it. You see the horse and rider are almost one, for the rider gives the horse confidence and he swims well, but all horses are not good swimmers any more than people are.

"When I hit the hole, Antelope went down. There was a big black steer right in front of him. I left Antelope in a hurry and grabbed the steer by the tail. This frightened the steer and he swam to shore, taking me with him. As I looked back, Antelope came up again and started swimming. When we hit the bank, I released the steer's tail and scrambled to safety. We found the cowhand's body about a quarter-mile downstream. He had been working to pay off a four-hundred-dollar mortgage on his parents' farm in Missouri. He had a roll of money on his person when we found him. The wagon boss sent the money to his parents, and all of us put in money for his burial and the shipment of his body to his people."

Thousands of cattle were swum back and forth across the Missouri River at Fort Benton, the mouth of the Judith, Cow Island, Rocky Point Crossing, and the mouth of the Musselshell. When grass was short south of the river, they'd cross to the north and even on up into Canada. Then later they might be brought back into the Judith Basin or over on the Musselshell. Old cowhands used to say that it was a wonder the critters didn't grow webbed feet.

Although Kid Curry later became a famous outlaw, he had a loyal friend in Jim Thornhill, his ranch partner. Illustrative of the kind of men who followed the cow herds was the event that made these two life-long friends regardless of later circumstances.

They were swimming a bunch of cattle across the Missouri River at the Rocky Point Crossing as related by Walt Coburn in his book *Pioneer Cattleman in Montana*: "It was during the fall round-up when they were repping for the Circle C [Coburn outfit] with the DHS [Davis, Hauser and Stuart Pioneer Cattle Company] wagon. They were shoving a bunch of Circle C cattle, gathered on the roundup, to the north side of the river when Thornhill's horse quit in the broad middle of the swift current. Thornhill couldn't swim a lick. Kid Curry swam his horse alongside and managed to pull the half-drowned Thornhill across his saddle and told him to hang onto the

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horn. Then the Kid grabbed hold of a steer's tail and they both managed to get ashore. When Jim Thornhill told me the story, he remarked that 'the hell of it was the Kid couldn't swim a lick either'."

TRAILING from the west also entailed crossing rivers. John Rollinson tells about crossing the Snake River at the mouth of the Weiser in *Wyoming Cattle Trails*: "We were told that trail herds could cross, and wagons could ford after high water had passed. There was also a ferry in operation here. . . . We let our stock work down to the river, and as the day was warm and they were thirsty, they soon found a good place to drink on some gravel bars that jutted out into the river from banks that were fairly steep. We could see that there was much water coming down that river, and that it was running swiftly.

"We had the sun directly overhead, so there was no light to actually shine off the water. One of the men, on an extra good swimming horse, rode out on the ford which was marked by a tripod with a cloth tied to it on the edge of the far side, and another placed farther back, thus making a range or target to follow. This man, 'Red' O'Neil, was a native of Oregon, and was used to swimming rivers, so he waded his big horse as far out on the bar as possible, then swung downstream in a quartering direction for a point on the far side where the bank was lowest, and where the marker was fastened to the tripod. After a short swim, he waded his horse out on the other side and signaled us to come on. We worked the herd as far into the current as they could hold their footing, then two of us rode to the extreme point of the cattle bunched at the end of the bar, and started a few into the river. 'Red' let his horse drop downstream so he could help point a landing when the leaders found wading water.

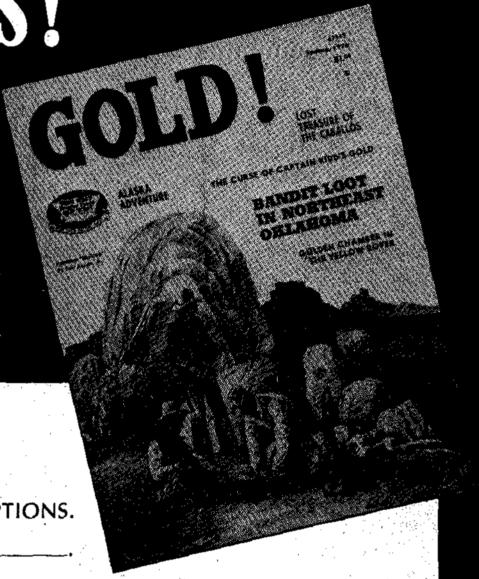
"Meanwhile we cut off another bunch and started them across. After that, a long narrow line constituting the whole herd was strung out, and was making the crossing with none turning back, no milling, and no real danger. We riders followed the herd, and the wagons came over on a ferry further downstream."

Crossing the Snake just above the mouth of the Owyhee River presented a different situation: "A corral had been built for the convenience of trail herds wanting to cross at this point. The stream was wide and deep, swimming water all the way. I should judge it was a half mile wide at this point. A chute had been built from the corral to the river, a distance of perhaps one hundred feet. The riverbank was of solid rock, well chosen for the purpose. It stood about six feet high above the water. The idea was to fill the chute and corral as full of cattle as it would hold, then as many riders as could get in would force the cattle already in the chute into the water.

"After the first few tumbled in, the others would jump in, and perhaps fifty, or maybe a hundred, would plunge into the water. Then some of them would get scared and run back in spite of the riders. Then more cattle were put into the corral. They floated down the river a good distance, in spite of a man in a boat who kept on the lower side of the herd and tried to make them go straight across. After we put about one hundred head across, I was sent over. I put my saddle in the boat, and a long rope on old 'Blue,' my horse, and the other boys shooed him into the water, and the man at the oars kept an easy distance ahead of my nag. We made it as easy for the horse as we could. When we came ashore he was good and tired. It was a long swim, and if I had been on his back I don't believe he could have made it.

"My job was to keep the cattle bunched directly across the river from the corral, so their continual bawling would keep those in the river headed in their direction, and they would all be in a bunch. When they were all across, the horses came next, and then the wagon and saddles on a flatboat with a pivot. The two oarsmen brought her across in nice shape. We put the horses to the wagon and pulled it up the bank, then gave everything an hour or two to rest. We were now in Idaho, Snake River being the line between Idaho and Oregon."

Montana and Wyoming lay ahead.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Rodeo In Magdalena

(Continued from page 31)

but they do. They pressed so close that occasionally I had to bear to the left or right to keep them from running around me. For the first fifteen miles I had Old Eagle in a high trot or a lope, and that old horse wasn't even drawing a deep breath.

Willie Anderson did little talking but he didn't miss anything. I don't think he was past fifteen but he kept his eyes open and he learned, and fast. He handled his end of the work to perfection.

By the time we reached the middle of the plains the mules were still crowding me and when a band of about twenty antelope ran across the trail in front of us I thought sure the mules would get away. They wanted to chase the antelope but we held them till the antelope stopped about a half mile ahead. They'd stop till we got pretty close, then run ahead again. And they kept that up all the way to the edge of the plains.

WE REACHED Wolfe Wells shortly after the sun indicated that it was past noon. The corrals were big and I anticipated no trouble in getting the mules into one of them. I rode ahead, with Willie in the rear. When I reached the back of the corral most of the mules were right behind me, but before Willie could close in, three broke out. I yelled to Willie that we'd try it again.

When we started them toward the corral again only four came and I knew it was hopeless. I knew, too, that if we let them go they'd get together and we could pen all of them. So I told Willie to let them go and we'd make it to Magdalena.

Seven or eight miles from town we met Morley in what he called his limousine—a Ford sedan. He turned around and started back to town; he had a bale of hay tied to the spare tire. We'd reached the timber and it just happened that we'd struck the only spot on the road where you could see a mile ahead. Morley had known that no telling what might have happened if the mules had seen and heard the car, for there weren't more than two or three in the country and everybody gave them a wide berth.

At Magdalena seven or eight cowboys helped us corral the mules. Morley had hired as many as he could to help at the rodeo grounds. I could see that they were impressed. They were impressed also by Old Eagle who was still looking for more country and didn't seem tired.

Magdalena had more people than I'd ever seen there before. And like us, all the men seemed to be hitting for the bars. Every rancher in the country had brought his family but didn't take them into the saloons, of course. Bartenders were doing a land office business and cowboys were pushing and crowding to see the famous rodeo performers among whom were world champions such as Hugh Strickland, Milt Hinkle, Leonard Stroud, and Cheyenne Kaiser.

Willie and I made the rounds of the bars just to hear the tall tales the cowboys, silent on the range, were telling when their tongues were lubricated. They were spilling windies, each one trying to tell a bigger yarn than the last.

There were poker games going on in every bar and when a cowboy would win a big pot he would order drinks for the house.

Of course we ran into Morley and of course he wanted to know why we hadn't stayed at Wolfe Wells. I told him we couldn't corral the mules and I was afraid they'd scatter. He nodded and said I'd done the right thing. He never mentioned it again. Ray Morley was the kind that when he told you to do something he expected it to be done and to be done as he told you to do it.

THERE WERE about twenty cowboys there in uniform, on furlough to compete in the rodeo. But it was a horse in the pitching string that stole the show. He'd had a lot of publicity as the world's worst pitching horse. He was a big powerful dun with a black stripe down his spine. His name was Dun Gone. He was so gentle that kids could ride him till you put him in the chute; there he was a booger. A cowboy from Texas was slated to ride him.

I was sitting on my horse close to the gate when Dun Gone came out of the chute with Angelo Hughes aboard. He came out jumping high. After two jumps he reared high in the air, almost straight up on his hind legs, and swapped ends. It seemed to me that Hughes' feet went twenty feet high. A photograph shows Hughes after he'd fallen several feet, with his spurs still pretty high. When Hughes hit the ground he didn't move. They carried him off on a stretcher, but by evening word came that he was none the worse for riding Dun Gone.

Another event was the bulldogging of a steer from an automobile, and I believe that day was the first time it was ever done.

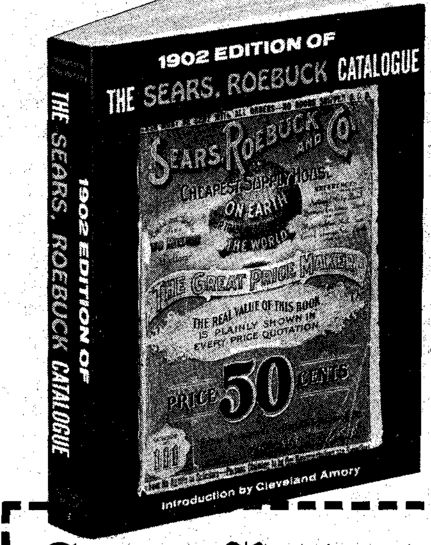
Next Leonard Stroud, a trick rider, crawled completely under his horse, going down on the right side and coming up from the left while riding at a dead run. Leonard Stroud was a good roper, too, and could bulldog. In fact he was a superb all-around cowboy.

Fog Horn Clancy was the announcer. He used a megaphone at least three feet long and nobody had any difficulty hearing him.

The mule race was the big event and was listed last. When Clancy announced it, a cowboy dragged a mule out into the arena and snubbed it to the saddle horn of a rider. The mule rider and his helper eared him down and saddled him.

When all the mules were saddled the starter dropped the flag. Only two mules ran, both of them the wrong direction. One lay down, one pitched for awhile, and the rest just sulked and didn't move fifty feet. Morley was disappointed and that night he told me to take the damn things back and turn them out.

There still was one good thing about the trouble we'd gone to, to get them to Magdalena, so I thought—but I was wrong. When I got back to the Drag A, I asked Tom Reynolds if I might keep Old Eagle in my mount. He grinned, shook his head, and said, "Sorry! I need him too bad."



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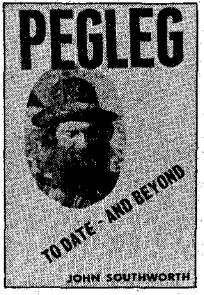

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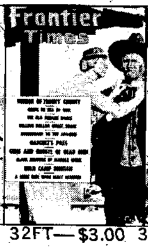
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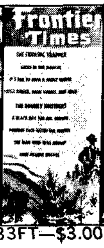
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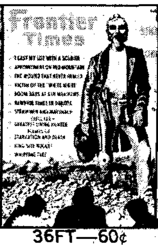
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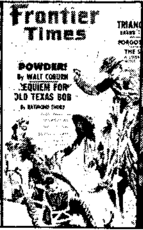
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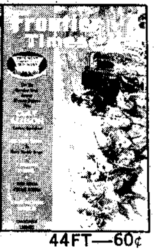
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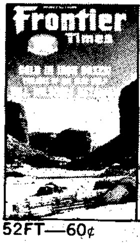
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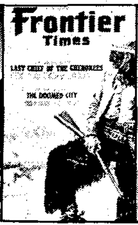
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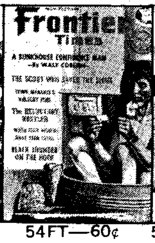
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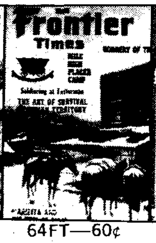
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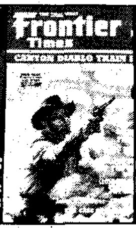
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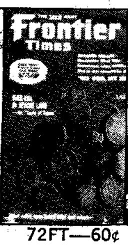
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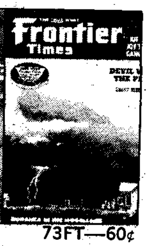
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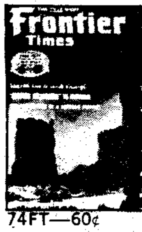
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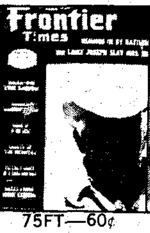
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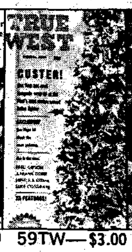
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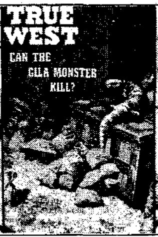
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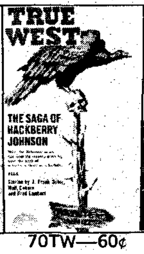
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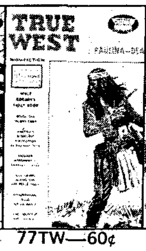
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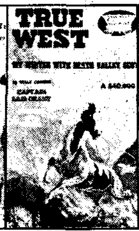
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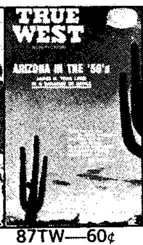
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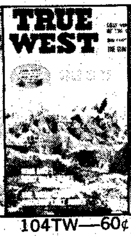
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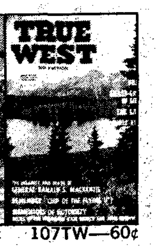
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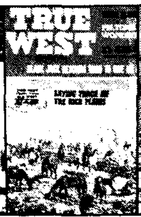
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Nuggets

(Continued from page 35)

breakdowns, and parts, and mechanical failures which he could not solve. Such was life on the farm!

GALVANIZED YANKEES ATTACKED

IT was often true that the Indian was more ill-equipped than the soldier who pursued him. On May 18, 1865, however, the rule did not hold true when a detachment of 3rd U.S. Volunteers, composed of "Galvanized Yankees," was attacked by Indians on the road east of Fort Kearny.

These men, Confederate prisoners who had been released from military compounds by promising to help the Federals fight the Indians, were convalescents from Fort Leavenworth Military Hospital.

On May 10 they left Leavenworth to join their companies in Nebraska. The highest ranking soldier among them was Sergeant Jefferson Fields of C Company. For some reason no arms were issued to them before departure. Sergeant Fields' detachment was accompanied by a six-mule wagon with a civilian teamster. They moved up the Little Blue and at 2 p.m. on May 18 were two miles east of Elm Creek Station. There the Indians found them—15 Southern Bluecoats without a single rifle or revolver. The Indians simply rode up, met no resistance, and decided to capture and plunder the loaded wagon.

In a matter of seconds two soldiers were dead, six wounded. Washington Fulton, a teamster and one of the first to be wounded, told how he watched helplessly while a soldier was stuck with a saber, knocked down and scalped while still alive. The scalped soldier, Private John W. Twyman of Company H, lived to tell about it: "I was attacked by one of them with a U.S. saber, who struck me three times, knocking me down. Then he returned to the party and another of them came to me and scalped me, then he hit me with the saber and left."

Because they had been told in Leavenworth that they would pass through friendly Pawnee country, these badly mauled Southerners, who were still too new to the frontier to distinguish one tribesman from another, decided among themselves that their attackers were a band of clever, deceitful Pawnees. In Leavenworth, General Dodge had learned of the attack on the Galvanized Yankees and immediately demanded that the post commander explain why they were sent out with no arms. Instead of requesting Leavenworth headquarters to seek out and court-martial an army officer, Sub District Commander Colonel Robert Livingston at Fort Kearny chose to place all blame upon the Indians.

In his haste to affix blame upon Indians, Livingston informed General Connor that evidence proved conclusively that mules later sold to the army by Pawnee buffalo hunters had been hauling the wagons in the detachment of 3rd U.S. Volunteers. The presence of Indians on the road at the time of attack, he thought, fixed the murders on the Pawnees. A detachment of soldiers, including a Galvanized Yankee, was sent to the Pawnee reservation. They examined every Indian and all their stock but could identify neither the Indians nor the stock as having been in the attacking party. Conclusive evidence regarding the perpetrators of the incident apparently were never discovered.

The key to the situation lay in the testimony of the scalped soldier, Private Twyman. He recalled the broken English of his attackers, who were vowing revenge against whites they said had broken a treaty. They must have referred to an incident of November 1864, in which Colonel John Chivington, a former Nebraskan and Methodist minister, attacked without warning the Cheyenne encampment at Sand Creek in eastern Colorado. "Remember Sand Creek" became the war cry of the Cheyennes and their allies as they ravaged the Nebraska countryside.—*Courtesy Nebraska Historical Society, Lincoln.*

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The Murder Of Albert Parker

(Continued from page 19)

scoundrels calling themselves the Invisible Empire.

"Isaac Murphy left office with Arkansas in good condition financially, but he sat on his hind-end and let Bob Shaver organize and recruit better than 20,000 Ku Klux—eighty percent of the Democrat Party. That, as you know, has split the party all to hell."

It was unnecessary to tell Parker what the Klansmen had been doing. For some time he had been keeping up with their activities through the newspapers. Powell Clayton's Republican Party, with its northern proclivity, was already in trouble to the point that he was seeking support from the Ante Bellum Democrats to help counter Shaver and the Klan.

When accused of being a Carpetbagger, Clayton steadfastly proclaimed his innocence, indignantly and stoutly denying any affiliation. Personally Parker felt confident that the Governor's ultimate goal was to reunite the state with the Union, as quickly and as easily as possible.

ON presentation of Walker's letter, the Governor readily invited Parker into his office. In short, Clayton realized immediately that this man was who he was looking for to go undercover and investigate the activities of the Ku Klux Klan.

Clayton outlined his scheme to undermine the Empire with men he had handpicked and screened. These men would be under the supervision of the Governor's office, as well as being responsible to Adjutant General Keyes Danforth, commander of the newly organized State Militia. As special investigators they would be assigned to various counties to ferret out important figures in the Klan's operation. Where necessary, martial law would be imposed until order could be restored.

Albert Parker and General Danforth were immediately brought together. Parker was assigned to White County, where he was to investigate the attempted assassination of Senator Steven Wheeler, as well as the murder of Ban Humphries, an intelligent and influential Negro leader. Parker was to handle the investigation at his own discretion, but it was suggested he pose as a cattle buyer from Texas. Having experience as a cattleman and having lived in Texas, it was thought he could act the part convincingly.

It was a hot day in early September when Albert Parker stepped from the stage in Searcy, directly in front of a store displaying a sign reading "Greer and Baucum." Entering the store, Parker asked to be directed to a reliable hotel. "Two blocks south and a block east is the Yarnell. It's the best place in town to stay," a young man answered, smiling politely.

After lodging arrangements had been made, Parker left the hotel and walked the three blocks back to town. Greer and Baucum's store was situated at the corner of Spring and Market Streets, facing west. At that corner Parker turned west and crossed the street. The next two blocks contained a jumble of false-front buildings, all in a bad state of repair. But despite their shabby condition, Parker noted every building was occupied and bustling with activity.

At the next corner on the right stood a huge two-story log building with an identifying sign that simply read, "Court House." Next to it was a print shop, the *White County Record.* "This would be Jacob Frolich's," Parker thought, remembering what General Danforth had said about Frolich's timely editorials.

The General had described the *Record's* editor and his open contempt for the Negro population, for Carpetbaggers, and for the *Arkansas Daily Republican,* a newspaper which denounced Shaver and the Klan. Somehow, the belligerent little Searcy editor always beat the *Daily Republican* to the punch by accusing the Carpetbag forces for things the *Daily* later blamed on the Klan.

IT HAD BEEN Parker's plan to go to the printing office and have handbills struck, explaining his cattle buying enterprise in the process. He figured the more his presence was circulated, the more widespread his contacts would be. While knowing full well his best information would come from within the limits of Searcy, it would be smart to move freely about the county.

Inside the small print shop he was met by a wiry little man, middle-aged and sporting a full growth of jet-black beard. From beneath heavy brows, his beady eyes seemed to pierce the very depth of anyone before him. Parker felt the urge to turn and walk out, but his better judgment told him this could be his first step toward gaining the information he needed.

"I'm Jacob Frolich, owner of the *Record.* What can I do for you?" The voice was authoritative, crisp and biting. Before Parker could answer, Frolich remarked, "You're a stranger in Searcy, I believe."

Suddenly Parker didn't like the man. He hated the arrogance plainly visible in the way he kept triumphantly rubbing his hands together and the provoking shift of his beady eyes. From a personal viewpoint, of course, he hated everything Frolich stood for.

Fully realizing that the little printer would be a difficult proposition, where extracting information was concerned, Parker simply stated his business and after bidding Frolich a pleasant good-day, left the building.

As he walked back up the street, he had a feeling that his trip to the *Record* had been anything but successful. All he had gained was an impression: Jacob Frolich was a prime candidate as one qualified to administer the decrees of the Invisible Empire.

Parker's next stop was at Greer and Baucum's store where he made friends with John McCauley, the young man he had spoken with earlier. John had clerked at the store only a short while, having moved to Searcy from Fairview (Pleasant Plains) in Independence County, twenty-five miles to the north. In May of that year, an enterprising young land investor from Memphis, Leroy Burrow, had recommended John for the job at Greer and Baucum's.

Later Parker learned that Burrow had made his first appearance in White County sometime in late April of 1867. He had been quick to make contact with several of the more prominent citizens in Searcy, such as Dandridge McRae, William Brundidge, and the *Record's* editor, Jacob Frolich.

McRae was an attorney and during the war had been a soldier, climbing to the rank of general in the Confederate Army.

Brundige was also an attorney, somewhat older than McRae and well known throughout the state as a successful trial lawyer. These men, along with William Edwards, John Holland, and John Lewis—to name a few—helped Burrow to quickly gain stature in the community.

In the coming weeks, Albert Parker learned much relative to the organization and operation of the Empire. Bit by bit, pieces began falling in place. He found that John Lewis had been foiled in the assassination of Senator Wheeler. He also uncovered the mystery of the Ban Humphries murder. Brundige, Russell, and a man named Howell Brady, had killed the Negro leader on a lonely road near West Point, a port town on Little Red River.

Parker compiled all the information he had gathered during his short stint of investigation in a letter to Governor Clayton. He addressed the letter to a Mr. Pugh in Little Rock, to avert suspicion.

IT APPEARS that Albert Parker put too much emphasis on his detective duties and not enough on buying cattle to keep his Searcy acquaintances from wondering about the situation. At one of the midnight meetings, Jacob Frolich brought up the subject. After much debate it was decided that a tight surveillance should be placed on Parker's activities. A Klan member employed at the post office was cautioned to be on guard for all incoming and outgoing mail concerning the suspect.

On October 13, 1868 Parker posted a letter with enough evidence to bring every Klan member belonging to the Searcy Den under investigation—possibly enough to bring martial law to the county. In several areas the Empire was already feeling the effects of the State Militia as it swept down on the masked midnight riders.

The names and incidents appearing hereafter are a matter of record in both the Little Rock *Daily Republican* and the *Arkansas Gazette*, dating from October 1868 through August 25, 1871. Information was also derived from Governor Clayton's book, *The Aftermath of the Civil War in Arkansas.*

McRae, Frolich and Russell called a special meeting of the Searcy Den for midnight October 13, 1868, during which a committee of five men—called "Yahoos"—were appointed to dispose of Parker. The five were John Holland, William Edwards, William Brundige, Leroy Burrow, and John McCauley. James Russell, Head Cyclops of the Searcy Den, was to deliver the victim to his executioners at the White Sulphur Spring in Spring Park on the night of October 14, at around ten o'clock.

On the fatal night Russell encountered Parker leaving Greer and Baucum's store and invited Parker to accompany him to the park while he drew a bucket of water. On the way they talked of things in general until they came to the White Sulphur Spring. As they mounted the steps to the spring, hooded men with drawn revolvers appeared from the darkness. Russell turned and disappeared in the direction he and Parker had come.

While the Klansmen had donned white hoods to conceal their identity, they had omitted the remainder of their usual garb and Parker had no trouble identifying each of his captors. He was familiar with all of them in their roles as citizens and their alleged involvement with the Empire.

After the first shock had passed, Parker tried to turn the confrontation into a practical joke. But he was assured it was no joke; their job was simply to kill him. In disbelief he asked their motive. Parker was told he had written Governor Clayton, revealing information pertinent to the activities of the Ku Klux Klan in White County.

When Parker denied the charge, he was told that the letter had been intercepted at the post office by a member of the Klan and delivered to the Head Cyclops for examination. After a lengthy debate, the Den members had voted to dispose of him.

Parker was led a half-mile southwest of Searcy to what was then the McConnaha farm, shot several times, and dropped into a dug-well. A number of posts and timbers were used to press the body to the bottom and secure it in this position.

TWO DAYS later Jacob Frolich wrote one of his stimulating editorials in the *White County Record:*

"It is grievant to learn our good friend, Albert Parker, has suddenly left town without paying his hotel bill. Being the gentleman he was in our midst, it is hard to believe Mr. Parker would, of his own freewill, abscond leaving Mr. Yarnell holding an unpaid bill in the sum of $18.00. Though his acquaintance was short, the good citizens of our fair city regret losing this honorable Democrat, which could have been a great asset in the coming election. It is the opinion of this paper, as well as the opinion of many of our good citizens of Searcy, the so-called Royal Loyal League may know more about the situation than they care to admit."

Again Frolich had been quick to use his pen in an effort to involve the black population supporting the Republican Party. Less than a year before a group of Negroes had come together organizing the Royal Loyal League, fighting for their legal admission to the voting polls, ignoring all threats made by the Empire.

With Ban Humphries' murder, Frolich had made an open accusation against the League, claiming the murder was brought about by discord among the rank and file. But try as they might, the Klan failed to keep the black organization from growing. By the summer of '68 over 200 Negroes had banded together, determined to go to the polls in the next election.

As the months went by, Albert Parker was forgotten by all except perhaps those who had so ruthlessly murdered him. Then, just short of a year, on September 10, 1869, bits of clothing, strands of matted hair and fragments of decaying flesh began to surface at the dug-well. The body was removed from the well and identified by those knowing him personally. John McCauley was one who came forward to help with the identification. That night McCauley quit his job at Greer and Baucum's and returned to his home in Fairview. He was not seen again in Searcy until Circuit Court convened in March 1870. It is not recorded, but is presumed that he returned as a witness in some other case.

In the last week of March 1870, Major F. M. Chrisman, an Ante Bellum Democrat and a former Confederate officer newly appointed to be Circuit Superintendent of Public Instruction, received vital information that brought the unsolved Parker murder to a speedy conclusion.

The same week Circuit Court was in session, Chrisman was forced to share a room with John McCauley because of overcrowded conditions at the hotel. During the night Chrisman was awakened by sobs and groans coming from McCauley. When questioned, McCauley told Chrisman he had been mentally tormented since the day he helped remove Parker's body from the well on the McConnaha farm. He confessed he had helped Burrow, Holland, Brundige and Edwards kill Parker, after James Russell had enticed the victim to Spring Park.

On June 2, 1870 McCauley made a sworn statement to the same effect, but added that McRae and Frolich had known of the intended murder and had helped appoint the five Yahoos who did the killing.

WHEN General Keyes Danforth arrived in Searcy, he could only find Russell, Holland, Edwards and McCauley—all had been hidden away on a farm belonging to Major Chrisman's brother, Issac. Leroy Burrow was on a business trip to Memphis and not expected back for several days. He was later apprehended on a riverboat at DeValls Bluff and taken to Little Rock, as were the others.

Frolich slipped out of Searcy after dark, reportedly heading for the Canadian border. Dandridge McRae was sought in vain, though the State Militia made every effort. Years later McRae said he had taken refuge with a Union sympathizer he had befriended during the war in Woodruff County across White River.

William Brundidge had taken flight to Texas soon after Parker's body was recovered from the well. After John McCauley's sworn statement, Brundidge was never mentioned again, either in the indictments or the trial records.

On January 10, 1871 a trial was held in DeValls Bluff, Prairie County, on a change of venue for Edwards, Holland and Russell for the murder of Albert Parker. Prosecutor Yonley asked for a continuance, so Judge John Whytock consented to release the prisoners on $5,000 bond each.

During the next six months several political ploys were made. Judge Whytock, who was slated for Chief Justice, relinquished his circuit judgeship to former defense attorney Colonel Sol F. Clark, who in turn immediately called Circuit Court into session in White County. McCauley was tried with Edwards, Holland and Russell, all receiving a verdict of not guilty.

In the meantime, friends of Frolich and McRae had made a deal with Joseph Brooks, a so-called "Brindletailed" Republican candidate for governor, not to field any Democratic candidates in the coming election for the guaranteed freedom of all accused in the Parker affair. After being promised acquittal by "hook or crook," Frolich and McRae came out of hiding, posted bond and waited for trial, docketed for August 25, 1871.

It is noted in Criminal Court Docket A—page 79, dated August 21, 1871—that Leroy Burrow was to appear with Frolich and McRae. However, no mention was made of him thereafter. In Powell Clayton's book, no mention was made of Burrow after he had turned states evidence. It is believed by most local historians that he was closely tied to General Forrest in organizing the Empire in Arkansas; also that Burrow was released through compromise between the two opposing factions trying to gain political control of Arkansas.

So on August 25, 1871 Frolich and McRae—without Burrow—were brought to trial. The prosecution asked for a continuance, but was denied by Judge Clark and the trial went on. The next day the jury returned a verdict of not guilty, without leaving the jury box.

In answer to criticism by the *Republican Daily* of September 7, Judge Clark wrote a letter to the *Arkansas Gazette*, revealing that the Frolich-McRae jury had been selected by the White County Sheriff—a Governor Clayton appointee. He also pointed out that all the prosecution's witnesses had been dismissed by the prosecutor.

However tragic the whole affair seems, it would be shameful not to make certain remarks concerning some of the accused. Despite the documents of evidence, Dandridge McRae before his death in 1899 proved to be one of the greatest public servants in Arkansas history. After over a hundred years his presence is still felt in both county and state. One of the finest elementary schools in Central Arkansas bears his name. Across the street from the school stands the old McRae home, where through days and nights of loneliness it sheltered the family while he executed his duties as brigadier-general in the Confederate Army.

John A. McCauley returned to the farming region in Independence County. I have been unable to trace his movements beyond a few months after the Parker incident ended. The graves of his father and that of his grandmother, along with many other relatives, have been located—but no John A. McCauley.

Jacob Frolich is believed to have returned to his native Canada. William Brundidge evidently never returned to White County, as there is no gravestone or even an unmarked grave in the old Brundidge family burial plot, indicating as much. All the rest accused in the records lived out their life spans in dutiful service to the community.

While time has all but erased the violent years of Reconstruction, a flame is still easily kindled from the spark of the eyes of an old-timer when questioned about the past. It would be a mistake to say that they or their fathers ever agreed with the words so boldly written by Powell Clayton:

"It is a monstrous proposition that five men called 'Yahoos' should have been vested with power to seal the fate of an American citizen, and take the life of a man doomed by their decision and then, by the very strength of the organization on whose behalf they acted, escape the consequence of their awful crimes."

His statement is true, of course, but events have to be judged in the context of the circumstances under which they occurred. I have talked with Dandridge McRae's 91-year-old grand-daughter. She had read many accounts and heard many stories of the General's activities with the Klan, but it was her opinion that he did what he felt he had to do. For most Southerners, and even for men in the border states, the Civil War was still going on during Reconstruction days. Enemies and spies were in their midst—disguised in civilian clothing—and terrible deeds were committed by ex-Confederates whose minds and hearts had been unhinged by the Bloody Sixties.

Johnny Behan Of Tombstone

(Continued from page 9)

to surrender the assessment roll to the incoming Republican sheriff, claiming that he had the right as ex-sheriff to collect the delinquent taxes. On his refusal to surrender the tax roll he was indicted under our statute for refusing to turn over to his successor in office the records of office. At this time I was prosecuting attorney. I advised the incoming Sheriff and the Grand Jury that Mr. Behan under our statutes had the right to collect the delinquent taxes. The indictment, however, was found by a partisan grand jury and was nolle prossed by me in open court. . . ."

The question, judging from the indictments, doesn't seem to have been Behan's right to collect the delinquent taxes, but his right to pocket them. This is expressed by another letter relative to the same pending appointment of Johnny as Customs Agent, this one from W. K. Meade, then Marshal of Arizona Territory which reads part: "Replying to your inquiry regarding indictments found against John H. Behan in Cochise County, Arizona, I would state that I was living in said County during the time Mr. Behan was sheriff by appointment from Governor John C. Fremont, that it was a notorious fact that he left the Office a large defaulter and that said defaulcation [sic] has not been made good.

"Mr. Behan was also indicted several times for embezzlement of the county funds."

MARSHAL Meade should have been in a position to know Johnny well enough personally, having been in the 1879 Arizona House of Representatives with him. It was a small chummy club then, having but eighteen members (including Thomas Fitch, who later became Wyatt Earp's lawyer, and Sam Purdy who took over the *Epitaph* when Clum

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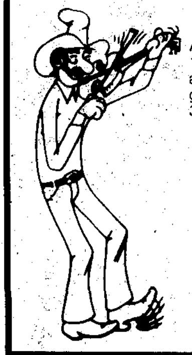

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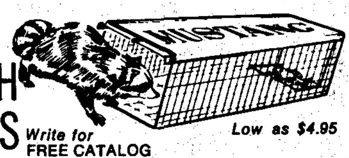

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sold out—and, as we shall see later, he did Johnny a great favor at Yuma).

Among other lesser known facts of Johnny's sojourn at Tombstone, revealed by Mrs. Earp in her memoirs, was the fact that the Earps had strong reason to suspect Behan of attempts to bribe Justice Wells Spicer into binding them over for trial for the shooting of the McLaurys and Billy Clanton. This is confirmed by an open letter of Wells Spicer published in the *Epitaph* in December, 1881. In this bribery effort Johnny was hand in glove with a McLaury half-brother Will, a Ft. Worth attorney who admitted later, in letters to his father, both his financial contributions to getting the Earps railroaded and his success in having Virgil Earp crippled by hired assassins, and Morgan Earp killed. These letters are now in custody of the Arizona Historical Society.

Most interesting, in view of the narrow escape Johnny had, is Mrs. Earp's revelation that upon the murder of Morgan Earp, Doc Holliday that night went on a furious door-to-door search for either Behan or Will McLaury, pistols in his hands. Wyatt Earp had to take time out from the dolorous task of seeing to his brother's body to get Doc in hand. As it turned out after the coroner's jury finding Wyatt came around to Doc's view of how to handle the case. It is something of a miracle that they did not settle Johnny's case personally. Undoubtedly only Johnny's position as sheriff saved him from the same fate as Curly Bill, Stilwell, Indian Charlie and Ringo, among others. It is interesting to speculate what would have happened if they'd caught him out in the chaparral with no witnesses.

Though his days in Tombstone marked the zenith in Johnny Behan's notoriety, some of the other vignettes that add flavor to an appraisal of his character and career should be mentioned.

For example, the *Arizona Weekly Miner* of Prescott, October 3, 1879 mentions one of Johnny's unfortunate encounters: "Hon. John H. Behan had occasion to call at the Chinese laundry this P.M., when a controversy arose, leading to some half-dozen of the pig-tail race making an assault on him with clubs. He tried to defend himself with a revolver, which, unfortunately, failed to work. He received several severe cuts about the head." Shortly after, he had left town to live in Gillett. He was residing there when he first met Josephine Marcus, the future Mrs. Earp.

After Johnny's eclipse at Tombstone, losing the shrievalty in an 1882 election, he hung around that town practicing his usual vocation—minor politician—and his

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usual avocation, women. The file of "Bert" letters contains one in which she reveals her full name as Bert Dunbar. It also indicates that she was obviously an employee of a newspaper edited by John O. Dunbar. One wonders if she were Dunbar's wife. I have not yet discovered the truth regarding this, since the official marriage records of Cochise County list only N. W. Brunner, wed to John O. Dunbar, Book 1-page 41-1883.

N. L. Brunner must have been Dunbar's first wife, as later Phoenix, Arizona city directories refer to his wife as Emma B.

Bert referred to Johnny as "dear old brown eyes" and "darling," wishing for his arms around her and his warm kisses, but the atmosphere changed with an 1886 letter which reveals that Bert intercepted a letter from him to Carry Gregory. Her next letter to Johnny opens "Friend Johnny." Apparently Johnny had addressed Carry as "pet," for Bert acidly comments: "I cannot say I was very much pleased by the *pet* part of it but of course that is none of my business, you can have as many pets as you like." We may assume he tried.

In another of Bert's letters dated September 28, 1886, probably before the one above, as will appear, she commented: "I spent this eve with Mrs. Gn. and A.T. Could not be lively to save my life. A. T. said he knew what was the matter, 'i.e. I was thinking of Johnny Behan and that I was very foolish as you were one of the most unloving dispositions he had ever known, that he had never known you to be the least bit in love with any woman and that all you cared to do was flirt.' He thought he was hurting me awfully, but on the contrary he was only making my heart glad, for my darling I *do* believe you love me." So much for the enduring gullibility of Johnny's paramours. The "friend" letter certainly must have come later, though the dates do not reveal this positively.

ABOUT this time it is obvious from the Bert letters that Johnny was pulling up stakes in Tombstone. He next landed a political job as assistant "super" of the *famous* "hellhole" *state* pen *at* Yuma. Here, among other things, he was to kill an escapee during an attempted mass breakout. Perhaps what is less known is that our Johnny Behan was still addicted to bouts with the bottle. A news article headed "Johnny's Jubilee" tells about his driving his team and buggy into a Yuma saloon and shooting up the place. Happily for him the bartender lacked either a shotgun, or guts enough to use it, or both. The customers exited through the windows and Johnny ended up in the local jail.

Again Johnny's connections came in handy. Sam Purdy was by this time back in Yuma and was prosecuting attorney. Like Marcus A. Smith he nolle prossed the case against his friend.

Johnny wasn't in trouble again until he refused to vacate his office, a reluctance which appears to have been a peculiar trait of his. A court order finally was necessary.

As far as the record goes, Johnny's next public office was as Customs Inspector and Chinese Inspector at El Paso from June 3, 1893 to April 30, 1897. In that same hiring record also appears incomplete reference to a rape case in Los Angeles in which Johnny seems to have been implicated. The principal accused was Edwin Mayes; the year was 1883. This is referred to in a January 6, 1894 letter of J. B. Wagstaff, Special Agent of the Treasury Department, to C. S. Hamlin Assistant Secretary of the Treasury (copy in the National Archives). There always seems just enough smoke surrounding Johnny Behan's doings to suggest some fire.

Johnny's *obituary mentions* that he was a commissary officer for the Army in the Spanish-American War in Cuba and later in the Boxer Rebellion. One cannot but wonder if his final accounts balanced. Further it is indicated that he worked as a commissary officer for railroads for many years. At the time of his June 1912 death at Tucson he was the leading contender for the job of superintendent of the Veterans' facility at Prescott—an office seeker to the end.

But he deserves a better epitaph than that. He was obviously a man of intelligence, great personal charm, considerable executive ability—also pliable ethics.

Two Months With California Bandits

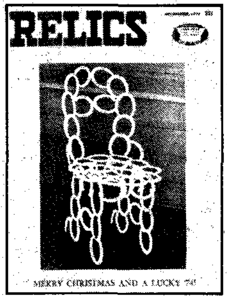
(Continued from page 27)

Their clothing too was very much torn and covered with dirt and dust, and the majority of them were very footsore. For a long time I was afraid to ask them any questions, going on the principle of "least said soonest mended," especially as the question of cutting off my ear, etc., was discussed for the first time.

At last I learned that there were some 500 soldiers around the Yosemite region and posts on all the main peaks so that the bandits were unable to remain near any one spot for long. And most surprising was that isolated farmers and ranchers were for the first time not providing bread and other staples. It seemed that California authorities were determined once and for all to rid the state of this lawless group.

This talk about cutting off my ear was real. To them it was the only way of spurring up the zeal of relatives and friends in forwarding the ransom. Once they were apparently so nearly on the *point of doing this that* I made up my mind to cut off the top of an ear myself in the hope of saving the remainder. I reasoned that a piece would probably answer the brigands' purpose as well as the whole ear; and if only the top was gone I could hide the mutilation by my hair grown longer than usual.

Once Kirby himself suggested to send my beard "with a piece of the chin attached." And with that he broke into uncontrollable laughter—the first I had experienced in my two months stay with him. The other bandits had a very disagreeable habit of discussing before me the best places to strike in order to kill me and of thrusting their long knives between my body and arms. But I tried to meet all their threats very coolly, telling them that they might kill me as soon as



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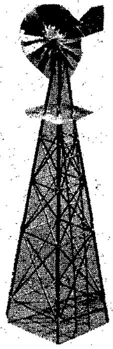

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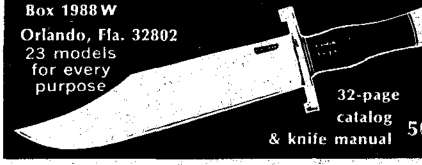

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they pleased. I think my pluck clearly won their admiration and most likely their threats were never quite seriously meant, although it was clear that they would never have allowed me to be rescued alive.

Kirby kept very good discipline among his men. Jack Todd, alias John Stewart, was the true disciplinarian. Never would he hesitate in smacking a fellow bandit if he got out of line. Never did I see any alcohol in camp. Once a bandit had a bottle of whiskey he had taken in the looting of a nearby cabin and Todd had the man beaten with a strap until blood oozed from the welts in his back. Todd never smiled or spoke and I think he was Kirby's most trusted man. The two were inseparable with the exception of when Kirby led scouting parties down from the camps. At that time, Todd was in camp and the other brigands were not only careful in how they behaved, but in what they said.

Once Thomas Reynolds got into a noisy quarrel with a companion. Kirby ordered him to be quiet and as the command was not at once obeyed, he rushed upon him, knocked him down, and kept hitting him and rubbing his face on the stones until he was bruised to a jelly. And all the time Todd eyed the other outlaws for a sign of revolt.

It was not very easy to be merry under such circumstances. But when, for example, we got hold of a sheep and dared to make a fire to roast it, the gang made a very fair attempt at jollity, roaring out songs and requesting one from me. They were greatly surprised and disappointed to learn that singing was not one of my better accomplishments and I asked if I might take a group picture of them. But again the shrewd Kirby forbade it.

Meanwhile, my dear wife was making all the strenuous exertions to raise and bring the money to Sonora for the ransom. There was no difficulty in getting the money there, but how was the exchange to take place? I was worried.

Almost two months had passed and I was still with the outlaws. Although depressed, I was still alive and relatively healthy. Finally Kirby decided to send his trusted aide and a woman he slept with every night, Mary O'Cammon, to Sonora where she would quietly make contact with my wife. I was asked to write a lengthy letter explaining my condition and asking my wife to trust Mary and not reveal her to the authorities.

She was to be accompanied by Peter Early, alias Charles Hamilton, who would pose as Mary's husband. Kirby gave them several gold coins to live in Sonora's Grand Palace, the luxurious hotel of the Mother Lode. Kirby himself wrote a message to my wife:

I can do nothing more to save your husband because my band requires the $10,000 absolutely, otherwise they will dismember him. Therefore then, with many tears from Mr. Bourke, I intercede and implore you to give the money to my staff. You can be assured that your husband will be returned to you in safe manner. I am an honorable man.

AT LENGTH, the two outlaws made their way into Sonora where they were unobserved and a few days later made contact with my wife during dinner in the hotel's dining room. She was so startled and elated she rushed up to her room where she had ever so carefully hidden the ransom in the joint of her brass bed. Neither the local authorities nor the state government knew anything about this. Within minutes she was back in the dining room and seeing Mary heading for the entrance doors quickly followed. The exchange was made in as blunt and simple a fashion as possible. My wife thrust the entire amount, a large bundle indeed, right into Mary's hands. Embarrassed, Mary looked around to see if anyone was watching. Peter Early was a few feet away with guns ready under a jacket folded over. Mary said nothing and placed the bundle of $100 bills into her bag. She then handed my wife the following note.

Mrs. Bourke: Proceed to Merced. You will find your husband there in three days. I have received from you the amount of $10,000 in one payment for the ransom of your husband. Captain Robert L. Kirby, June 12, 1889

With the ransom paid, it was not a very easy thing to get me to Merced in safety. But Kirby had promised that he would do all he could to keep me from danger and I had complete faith that he would be bound by honor as a bandit chief to deliver me to my wife. When the money was brought back to camp by Mary and Peter it was fairly divided among the gang. There had been originally twenty of them, but two had been shot by the troops, another had fallen accidentally over a precipice and broken his neck, five had been captured, one had surrendered, one had accidentally shot herself while foraging, and three had quarreled with the others and were therefore excluded from any share of the money, so that there were but seven to share in the $10,000.

Me and my captors parted with all due formalities. Kirby took off his hat and putting some silver in it went around making a collection so that as he phrased it, "Mr. Bourke might travel back to Merced and Los Angeles like a gentleman." The band, most of whom were cleaned out by gambling, were not very liberal, I must say, whereupon Kirby took some money from the common bag and made up the sum of $50.

All my photographic equipment was returned to me, as well as my horse and mule. Again, I politely asked if I might take their picture as a total group and for the first time Kirby agreed! I was most excited and set up camera, but at that moment, he was called away on business. Again troops were in the area and we had to depart camp immediately. That is one photograph I would have given another $10,000 to take.

Later that night, Bill Maynard, one of the guards who had befriended me, gave me a ring as a keepsake. Wee Willie Thornton after some hesitation exchanged for my pen knife his own great knife with which he had killed two men. Kate McShane, who had been the most ferocious woman of the gang, and who was always hinting about cutting off my ears, walked up and gave a couple of silver coins which I accepted with thanks. She also handed me a small loaf of white bread and a little omelette. Then came the final parting. Kirby asked what I would say to the head of the militia, the police, and the State of California about him and his gang.

I replied that I would say that his band of about twenty had been a match for an army of 1,000 soldiers. Kirby was highly delighted, rubbed his hands with glee, and gave me two more rings. He said he was quite satisfied with the amount which had been paid him and all was well in his world. I advised him to give up the life of the bandit since the militia had sent and would continue to send large numbers of troops after him.

I shook hands all around with them, they parting with me in the most friendly manner. Kirby wished me a pleasant journey, waving his arm to me while I was led away with my horse and mule by the guide who would take me through the mountains down to Merced. I had been captive with them sixty-two days, during all of which time I had never entered a house. It was indeed with some mixed emotions that I took my leave of these most unusual men outside the law.

A day later, my guide pointed through a clump of trees in the forest we had been crossing to a pair of railroad tracks. He explained that me and my animals were to continue down those tracks and across the nearby bridge where I would soon encounter the little village of Dutch Flat Station where I could then connect with a stage ride over to Merced where my wife would be waiting. Parting with my guide, I descended the slope to the tracks and followed them as I was told. Not a soul was in sight and I must have walked for several hours before reaching the Weber Cañon Tunnel.

Cheated that I had not taken any photographs of my adventures, I promptly photographed the tracks upon which I had come and the bridge—two precious photos which were to remain with me the rest of my life.

After I crossed the bridge and proceeded through the tunnel, I must have walked for another four hours. Then to my relief, I heard the whistle of a locomotive in the distance and knew that it would be coming down the track toward me. Hastily, I placed my horse and mule on the track, took off my shirt, and was prepared to wave like a madman. That train was going to stop or run over me. When it came into view, I was thrilled that it indeed chugged to a crawl. Although the engineer was suspicious that I might be a bandit, he welcomed me and my two animals aboard. He and his fireman, along with the conductor and some passengers, couldn't believe who I was and what I had been through.

My trousers were all in tatters and hanging in ribbons at my feet. My coat was covered with the fat and grease of the meat which I had to carry in the pocket. My wide-awake was dirty and torn. My shirt I had worn day and night since the capture was full of holes. My boots were all broken and many of the seams unstitched. And it was almost impossible to describe the state of my body. I was covered with sores from the effect of the vermin.

The engineer was kind enough to allow me to photograph the train that rescued me and we made our way into Dutch Flat where a wire was sent to my wife that I had been released and was safe. In Dutch Flat, I asked permission to photograph the train, which I had just arrived with, entering the village.

MY REUNION with my wife was a most memorable one. Long days of anguish over for the two of us, and the joy of seeing each other again was unlike anything before experienced between us. Then the quiet arrival back in Oakland with friends and an extended rest.

Word reached me in October that Kirby and his gang, or what remained of it, had attempted a bold robbery of a Southern Pacific train east of Pinecrest. They had boldly waved a white lantern near an isolated spot and when the engineer slowed down, two outlaws had jumped aboard and captured the luckless fellow and his fireman. After robbing some twenty-five passengers of $250, they scrambled off and disappeared on foot into the Sierra Nevada.

After the robbery, the train was backed into Mariposa and telegrams dispatched. It so happened that a small unit of militia was stationed at Pinecrest, about twelve miles from the site of the robbery, and within an hour and a half were on Kirby's trail. By 5:00 a.m., they found the band in a box-canyon casually sleeping off the night's work with a fire going! Evidently they felt secure that posses wouldn't give chase until that morning. In any event, a gun-fight started which lasted throughout the day. The militia consisted of some twelve men compared to Kirby's nine. But the nine were reduced to seven and Kirby himself was wounded with shotgun pellets as he broke toward the upper reaches of the canyon.

That night he and the remaining six, including Salter Worden, Eugino Oseguеda, Jack Todd, Mary O'Cammon, and Kate McShane, were hustled to Pinecrest and under heavy guard to Sacramento.

Their trial in San Francisco a few months later was one of the most sensational of the period. I was brought before the outlaws in court and testified regarding their kidnapping of myself. But I was also honor-bound to plea with the jury that they treated me in a most humane manner, in so far as possible, and that I personally admired them, if only they could have used their energies to help build a new California.

I shall never forget the looks all gave me when I descended from the witness stand. I would not venture to say we were friends, but the bandits seemed to express in their acknowledgments that they had proved right in not killing me or cutting off my ear.

In any event, all were found guilty of four years of terror and murder in the Sierra Nevada and sentenced to death. They were duly hanged at the Presidio in San Francisco in July of 1890. Thus ended one of the most unusual tales in California bandrity.

Respectfully submitted,
Roger Bourke
Los Angeles, 1890

Mountain Of Mystery

(Continued from page 11)

plus a score of cleaned-out test holes. At the foot of the mountain are massive stone foundations, and in the gulches are abandoned ore carts, iron rails, fragments of shovels, picks and carbide cans, rusted almost beyond recognition.

On the very top of the mountain stands a stone foundation, its slabs placed atop each other without mortar like many other walls and foundations in the area. The foundation consists of three rings of rock perhaps three feet high, with an outer perimeter of rock on one side, this about a foot high. The whole formation encloses several permanent boulders which wouldn't have done for a floor of any sort. This structure is unquestionably man-made. Old-timers remember playing around it as children and asking their elders the purpose of it. No one seems to remember. Some think it may have served the Indians in some fashion long before the white man came, as it commands a view of the valley and a large Indian burial ground lies only a few hundred yards down the hill.

Not far from this site, another and less mysterious structure is to be found. The stone walls of an enormous barn, the foundations of several outbuildings, wells, and a crumbling one-room dwelling stand near a fair-sized lake. The lake is lined with willows and is obviously spring fed since the rest of the hilltop lies parched through the summer months. The stone, one-room house is complete with sagging porch, caved-in shake roof and basement, and large beams studded with square nails. Many of the older residents of nearby towns remember this as a dairy farm.

At the base of the mountain is a neat fenced-in yard with iron gate askew, but not a trace other than this of human occupancy. On the flat stands a great white oak tree beneath which, enclosed by a rusted iron fence, rest the victims of the 1855 massacre. Over these vestiges of yesterday, Quartz Mountain stands silent. Though some of it is given over to grazing land, a good portion lies untouched, though fenced and posted. Before entering the area it is advisable to seek out the owners and gain permission to cross fence lines.

Quartz Mountain holds little promise today for a gold or treasure hunter. I myself have gone over the mountain with a metal detector (with permission) and have found nothing but a few rusty bolts. The flats below, and Rancheria Creek which skirts the mountain, are a different story however. The creek is still quite rich if one finds the right pockets; and for those interested in artifacts, I have heard of many being turned up here. My own "treasures" have been in the form of

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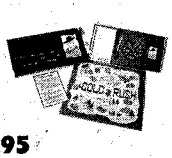

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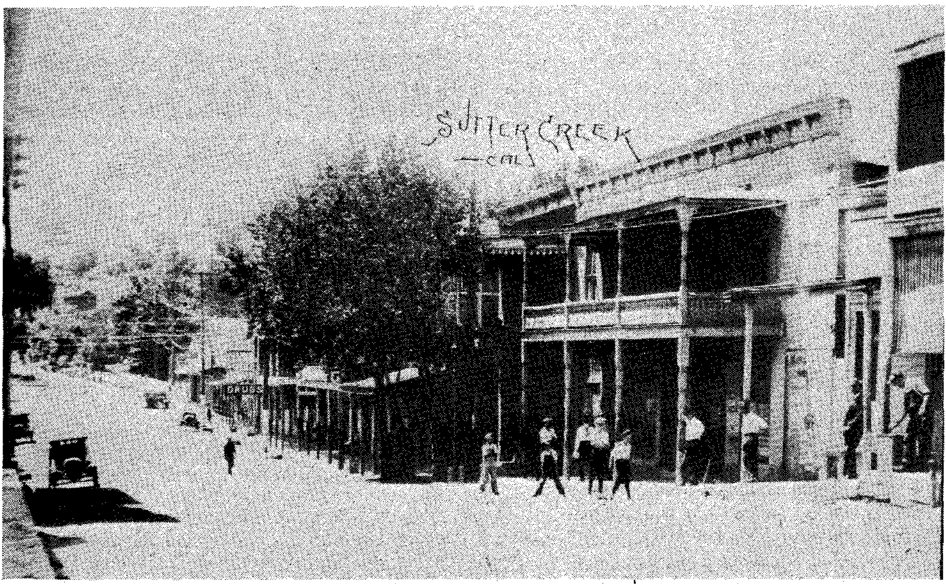


Different views of Main Street in nearby Sutter Creek, California, circa 1916.

Sutter Creek Cal

hundreds of square nails, a few rusted gun parts, a button hook, some crumbling silverware, many baking powder cans and assorted hardware.

Several parties leased property in this location and began mining operations but were halted by cave-ins and lack of funds. But once again, I caution anyone interested in trying his luck here to seek permission from the owners before venturing onto fenced or posted property.

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 1)

struggle for independence and early statehood. Various ethnic groups are represented. The brief biographies were researched and written by descendants. A few of the women included are: Maria Gertrudis Perez Cordero Cassiano, Sarah Ann McClure Braches, Hannah Elizabeth Denny, Anna Raguet Irion, Mildred Satterwhite Littlefield (mother of George Littlefield, cattle rancher), Tecla Rzeppa, Mrs. Adolph Sterne, Elise Amalie Tvede Waerenskjold, and Adina De Zavala. Much local and state history is crammed into this enlightening book which fortunately is also illustrated with numerous rare family photographs.

RAILS WEST!

Trails of the Iron Horse (Doubleday and Company, $9.95) edited by esteemed Westerner, Don Russell, should be in libraries and made required reading in high schools. It was produced as a group writing project by selected members of the Western Writers of America. Not designed as a history, it is an informal, factual presentation in text and 100 rare black and white photographs, of how railroads helped in the development of the West. A strong cast of writers give admirable treatment to their chapters despite the brief space each was given to cover his subject. The authors and subjects are: The Pathfinders by Tom Curry; The Union Pacific and Union of the Rails at Promontory Point by Nellie Snyder Yost; The Kansas Pacific by Mel Marshall; The Burlington by Edith Thompson Hall; The Central Pacific by Todhunter Ballard; The Great Northern by William O. Turner; Highballing on Wooden Rails in the Northwest by Glenn R. Vernam, and The Southern Pacific by Paul Bailey. William R. Cox also handles a chapter on train robbers such as the James gang, the Youngers, Daltons and king of them all, Butch Cassidy with his Wild Bunch. Elmer Kelton, the Texas novelist-historian, captures reader interest with tales of famous train wrecks. Donald Duke wraps up the book with his finale on The Western Railroads of Today. These authors did well with the space they had but it is obvious that a thesis this large also needs encyclopedic treatment. However, a book of this scope was needed for general reader interest, and it was well conceived and nicely executed for the purpose for which it was designed.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 3)

born 1740 to 1755 and had several children among which was Needham Lee, Jr., born about 1775. Needham, Jr. probably married a Margaret or Elizabeth and they had at least four daughters (names unknown) and at least three sons. The three known sons were Eli, James, and Needham Wesley.

Eli was born in either 1797 or 1807 and had at least Joshua James, Eli Leonard and Martha Ann. Some of Eli's descendants are known.

James was born about 1804 in South Carolina. The only other thing known about him is that he was with his brother, Needham Wesley, in the Simpson County, Mississippi census of 1860, 1870 and 1880.

Needham Wesley was born in South Carolina in 1816 and died in Mississippi in 1900. He married Jane McNair born in North Carolina in 1818. Most of their descendants are known.

The 1775 Needham was evidently the one shown in the Simpson County census of 1830, 1840 and 1850. If so, the age shown for him in 1830 is wrong. He was there for sure in 1833 when he took a cash patent on land under certificate number 15176. Eli, James and Needham Wesley are all shown living next door to him in the 1850 census after which he and Eli disappear. No further record has been found on either one. Neither Eli nor James was shown as having a family in the 1850 census, which seems odd.

I would greatly appreciate information also on James Archibald (Jim) Lee. He and Hugh Franklin, Needham Jefferson, John Calvin, Margaret Elizabeth and Henry Clay were children of Needham Wesley and Jane McNair Lee. They were all born in Mississippi between 1843 and 1855. Margaret lived and died in Mississippi while the four oldest boys lived and died in Texas. Henry Clay, the youngest, died in Oklahoma. Hugh F., Needham J., and Henry Clay all named a son Needham Lee.

Jim was born in 1851 or 1852 and died April 22, 1918, in Cherokee County, Texas. He evidently was married three times and had children by all three wives. His first wife was Saphronia Netherland; second, Cora Percilla DeLaughton Kearney; and his third marriage was to Annie Chandler from Louisiana.

Of Jim's known children it has been said that Clara married a Mr. Hemphill; Virgie married a Mr. Crain; Dora married Henry Russell; Maggie married Lon Maxwell; Lula married Henry Chandler; James Carroll married Katie Maude Sapp; Leona married a Mr. Smith; and Bessie a Mr. Benson. The order of the birth of these children is not known and their children are not known.

I would like to contact descendants and any information at all would be appreciated. I will gladly answer all correspondence and exchange information.—John W. Lee, 9724 Ash Creek, Dallas, Texas 75228

Peter Alden Burns

I would like very much to hear from Peter Alden Burns, any of his descendants or anyone who may have knowledge of them. Peter was born in Davey, Nebraska in 1902 or 1904. He was injured in the Homestake gold mines at Lead, South Dakota in 1935. He later worked in the copper mines at Butte, Montana. His wife, Lucille, worked in Butte and Helena, Montana at one time in 1951. There were at least four children, but the only one whose name I recall is David Alden Burns, about thirty-eight. Peter (Pete) Burns had a brother, James B., who was killed in a tractor accident on a ranch at Dillon, Montana in 1955.—C. G. Walker, 2320 North 52nd Street, Lincoln, Nebraska 68504

Jane Bradford Dameron

I would like to get in contact with Aunt Jane Bradford Dameron. Her father was Adam Bradford of Menard, Texas. She and her husband, John Dameron, left Menard many years ago. I am Wes Bradford's son and if any of Aunt Jane's children see this, I would be so glad to hear from them.—Oscar Bradford, R. 5, Box 37, Menard, Texas 76859

Ray Pfanschmidt

My cousin, Ray Pfanschmidt, left Illinois in 1912-15. He would be in his eighties if still alive. All I can learn is that he "went out West"; however, I don't know if that is so or not. I have some information I want him or his family to see. If anyone knows him, please write me.—Mrs. Mamie Way, Box 129, Naponee, Nebraska 68960

Priestly-Burnet (Burnett)

I do not know the given names of my great-great-great-grandparents Priestly. They lived in Tennessee in the early 1800s. He was president of the state university and his wife was a teacher there. have been told that their pictures are hanging in the Capitol at Nashville. Their daughter Harriet married a Burnet Burnett) whose first name may have been Martin. They lived in Rutherford County, Tennessee in 1858, and I would ke to know the dates of births and eaths, or any other information would be appreciated.—Mrs. Lona Young, 1601 N. W. 10th, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73106

Bogue-Corey-Thompson-Gann-McGann

John Wesley Corey was born near Akron, Ohio, September 29, 1842. He married Isadora or Isafora Bogue, born in Lee County, Iowa, December 16, 1856. have his Civil War record and both of heir deaths and burials at Ft. Dodge, Kansas. There may have been a brother, Henery, who died in Ohio. I'd like to know the names of the parents, brothers, isters, etc.

Permelia Corey Thompson was author of the book *How the Coreys Went West, or 50 Years Crossing the Continent.* Is this person a daughter of Patty and Rufus Corey? The book was published in San Diego, California. Does anyone know where Rufus Corey is buried in or near San Diego? Where is Patty Jennings Corey buried, and where did they settle in Wisconsin?

Berlin Danna married Mehitabel (Hitty) Corey in Wisconsin. They moved to Nebraska near School Creek and a German settlement. They were there during a grasshopper plague some time in the 1870s or 1880s. What town was this, who were their parents, etc.?

Robert Thorn married Roxy Corey in Nebraska near Lincoln around 1880. They lived in a dugout five miles away. They were there in the 1888 blizzard. They both came from Wisconsin. Her father, Rufus Corey, lived with them in the dugout. In the 1890 period they all moved to California, near San Diego.

I'd also like to know if the name Gann came from McGann. I will answer all letters and appreciate help. I will try to help anyone I can on these families.—Ella Mae McGann, P. O. Box 766, Homer, Alaska 99603

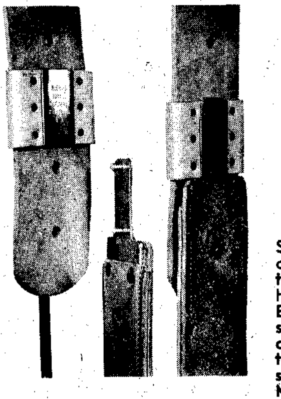
Mabel Gingle

I last saw Mabel Gingle in 1936 when she was five or six years old, so she should be in her mid-forties now. She was born in Hong Kong, British Crown Colony to a Chinese mother and an American father. Her father, Edward Francis Gingle, was probably one of the best known and most respected men who ever served in the U.S. Navy. He went to China in 1922, served in the Asian Squadron and retired after a thirty-year career. He then operated the Palace Hotel in Kowloon, China. He spent the duration of World War II in Japanese Prison Camp Stanley in Hong Kong, survived and operated the Palace until his death in 1960 or 1961. I have a letter from the American Consul in Hong Kong that Mabel applied for and received a passport for the United States in 1961, so it could be that she took her father's body back to the U.S. I have found no record of her returning to Hong Kong.

Ed Gingle came from Northern Wisconsin, a very large man, six feet three inches tall and weighing four hundred pounds. He was my bosom friend, and we would appreciate any information helpful to locate Mabel as we have items concerning her Dad we feel sure she would like to have.—James H. Myrick, 5430 Califf Road, N. Charleston, South Carolina 29406

Dryer

Isaac M. Dryer was born July 13, 1833 in New York. On October 11, 1852 he married Rebecca McKay in Clinton County, Michigan. Isaac died February 5, 1922 at Bath, Michigan. This is a list of their children and where they were about 1890: Susan C., wife of G. S. Brower, a contractor at Fresno, California; Ida A., wife of L. H. Rush of Pomona, California; David, a carpenter and joiner at Oakland, California; Elbride O., a plumber at Laredo, Texas; Ernest A., a furniture dealer at Texark-



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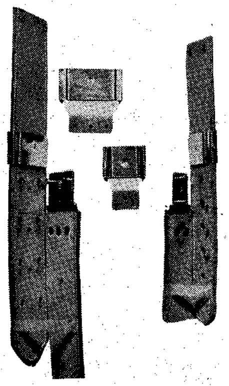

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ana, Texas; Fleta, wife of Charles Steadle, a farmer near Bath, Michigan; and McClellan J. who married Alice DeBar. McClellan was working the home farm near Bath, Michigan, but was supposed to have left there with a family of several boys around 1900, headed for Wyoming. I would like to hear from any of the descendants and will answer all letters I receive.—William R. Dryer, 9916 Logan St., Thornton, Colorado 80229

Ihde

I would deeply appreciate any information about my great-great-grandparents Sophia Burmeister and John Ihde. He was born in Schweren, Germany in 1841 and emigrated to Dodge County, Wisconsin in 1851. He died at Geneva, Iowa in 1914. Sophia was born in Macklenburg, Germany in 1843. She came to America at a young age and settled near Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. She died in 1922. —Clifford John Ihde, 3349 SW Luradel, Portland, Oregon 97219

Harris-Baker

My great-great-grandfather was James W. Harris, born in 1805 in North Carolina. He married Emily P. Whittmore about 1829 in North Carolina. He was a builder and contractor and died in 1867 in Cherokee County, Texas. His wife Emily was born in 1800 in North Carolina and died in 1867 in Cherokee County, Texas. I'd like to know the parents, brothers and sisters, dates and places of birth, death, etc.

I only know of one child born to James W. and Emily P. Harris, although there may have been more. This one was Wootson Daniel Harris born May 31, 1831 in North Carolina and married Mary Elizabeth Franks of Columbia County, Arkansas on January 10, 1853. Mary Elizabeth died in 1867. Wootson married three times and was the father of seventeen children of whom only one, Joe Harris, the youngest, is still living. He is in San Antonio, Texas, aged 78. Wootson died September 27, 1900 at McGregor, Texas.

My paternal grandmother, Sallie Baker, married Gus H. Harris in the early 1880s in East Texas, probably Polk County. She is buried in Corrigan, Texas, date of death unknown. Sallie and Gus had three boys, Edgar Laurel, Charley, and Simon Wilder; and one girl, Fannie. Who were Sallie Baker's parents, brothers and sisters and when and where was she born? I have been told that there are some Bakers related to her living in Montgomery, Trinity and Polk Counties in Texas at the present time. Relatives may be named Wells and Lefler of the following places: Conroe, Lovelady, and Somerville, Texas.

I would like to have all the names of all the children of James W. and of Wootson Daniel Harris, and any information concerning these people. I have other information of the Harris family that I will gladly share, and all letters will be answered.—Mrs. Lillian E. Harris Riley, P. O. Box 547, Kingsland, Texas 78639

Hopkins-Edwards-Calhoun-Howell-Gibbs

Marcus De Lafayette Hopkins and his wife Judith Cope, possibly of Kentucky, had one daughter, Sallie, born January, 1808. Sallie supposedly married Captain John Cotton Edwards and went to Texas. The only son, Benjamin Parker Hopkins, was born December 24, 1808 and died November 23, 1884. He married Ruth Tinker. I need dates and places of birth, death, etc.

Barnabas Calhoun and his wife Rachel Osborn(e) were supposedly born in Boone, North Carolina and lived in or near there all their lives. I need the names of parents, dates and places of birth, death, etc. for them also.

The same is needed on Joseph Alexander Howell, his wife Caroline Gibbs, and the parents of each. Joseph Howell was in the Union Army, but from Kentucky or Tennessee? All letters will be appreciated and answered and all postage returned.—Celia H. Potts, 106 Stepp Street, East Flat Rock, North Carolina 28726

Neese-Ervin

My grandfather, Leroy Neese, had three sons: Fred; Bud; and Emery, my father. My mother was Vicie King Neese. My father was born in Illinois and lived around Joplin, Missouri for some time, then came to Indian Territory and lived around Claremore.

I don't know when my parents married, but they raised three boys and three girls. Five of these were born in Arkansas. I was born in Broken Bow, Oklahoma in 1913. I believe my father was one-quarter Cherokee. He died in 1953 and is buried at Antlers, Oklahoma.

Fred Neese never married. He died in the late fifties in Oklahoma City. I don't know if Bud is still living, but if he is, he is getting up in age. He had some sons whose names or ages I don't know.

My father had a sister, named Emma (Em), who married John Decker. Both of them have been dead for several years.

I would like to hear from anyone with information on this Neese family and I would also like to hear from the family of Alvie Ervin who lived around Claremore, Oklahoma. He was my father's cousin.—Louie Neese, 202 S. E. "K", Antlers, Oklahoma 74523

Samuel J. Ward

My great-grandfather, Samuel J. (John?) Ward was born in Texas in 1846. He died at Fort Griffin in 1883. Can any of your readers help me with any other information about him?—Nellie Waddell, Rt. 1, Box 84A, Rogers, Arkansas 72756

Crumley

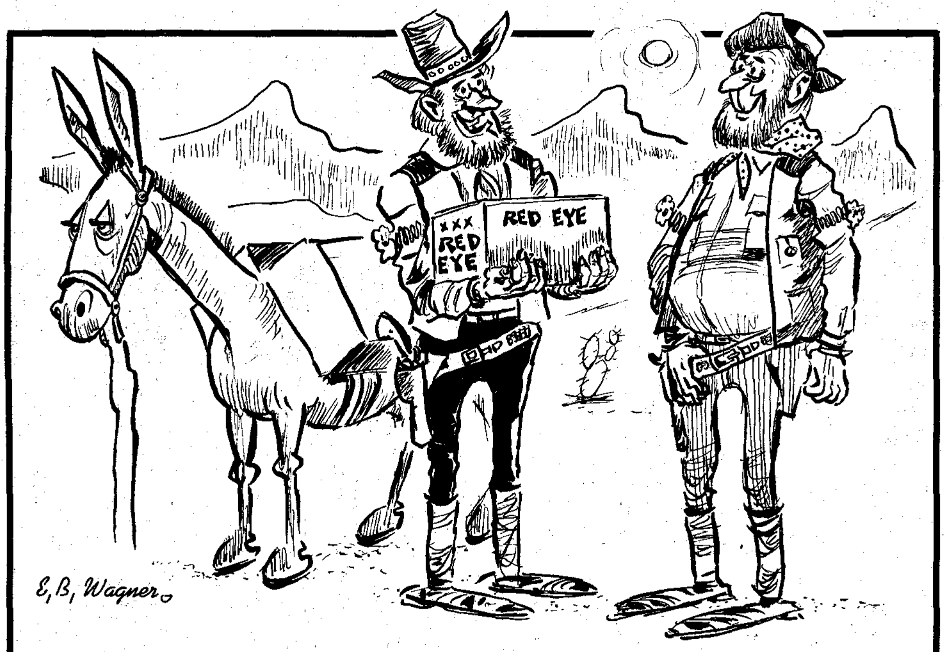
I am interested in information about the Wilson Aaron and Sarah Stires Crumley family. The family consisted of William, born 1856; Emmett, 1858; Molly (Martin), 1863; Harry, 1868; and possibly a brother named John. The family was supposedly from Zanesville, Ohio, but migrated to West Plains, Missouri. Wilson Aaron Crumley died about 1900 in West Plains. We are interested in birth and death information about him and possibly his brothers, sisters and father. We believe they were from Ohio and Virginia. Any information dealing with Wilson's family would be greatly appreciated.—Trudy Ganske, Route 3, Box 69, Blackfoot, Idaho 83221

Lauer-Kummer

My great-grandfather, Henry Lauer, was a scout in the U. S. Volunteers, Company A, Independent Regiment of Indian Scouts. He joined this command in 1864, and I am interested in anything about this time in his life. I am also interested in hearing from anyone with the Kummer name.—Clint Lauer, Box 567, Circle, Montana 59215

Tipps-Westmoreland

I would like to hear from some of the descendants of Bettie P. Westmoreland born 1865 in McLennan County, Texas She married Joshua Peter Tipps in 1881



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and had three known children: Marvin, Joseph and Bero, and probably more. I was under the impression that they moved away from McLennan County to north or east Texas, and it just may be Red River County where my Aunt Bettie died around 1900. I would appreciate hearing from any member of this family or anyone who knows anything of their whereabouts.—John A. Westmoreland, Box 26, Coahoma, Texas 79511

Krum-Krom

I would like to hear from anyone with the name of Krum or Krom.—George J. Krum, 10615 No. 14th Avenue, Phoenix, Arizona 85020

Coburn

My first husband, Clyde Coburn, passed away in 1958. His father, John Coburn, came from Scotland in the 1800s. A brother came with him, but they separated soon after and never got together again. We don't even know his name. John died in 1917. For all the grandchildren, we would like to trace these relatives who were completely lost to us.—Mrs. G. C. Olds, 2351 Vandever Lane, Redding, California 960001

Jacobs-Lowman

A few years ago my wife and I visited the Museum at Virginia City, Montana. There we saw a picture of a tall man in the prime of his life, dressed in buckskin and leaning on a rifle. There was the name, Jacob Lowman, and nothing else. Could anyone tell me who he was, where he came from, where he lived—anything? I will exchange information on Lowmans with anyone interested.—Harold James Lowman, Box 25, Sentinel Butte, North Dakota 58654

McRenolds-Klemmendson

I am seeking relatives of J. G. McRenolds who lived in Memphis, Tennessee or Texas in 1873. He may have moved to either Oklahoma or Colorado. Gunnor S. Klemmedson was in Colorado Springs in 1912. I have books with each of these signatures.—Rod Sanders, P. O. Box 1813, Longview, Texas 75601

Winson

For over fifty years we have been looking for information on the family of Albert Wyley Winson, born in Austin, Texas in 1883. His last known address was Clifton, Idaho in 1924 where he worked for the railroad. Any information would be appreciated.—Mrs. Wiley Winson, 2074 11th Avenue, East, Twin Falls, Idaho 83301

Thorp-Ward-Brandon-Montgomery-Rigor

John Thorp once lived in Monroe, Green County, Wisconsin. His daughter was born there in 1869. His wife was Mae Cowl. I'd like information on them and also on Elias P. Ward who married Alta Ocenie Brandon in 1867 in Missouri. Where did he come from, where were they married, when and where were their five sons and daughter born? These children were: Fred S., Ernest H., Charles C., Clarence P., Frank H., and Laura Irene.

I'd also like to know where Thomas Montgomery was from, who his family was and more on his marriage to Elizabeth Riddle before 1859.

Joseph Rigor of South Bend, Indiana was once writing a family history and I would like to have his present address.—Doris A. Young, Vanderpool Route, Utopia, Texas 78884

Miller-McElroy

On the Cherokee Strip, in Indian Territory, now known as Oklahoma, two brothers, Bruce and El (Elbert) Miller, leased Government land. A bordering lease was held by the McElroys. A feud developed between the two families, resulting in the deaths of many of the Millers and they were forced to leave their land. Elbert Miller was my grandfather and I would like to find other Miller descendants. There have been several interesting stories published about the feud in Western magazines. Some pictured the Millers as outlaws, riding with the Dalton-Doolin gang. Others portray them as homesteaders, harassed and driven from their land, hunted down and slaughtered—men, women and children alike. Although this happened as recently as 1884, I have been unable to find anyone who can tell me the complete, true story.—Betty Miller Lovin, P. O. Box 143, Opdyke, Illinois 62872

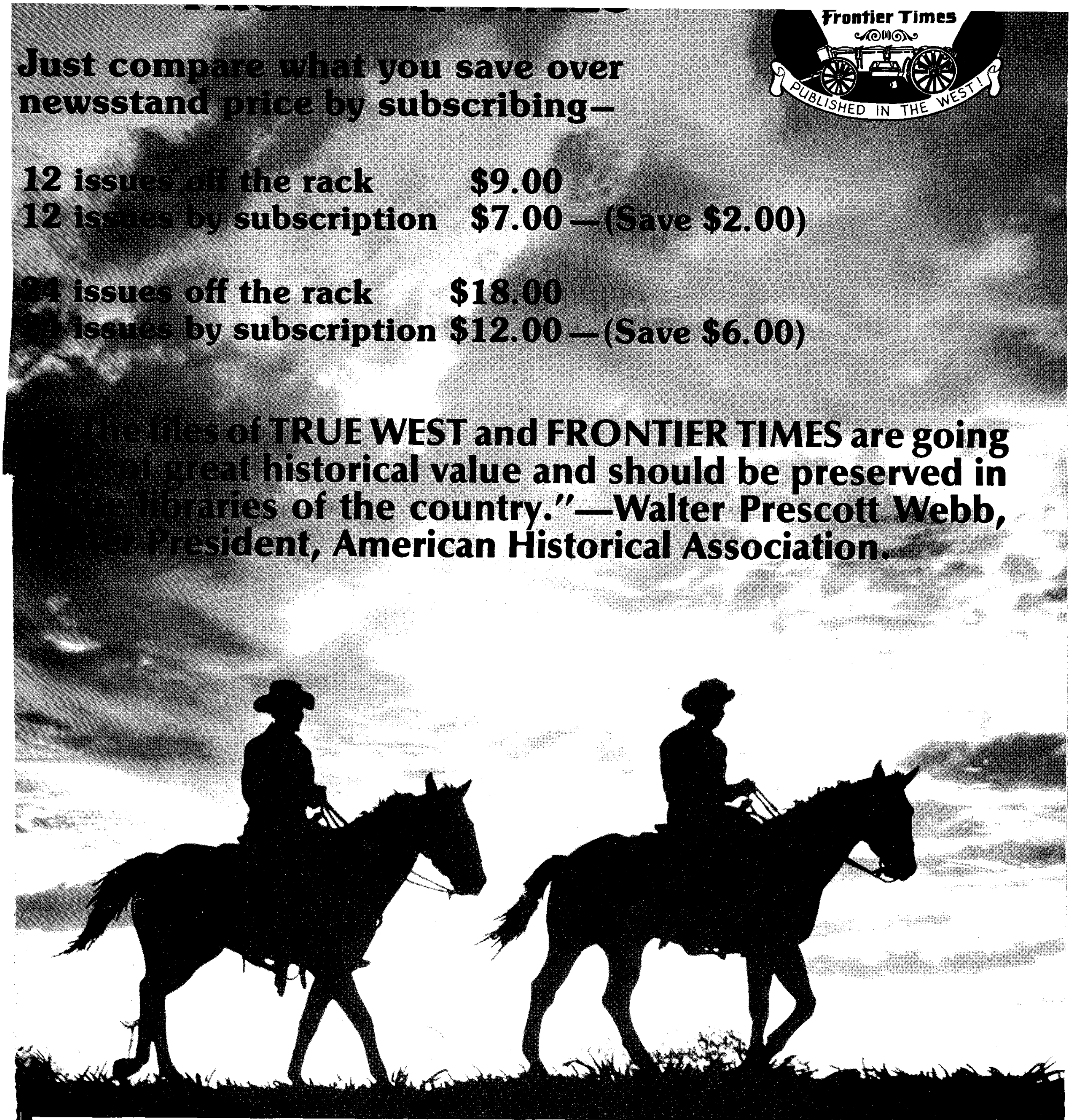
Hughes

My husband's grandfather, Seth Hughes was born in Perryville, Indiana, March 8, 1836. His father's name was Uriah. Seth had three brothers: Elias, Eud and George and two sisters, Ann and Hannah. Seth came to Colorado in his latter years, and after the death of his wife he came to live with his son in Idaho. He died in 1923 and is buried at Meridian. I would like to hear from the grandchildren or great-grandchildren of his brothers and sisters.—Mrs. Loren Hughes, 14002 - 80th Street E., Puyallup Washington 98371

John Monk and Uel Richey (Ritchey)

My great-grandfather, John Monk married Elizabeth Richey (Ritchey), the daughter of Uel Richey. Uel Richey came to Texas in 1825 and joined one of the first colonies. He put in an application for two Spanish grants and received both. One was in Orange County and the other in Live Oak County. Uel Richey married Rebecca Ellis, where I do no know. Elizabeth Richey, their daughter, married John Monk. To my knowledge they had four boys and one girl. The boys were David Crockett, Issac, Uel, and the name of the fourth is not known. Caroline was the daughter's name.

My grandfather went off to the war between the North and South and was never heard of again. My great-grandmother remarried, a man named Strater Maddox. I have death certificates to verify this and would like to learn mor about the people mentioned.—Gordon H Monk, P. O. Box 895, Austin, Texas 7876



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